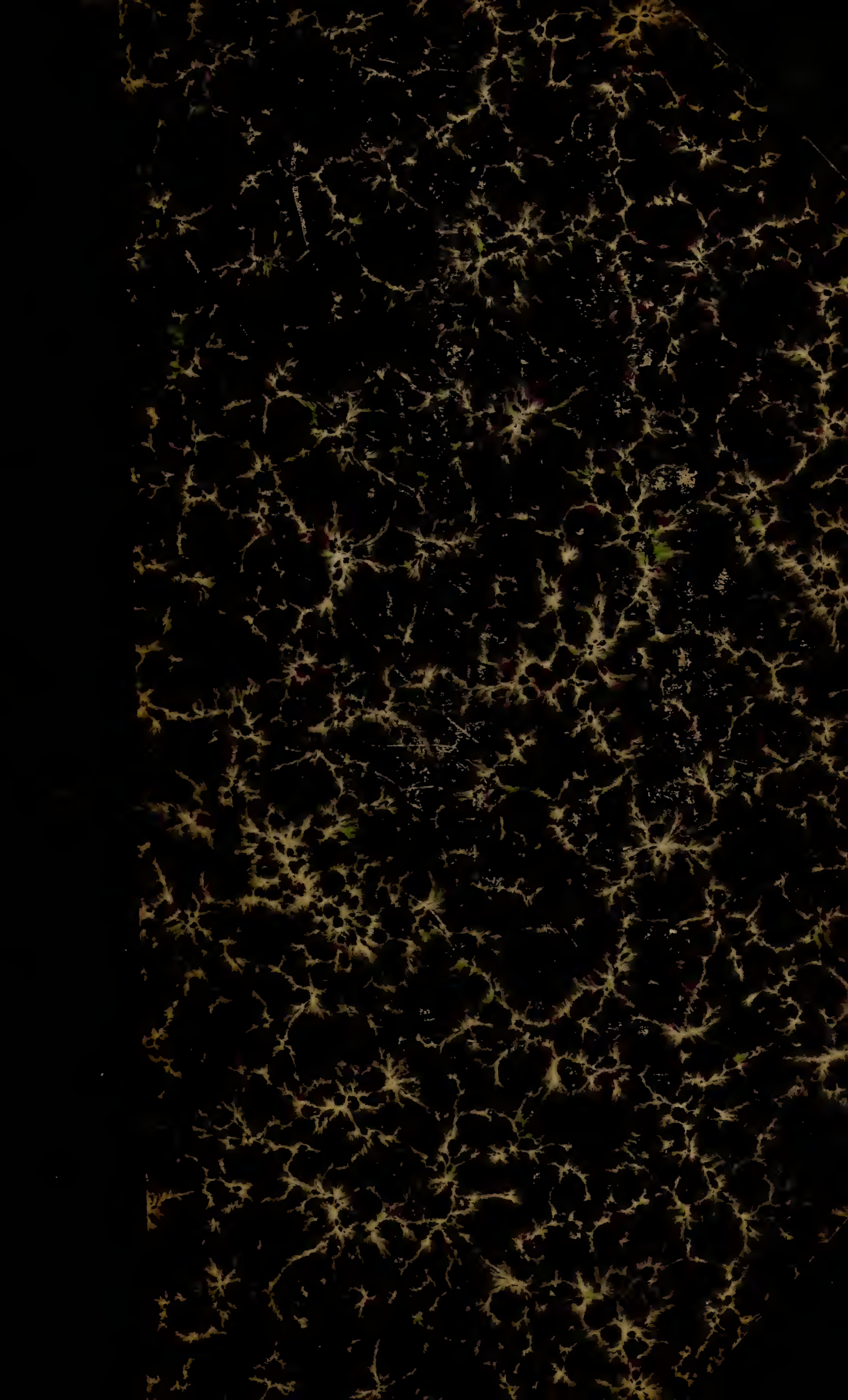

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ST. XAVIER COLLEGE

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXVI. No. 2.

FATHER JAMES A. WARD.

A SKETCH.

(*Concluded.*)

The changed condition of methods and requirements for a house of studies intended for our scholastics may be gathered from this, that fifty years ago, at Georgetown College, the whole professorial staff consisted of Father Stephen Gabaria and Father Anthony Rey, and the division of duties was simple,—one taught theology, and the other philosophy. After the completion of his theological course, Father Ward remained six more years at Georgetown before making the Third Year of Probation. He taught rhetoric for two years, 1845–46, for the next two years he was Minister and Prefect of Schools, and in 1849 and 1850, he was Vice-President and Prefect of Schools.

Father James Ryder, the President of the College, was renowned as a pulpit orator, and being frequently invited to speak in distant places for special occasions of pomp and ceremony, and to give courses of controversial sermons, he was often away from the college, and sometimes for long intervals. This increased the responsibility of the Vice-President. It was at such a juncture, in the year 1850, Father Ryder being absent and Father Ward in charge of affairs, that an outbreak, the most formal and formidable in the annals of Georgetown, occurred, a detailed narration of which may be found in the "Memorial History." A student, who had been expelled, made an inflammatory appeal

to his fellows in the refectory, and the whole body called upon Father Ward, demanding his reinstatement. The answer was characteristic. Inquiring who were their leaders, they said,—

"We have no leaders, we are unanimous."

"If you are unanimous," he answered, "walk unanimously out of my room." This was the signal for wild disorder. Having smashed things in general, they proceeded to Washington, and forty-four of them held an indignation meeting at one of the principal hotels, adopting and forwarding resolutions which embodied preposterous demands. The situation was critical, but Father Ward was uncompromising. He is credited on this occasion with a famous reply smacking of military spirit; the rebels, when they were brought to terms of submission in the manner described in the "Memorial" volume, wanted to know the conditions on which they would be received back; the answer was curt, but comprehensive: "Unconditional surrender!" Perhaps, more prudent management might have averted the trouble, but when the disorder had reached this acute stage, heroic remedies were necessary. The firmness of Father Ward in the actual moment of crisis, whatever may be thought of the antecedent condition of discipline which led to it, had the effect of putting an end to "Rebellions," as this was the last general outbreak of any moment at Georgetown.

In September, 1850, he was at Frederick for the Third Year, Father Felix Sopranis, subsequently Visitor, being the Instructor. A class of Philosophy had been formed at the Novitiate, and he taught them Mathematics, and visited the jail and poor-house. The next year, he was in charge of the classes at the lately revived Washington Seminary.

Father Ward had a large share in moulding Loyola College, and was very active in its early administration. The college was opened, Sept. 15, 1852, and, as the prospectus announced, "it was designed to supply the vacancy occasioned by the discontinuation of St. Mary's College." The Sulpitians, in connection with their Seminary in Baltimore, had conducted this college for more than half a century: it had enjoyed a high academic reputation, and was a classical school for the education of secular students: and many distinguished alumni, Protestant as well as Catholic, claimed it with pride as their Alma Mater. It was, in some sense, a rival of Georgetown College, and after the withdrawal of the Sulpitians from the latter institution, the influence of Mr. Dubourg and his scholarly *confrères* attracted many students to Baltimore, especially from the French Refugee

families of San Domingo and the rich planters of the Spanish West Indies. This patronage was cut off after the disappearance of the first generation from San Domingo, and by the drastic action of the Absolutist Spanish Government, which forbade its transmarine subjects to be educated abroad amid contaminating republican surroundings.

St. Mary's College was popular in Baltimore; the affectionate esteem in which it was held was manifested conspicuously by the aged surviving students on the occasion of the Centennial Commemoration of the Founding of St. Mary's Seminary, in 1891. Its career had been creditable and successful, but the scarcity of Catholic schools and other causes, which had led to its establishment, no longer prevailed in the minds of the authorities of St. Sulpice, as a sufficient reason to justify its continued existence after the middle of the century. Besides, St. Charles College, Ellicott's City, already prospering as a Little Seminary, demanded an increased corps of professors, and as the care and instruction of lay students was not contemplated by the Institute of M. Olier, it was determined to close St. Mary's College.

It was understood that the Society should supply the vacancy, and arrangements had been made to receive the scholars in a building on Holliday Street, where Loyola College had a temporary abode, until the completion of the present edifice on Calvert Street. On account of the special circumstances of its origin, Loyola College began with the full complement of classes. There were ninety scholars the first year, which number was increased to one hundred and thirty, during the next twelve months. At the first Commencement, held July 12, 1853, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon two graduates: on this occasion, sixteen speakers held forth, and the programme is a literary curiosity,—a parallel between George Washington and St. Ignatius Loyola. The first printed catalogue is for 1854–5. It was a new idea in connection with our colleges, originated two years before by Father Daniel Lynch at Georgetown. Father Ward was Vice-President and Treasurer, and, for a time also Professor of Natural Philosophy, during the first lustrum of the College (1852–57); the supervision of the classes demanded much labor and prudence, as nearly the whole body of students had been trained under a system so different from that of the Ratio Studiorum. Father Ward always retained a lively interest in the college whose early formation he had so large a share in shaping, and, returning to Loyola after many years, he displayed with ripened ex-

perience, as Prefect of Studies, the same energy and scholarly taste which had characterized the direction of its classes in the days of its origin.

In 1855, Rev. Edward Sourin, V. G., and pastor of St. John's Church, Philadelphia, resigning present honors in order more securely to avoid a higher prospective position, entered the Society, and that important church and parish was transferred to our charge. A school had been conducted in Philadelphia, at St. Joseph's, in Willing's Alley, for several years. Latin and Greek were taught there, by four or five scholastics, and St. Joseph's was a flourishing inchoate college. The time seemed ripe for developing this school into a regular college of the Society. The wonder is that such a work was deferred so long, as Philadelphia was the second American city in population, the first large town in which the Society had exercised its ministry and continued the same almost uninterruptedly, the Catholic body was influential, wealthy and enlightened, many were desirous of a classical education for their sons, and the genuine piety and good morals of youth gave promise of many religious vocations. Even without a college, Philadelphia had been a fruitful field for candidates for the Society, and the school at St. Joseph's was contributing every year a select detachment of promising young men to the novitiate.

The prospects seemed to be bright, and the time propitious for expansion and larger endeavor, and, as the position of St. John's was central, and a competent school building belonged to the parish, it was resolved to convert it to collegiate purposes. The classes and teachers were accordingly transferred from "old St. Joseph's" to Filbert and Juniper Streets, in 1857, and Father Ward was appointed Vice-Rector, and, on March 3, 1858, Rector of St. Joseph's College.

The attempt to establish the college at that time was a failure. The number of students did not increase, the upper classes remained unfilled,—only one graduate was obtained in three years,—and, at the coming of the Visitor, Father Felix Sopranis, in 1860, St. John's Church was surrendered to the bishop, the college was closed, to await more auspicious times, and Father Ward was assigned to teach Rhetoric to the Juniors at Frederick.

He was destined to be connected with the Novitiate for many years, as Rector, Master of Novices and Professor of Rhetoric, sometimes in one capacity, generally holding two of these offices in combination. His first term as Rector spanned the period of Civil War. It was a trying time for the superior of a house, situated in the border territory,

which was frequently the scene of active hostilities, where suspicion was rife and partisan feeling bitter, where indiscretion might lead to disastrous consequences, not only to the individual immediately concerned, but also to the Society and the Church.

Father Ward's sentiments were well known, he was an intense sympathizer with the cause of the South. He certainly could not, or would not, take the oath of allegiance, if it were proffered to him; but he avoided every overt act which might compromise himself or the house. He himself declared in after years, when the contest was decided and partisan feeling had abated, that the incidents of that period were blotted out from his remembrance and that he seemed to have been living in a mist. His diaries of the war time are copious in details of military operations, not only in the neighborhood of Frederick and "along the Potomac," but throughout the broad expanse of the Confederacy. Flying rumors and the most improbable reports, if favorable, are chronicled at length. It is a faithful barometer of the hopes and fears which marked the triumphs and disasters of the Cause he loved.

One incident, trifling in itself, will illustrate the tension of spirits and the difficulties of equipoise in the abnormal circumstances of those times. Every one will admit, who knew Father Ward, that, when events ran on in the ordinary channels, he was well-balanced, self-restrained, a model of grave decorum, and apt to control the impulses of natural curiosity.

The present writer, then a Junior Scholastic, was to be examined in Rhetoric, before a Board composed of Fathers Ward and Fulton. It was in the afternoon of a day before the battle of Gettysburg, when the contending armies were in motion, and from hour to hour one could not be sure of the flag which would wave over the town. The last page of Demosthenes "On the Crown" was assigned for translation; two or three lines of the text had been read, when the clanking of a cavalry regiment moving up the street in front of the house was heard. The Board reviewed it from the window, and took heart of grace at sight of the gray uniforms. Father Fulton espied in the ranks a youth who had insulted him at Georgetown, unpardonably, he said, but whom, then and there, he forgave, and whose salute he graciously returned. Meantime, the Greek was read, and the reader calmly capsized it into English,—and waited. Their thoughts were far away from the peroration of the Attic Orator; they spoke of Carlisle, Harrisburg, York and Philadelphia,—the

possible term of Stuart and Lee. When the regiment had filed by, they bethought themselves of the examinee awaiting further developments in silence, and asked, "Have you finished?" A modest answer in the affirmative ended the examination, which was passed *interpretative*, as they had not attended to a word of the translation.

The war had been most disastrous to Georgetown College, depleting its class rooms, and rendering it the shadow of its former self. Its patronage had been mainly from the South, and as each State adopted the Ordinance of Secession, the students from that State were ordered home by their parents. In the latter part of April, 1861, more than a hundred were withdrawn inside of a few days. At the return of peace, a new era of prosperity began; many young men—and among them, not a few "acquainted with War's alarms"—backward in studies, but eager to make up for lost time, flocked to the old seat of learning, and Father Ward, as Vice-President, Prefect of Studies, and Professor of Rhetoric, contributed efficiently to animate the institution with new life, and to re-establish and perpetuate a high standard of scholarship. He remained at Georgetown from 1865 to 1869, when he was again appointed to teach Rhetoric at Frederick; to this was added the office of Rector, in succession to Father Joseph O'Callaghan, killed during a storm at sea, while he was returning from the General Congregation in 1869. In 1873 he exchanged the duty of professor for that of Master of Novices, still retaining the office of Superior. The subjoined estimate of character, and appreciation of his method as spiritual guide and master, is kindly furnished by one who was a novice at this time:—

"In estimating character, much depends upon mutual relations, or—shall I call it?—'the point of view.' As our Rector, Father Ward was above and beyond note and comment. It would have been nothing short of effrontery for callow novices, such as we were, to criticise one whom we were taught by the rule to honor and obey as Christ himself. We simply looked up to him, and gave him that solid esteem and reverence that his position claimed from us. When he became our Novice Master it was somewhat different. Indeed, we indulged in a good deal of criticism without knowing it; for we were forever contrasting him with the Master we had just lost.

"Father Ward, it may be said, was the antithesis of Father Cicaterri. Modest self-effacement was presented to us in lieu of a dominating personality. Father Cicaterri was dynamical, Father Ward, quiet in his manner. The old Master was gifted and eloquent; the new one, merely learned and instructive. The one was an enthusiastic captain arduously

leading whithersoever he would; the other, only a companionable guide pointing out the upward path. Our former Master dictated in matters spiritual, while his successor rather suggested what was meet to be done. This contrast, of course, put good Father Ward at a great disadvantage with our set.

"But to those who came after us, and knew no other formation than his, he seemed wise, fair-spoken and persuasive enough. Indeed, to their ears, no eulogy of him whom they prized so highly, can sound too flattering. At this distance, we are all agreed on one point, that the good man fashioned his novices not more by word than by example.

"He was simple and frank with all. In his sunny disposition there was nothing to conceal. He was always approachable, nor did he dread undue familiarity on the part of the thoughtless; for he knew how to blend a guarded reserve with easy jocularity. If ardent in his affections, he never betrayed it. His even charity, however, seemed to make each one of us the particular object of his care and regard. He preached to us only what he practised himself. One felt he was a man of convictions — which convictions were but the higher gospel maxims made his own through profound reflection. If he was somewhat nice in his judgments, it was because he revered the "Rule," had a martyr's devotion to principle, and set a priceless value on inviolability of conscience.

"His character was by no means an *accident*, growing out of a kindly disposition and chance attainments; on the contrary, it was a *result*,—the outcome of manners, morals, and religious practices, acquired through that studied imitation of Christ traditional in the Society, "Similabo eum viro sapienti qui ædificavit domum suam supra firmam petram." The rock on which he built was Humility. The deepest, and, at the same time, the highest, of all the virtues was the groundwork of his religious life. His whole bearing showed that he entertained a lowly estimate of himself, but a flattering regard for others. Exercising authority without seeming to do so, influencing others without claiming the homage due to a master, he pursued the even tenor of his way, ever mortified and laborious, and ever alive to the interests of his Master. His life, if measured by the metewand of that Master, will be found to have been that of a true and tried follower —of a good and faithful servant.—R. I. P.

P. QUILL, S. J."

His pen was always busy; he wrote in a clear, small, round hand, and even in extreme old age his writing was firm and neat, easily legible, as perfect as if produced by an expert penman. Much of his composition was mere routine work, for class purposes. He made collections of the noteworthy poetical productions of the Georgetown students of

his day. He translated many Retreats from French and Italian authors, arranging and re-arranging them repeatedly; every year he drew up new meditations and sets of instructions, when appointed to give the Spiritual Exercises. He had a mass of papers with points for exhortations and sermons. These are witnesses to the fidelity with which he prepared for any task assigned him. Another proof of his industry and methodical habits may be cited. Every one who has resolved to keep a diary of current events knows the practical difficulties which interfere with the perfect observance of such a resolution, and the shortcomings in its execution. His Diary, for years sometimes, runs on without an omission of the daily entry. It is in general a jejune, matter of fact record of every day happenings, without comment, or expression of sentiment. The only exception is, when he chronicles that some one drops out of the Society, there is added, "Poor fellow!"

He was helpful to those who were seeking for information, and prompt in answering correspondents; for his well-stored mind could furnish forth treasures old and new on many subjects. He translated many letters of the Generals of the Society; his fitness for this kind of work, and his quick and cheerful accomplishment of it, caused Superiors to have recourse to him as if it belonged to him *ex officio*. For the same reason he did a great deal in revising manuscripts and correcting proof sheets. Archbishop Kenrick received his assistance in the publication of his Bible.

Many pious treatises and little works of popular devotion came from his pen, as translator or author. We may mention: Cotel, "On the Vows;" Patrignani, "Novena to St. Joseph;" "The Month of Mary for Academies;" "The six Sundays of St. Aloysius;" "The Little Sodality Hymn Book." In 1870–71, he became interested in Hymnology. He had, one would think, a surplus of occupation, as Rector and Master of Novices, but his diary constantly mentions hymns just completed and sent to the printer, the study and copying of music, aid furnished by P. Felix Cicaterri, practising the Sunday school children, and Angel's Sodality, processions and banners, the triumphant success of song and pageant.

He arranged a Greek Grammar, on the basis of Wettenhall, for the students of Loyola College, and an edition of the "Ars Rhetorica" of P. Du Cygne, in "Usum Collegii Georgiopolitani," improved by examples and illustrations selected mainly from American orators. He did not regard the labor which such ungrateful work entails, but his modesty shrank from the publicity and reputation of authorship,

and these fruits of his industry bore no name on the title page.

Father Ward was for many years the Socius of the Provincial. This used to be more or less a nominal office, almost a sinecure, entailing a trifling amount of clerical work, and attendance at the consultations of the Province. The Socius rarely accompanied the Provincial in his visitations, and frequently did not even reside in the same house with him. Sometimes, the catalogue of the Province has this entry: "Socius—— (vacat)." For years, the Procurator of the Province was designated for the position, as in the cases of Father Francis Vespré and Father Ignatius Combs. It does seem incongruous, that Father Combs, Procurator Provincialis, and necessarily tied down to residence as Superior of the remote and inaccessible Newtown, should be Socius to Father Brocard dwelling at Georgetown, or that Father James Curley should fill the position for many years, without ever going out of the District. But, this was changed when the consolidation of New York and Maryland was effected. The increase in the work of the office required that the Socius should be occupied exclusively in his proper official duties, and that he should reside permanently at official headquarters. Father Ward was Socius to four Provincials, Fathers Villiger, Keller, Brady, and Campbell; his exactitude in regard to details of business with promptitude in execution, his methodical habits of industry, and his ready pen, eminently qualified him for the position.

During the greater portion of his time as Socius, he had been also Rector, Master of Novices, teacher, or Prefect of Studies; but, when the College of St. Francis Xavier became the residence of the Provincial, he accompanied Father Brady to New York, and was occupied exclusively in the duties proper to the Socius, until the end of that administration. The Provincial had resided in Baltimore, since the time when Father Burchard Villiger, in the second year of his term, moved thither from Georgetown. Before that, Georgetown College had generally been the centre of the Province and of the restored Mission of Maryland, and consequently the natural place of abode for the general Superior. St. Thomas' Manor had some claims to precedence in earlier days, as, after the erection of the Province, Father William McSherry resided there, with the note appended in the catalogue, "hic provisorie degit." Father Charles Neale, when Superior of the Mission, always lived there, as he had done from the time of his return to America from Europe, in 1790; so that, Archbishop Carroll and Father Kenney, the Visitor, complained that he could not

properly supervise the affairs of the College, living forty miles away, and engrossed with the direction of his Carmelite Nuns. Mr. John Hamilton, a venerable gentleman of Charles County, who, with laudable pride, proclaimed that he had dined with every Archbishop of Baltimore except Leonard Neale, and, strange to say, he was the only Charles County man among them,—this Mr. Hamilton, in his reminiscences of Father Charles Neale, used to describe how it was his daily custom to drive in from the Monastery, which was a short distance outside of Port Tobacco, the County seat, and hold high converse for an hour on the broad porch of the hotel, with the Court and County magnates, on crops, politics, and religion. Those were Arcadian and patriarchal times, before the invasion of railroads and daily newspapers, concerning which, Judge George Brent declared, with regrets for modern degeneracy and mournful misgivings for the ultimate outcome of present evils, "I remember the time, Sir, when St. Thomas' Manor was the centre of hospitality in Charles County." The local Superior used to ride forth in a big lumbering coach of state, first of the landed proprietors. It was probably on account of this prominence, that the Superior of St. Thomas was supposed to possess the right or privilege of being summoned to Provincial Congregations.

Father Ward ceased to be Socius when Father Fulton became Provincial. Although a septuagenarian, he was still strong and active, and for the next decade he was Prefect of Studies at Holy Cross and Loyola Colleges, teacher of rhetoric or grammar to the Juniors, and again Socius and Rector at Frederick for a couple of years, 1890–91. In this latter year he came back to Georgetown as Spiritual Father, and to end his life in peaceful tranquillity amid the scenes which, sixty years before, had surrounded the beginning of his academic and religious career. Liberated from the cares of government, he was happy; the perfect possession of his mental faculties enabled him to gratify his literary inclinations. He read a great deal; reviewed books; corrected manuscript; began the annotation of the "Memorial History" of the College. The old love of Latin versification still survived, and, at the request of Superiors, he undertook the rendering of "Coriolanus" into Iambics; he had proceeded in this translation as far as the end of the second Act, and the work was creditably performed, when it was concluded that the adaptation of this Play for college acting, with the principal female character transformed, would be flat and meaningless. Undismayed by this decision, and by the labor thrown away, he was projecting a

Latin version of "Julius Cæsar," when a severe stroke of paralysis warned him that the end was drawing nigh. He rallied from this first stroke, and calmly resumed his unobtrusive occupations, keeping the even tenor of his way along the lines of community observances; but, he recognized thoroughly that he had heard the knocking at the door, and he stood ready to open it, "secure in work well done," "rejoicing in the glory of the retribution." The warning was accentuated by a second stroke; but, his equanimity was not disturbed. It was noticed one evening during recreation that his countenance suddenly changed, and the other fathers suspected that something ailed him; but, he said nothing, and managed to reach his room. He was found a couple of hours afterwards in another part of the house, unconscious. He revived, however, and for a time it was thought that he would recover. But, it was the end; he received the last sacraments, on Tuesday, April 16, at 4 P. M., with marked serenity of mind and composure of body, and he expired calmly in the early morning of the 29th. He finished the course "rejoicing in hope," for he had kept the faith, he had been a valiant soldier, not conspicuous for brilliant achievements, but worthy to be crowned for victories on the perennial battlefield of self-conquest, self-effacement, and humility, for indefatigable and persevering accomplishment of obscure and unattractive duties, for scrupulous fidelity to religious rule and spirit.

An obituary notice in the local Catholic paper says:— "His adieu to the world was as quiet and beautiful as a child going to sleep. . . . The day before his death I was at his bedside. His impressive face, heavy eyebrows, and piercing eyes, indicative of strength and character, were soon to pass away. He was prostrated, but fully conscious, only waiting for the Angel of Death. When I asked him,—

"Cousin James, is there anything that I or any of your friends can do for you?" he looked at me with gratitude, and pleasantly said,—

'No, nothing, I thank you, only pray for me; I wish to get to heaven as quick as possible.' These were the last words he spoke to me."

The life here sketched is wanting in picturesque features and phenomenal incidents; but it is not unworthy of study. The lessons of admiration and imitation which it presents are feelingly summarized in a letter to the "College Journal," from which we make the following extract, —

"Faith will not suffer us to mourn our dead after the fashion of the world; and Hope, pointing heavenward, bids us bless God, when a venerable brother of Ours has gone

to his reward. Yet I must own to you that the news of his death has left me with a feeling, which for lack of happier phrase I must call a "desiderium tam cari capitis." The earnest, stainless life, now so honorably ended, has influenced not a few of us. We, who knew Father Ward as our Rector, novice-master, and professor, have been edified and touched to finer issues by his word and example, by his precise and persevering habits of study, by his quiet devotion to duty, and especially by his fervent and constant cultivation of the sanctities of religious life. We will sadly miss his genial humor, instructive conversation, classic scholarship, and that gracious companionship that made it as pleasurable as it was profitable to live under the same roof with him."—R. I. P.

AN OLD MEDAL OF AN INDIAN MISSIONARY.

NOVITIATE, FREDERICK, MD.,
March 29, 1897.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,
P. C.

At a recent meeting of the Frederick Historical Society, Professor Cyrus Thomas of the Smithsonian Institute, showed me a medal which I am very anxious to obtain and which may be of interest to the readers of the LETTERS.

Professor Thomas — who is an authority on Indian Mounds, in one of which the medal was found—assures me there is little doubt that the medal dates back to very early in 1700. His description in a letter under date of March

13, is in part as follows. "The medal was taken from a stone grave in Alexander County, Illinois in 1883, and has been in my possession ever since. The medal was located on a tract known as 'Hale Place' on the border line between Alexander and Union Counties. This region was inhabited from the year 1700 by the Kaskaskian Indians, Father Gravier, S. J., having located them there at that period. The names and figures on the medal are St. Stanislaus Kostka on one side and St. Louis de Gonzaga on the other. As one of the saints named was the patron saint of Father Gravier, I presume the medal may have come through him."

I called the Professor's attention to the fact that as Father Gravier's Christian name was James, neither St. Stanislaus nor St. Aloysius could have been his patron. He replied that he meant patron in the sense that Father Gravier was particularly devoted to St. Stanislaus and cited several instances of his devotion.

The following fact will illustrate what manner of man Father Gravier was. Late in the year 1705 he was attacked by the Illinois among whom he had labored long and devotedly. Instigated by the medicine-men, whose knavery he had denounced, they discharged a shower of arrows at him; one pierced his ear, another struck him in the elbow and the stone head was so embedded in the muscle that it could not be extracted. The arm swelled fearfully and his sufferings were most intense. In search of relief he went to Mobile and afterwards to France. Even in Paris the arrow head could not be extracted and Father Gravier returned to his mission and bore this suffering all his life with heroic gratitude. [1]

It is a consolation to possess what in all probability may have been a medal used by such a hero in the service of our Lord.

By this same mail I forward two electrotype plates of the medal in question, showing both the reverse and obverse sides. These plates were procured for me through the kindness of Major Powell of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington D. C.

Sincerely Yours in Dno.

J. A. O'Rourke, S. J.

[1] See Shea's "Catholic Church in Colonial Days," p. 548.—*Ed. W. Letters.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

A Letter from Father Joseph H. Rockwell.

St. Francis Xavier's,
New York,
April 2, 1897.

Rev. and Dear Father,
P. C.

The readers of the Letters are undoubtedly aware that for several years past one of our fathers here in New York has labored in the interests of the deaf and dumb. The names of Fathers Costin, Freeman, Becker, Van Rensselaer, and Stadelman are familiar in this connection. An article narrating their personal reminiscences would be interesting to all, but for the present the writer will be obliged to pass over the history of the deaf mute mission, and will limit himself to a portrayal of some of the difficulties that confront the novice in this missionary field. To a beginner in this work, I fancy—judging from my own experience—that the dominant emotions will be fear and repugnance. Ignorance and inexperience of such a strange situation, doubts as to one's capability of ever acquiring skill in their language, and the awe which their rapid finger-motion is calculated to excite, are sufficient grounds for fear. As to repugnance, I think for most of us there can be little antecedent attraction for such work. The manner of communicating with the deaf and dumb is so abnormal and inhuman, that it does not allure one. Quite a number have had experience in teaching catechism to the deaf and dumb children in Frederick, and perhaps they estimate the work among the deaf by this experience of their novice days. If they do, let them bear in mind that there is a great difference between children and the adult deaf mutes of the Metropolis.

We start, therefore, with fears and repugnances, and an exaggerated notion, if you will, of the difficulties; in a short time, however, in spite of obstacles we shall find the work easier, and we shall be surprised to see how well we get along with our silent congregation. Although the congregation is said to be silent and made up of deaf mutes, yet in reality some of them are only deaf. They have the full and perfect use of their voice and speech, and speak as

well as any one. From this extreme you have all grades down to those whose speech is limited to a sepulchral sort of grunt. There is an important distinction between the congenitally deaf, and those who have become deaf at the age of five or ten from scarlet fever, meningitis, or some of the common maladies of childhood. Even the latter become mute in a short time,—not from any organic defect, but from neglecting to exercise the organs of speech. Such children, if sent to school where oral teaching is in use would never lose their speech.

Evidently the first requisite to communicate with the deaf, is to learn their language, if they have any. But here's the rub. If one were to read an article in the "Century" for January, 1897, entitled "Speech and Speech-Reading for the Deaf," he might conclude that one has comparatively plain sailing in his dealings with a congregation of deaf. There is a great difference between the method and theory of a school, and the ignorance and practical condition of a body of adult deaf-mutes. I shall copy a portion of the above mentioned article, to give an idea of the prevalent method of instructing the deaf in schools, and at the same time to have a background to serve as a high relief and contrast to that which is actually found outside of the schools. The writer says,—

"It is a very rare occurrence when a deaf person is mute for any other reason save the lack of the instruction which a hearing child receives through his ears. Recognizing this fact, and that speech is the most distinctive gift of man, Heinicke and Braidwood devoted themselves to the training of the vocal organs of their pupils, and to teaching them to read the speech of others by noting the movements of the lips and tongue. On the other hand, the good Abbé de l'Epée based his method of instruction upon the fact that all human beings, when deprived of speech, either through deafness or ignorance of the language spoken about them, resort to signs to make known their wants. All savage races have a code of signs by which they can communicate with one another and with the surrounding tribes. He therefore conventionalized and systematized signs, and invented new ones when natural gestures fail to convey the idea.

With this system of conventionalized signs, brought to this country by Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, a school was opened in Hartford, Conn., in the year 1817. It had been found, however, that the sign language did not solve the problem of giving the deaf a means of communication with the world in general. Very few people understood this language, while its construction, so far as there was any, and its conciseness—a single gesture frequently representing a com-

plete sentence of spoken vernacular—rendered it unfit for representing grammatically constructed language. The method of spelling the words with the fingers by means of a finger alphabet was then pressed into service in conjunction with signs. This is the same as writing in foreign characters on the blackboard or upon paper, except that it is more rapid and more convenient. In this way the reading and writing of grammatical English could be taught, and both the manual alphabet and the sign language are employed in certain schools to-day.

For many years after the founding of the Hartford school no speech was taught there, though to-day the teaching of articulation is an important factor in their work. In 1867, largely through the efforts of Horace Mann, who some years previously had visited the schools of Europe, two institutions were established in this country where the deaf could not only be taught to speak, but be taught by speech without the use of the manual alphabet or the sign language. One of these was in New York City and the other in Northampton, Mass., and they are to-day large and flourishing institutions. After the establishment of these institutions there sprang up in this country, in the ranks of the teachers of the deaf, a division which already existed in Europe. On the one side were the ardent advocates of the sign language as a means of instruction and explanation, while on the other were the opponents of signs, who employed the manual alphabet, writing, and speech only. The controversy has been waged with more or less energy ever since; but like all the ideas of a cruder and less advanced age, the sign language has been gradually crowded out, until now it is entirely excluded from many schools and used but sparingly in others."

Thus far the writer in the "Century." This looks very encouraging and very simple; but, as a matter of fact, the actual state of affairs is not so simple, as I shall try to show immediately. If all the members of a given deaf mute congregation had received the full benefits of the above system, it would be an easy matter to deal with them, but many are wanting in intelligence, some in the power of concentration, requisite for such a course of training, others go to work before they are half through the course, and finally, there is not a uniformity of system, as the same writer admits. He says,—

"In the schools for the deaf in the United States to-day three systems of instruction are used. The methods employed are, in the first system, signs and the manual alphabet; second system, speech and the manual alphabet; third system, speech only. Writing is of course employed in all the systems."

Now let us come to the result. Very few can read the lips; therefore the first step will be to learn the manual alphabet. That is easy enough, any schoolboy can pick it up in half an hour. Facility in using it is a different thing. That depends in great part on the suppleness of your fingers. This manual alphabet enables you to communicate perfectly with the deaf, but it is a very small part of your equipment. The alphabet is used merely as a complement to the sign language. There is a sign for nearly everything, not for every word, but for every idea or class of ideas. Synonymous notions are expressed by the same sign, hence accuracy of expression is difficult, and frequently impossible. When you wish to express something with precision, you will forsake the signs, and spell letter for letter with the manual alphabet. Even the deaf themselves spell a great deal.

It is unnecessary to describe the practical method which the missionary to the deaf will adopt, to acquire their language. Perhaps he will go to one of them, and learn all the signs he thinks he needs for a beginning, or perhaps he will pay an occasional visit to one of the schools for the deaf and pick up a few signs there. Let us suppose that he has learned enough to begin his scheduled course of instructions, and that he has a good stock of courage to supplement his imperfect knowledge. The congregation has assembled and is in expectation. He ventures timorously, even with all his courage, to mount the platform or pulpit to give an instruction. Watch the effect. In spite of eloquence and careful preparation the orator notices looks of inquiry and expressions of doubt on the faces of his audience—it is not properly an audience, but we shall call them such for want of an approved dictionary word.—He is annoyed at this; he repeats the sign that occasioned the doubt, they do not understand. He is surprised and perplexed, for he is certain the sign is correct, it was taught him by experts. There is only one alternative, he must spell it out; and then some nod their heads in approval, others proceed to give him a different sign for the idea he wished to convey. He is puzzled at this performance, until from frequent recurrence he gets used to it, and discovers at the same time that the deaf do not agree in their signs.

Here is the first difficulty, and a serious one, for the preacher to the deaf. The members of his congregation do not speak the same language. On a small scale, it is a congregation such as the apostles addressed; there are Medes, and Parthians and Elamites. Even if he has the gift of

tongues, it will not help the majority of his flock. It is then a fact that there is a great diversity of signs among them. This is due to the fact that every school has its own system of signs. You have two or three signs for the same thing, even for such simple words as *not*, *before*, *after*.

The range of their language is very limited. This is seen especially in signs expressive of religious ideas. In our Catholic schools a certain set of signs is used to express sacrament, grace, pope, bishop, and all such Catholic terms, while in the non-Catholic schools either there is no sign at all, or if there be one it is derogatory to our faith, or at least widely different from our sign. Hence it is that practically you have to make your own signs for your congregation.

My method is as follows: I make the sign which I believe the majority to understand, and I watch the faces of the spectators, to see the effect. I find that one half of my congregation does not understand me, then I spell the word, again I repeat the sign, and to make sure that it is understood, I spell it a second time. In the course of my discourse I try to use the same signs frequently, spelling occasionally to refresh the memory; and thus they gradually get accustomed to the signs I use. All this confusion and trouble comes from the want of uniformity in their language; in fact, so great is the diversity that, as one of the best educated among our deaf told me, the signs of the Gallaudet College in Washington are almost unintelligible to the New York deaf. In consequence of this great diversity of signs, one is forced to spell a great deal — perhaps one half — of what he has to say, until he has formed a dialect of his own, and educated his congregation to understand it.

Even among the deaf themselves this method is a necessity for those educated in different schools. There are three causes for this: (1) the diversity of signs; (2) the fact that many words have no corresponding sign; (3) the fact that the prevailing system in schools for the deaf is to teach the pupils to speak, and to ignore the signs. As a consequence the cleverest pupils know the sign-language imperfectly. This last circumstance is the source of a new difficulty to the preacher. He will discover some day that he has members of the congregation who are capable of reading the lips and do not understand the signs. In the face of this difficulty what is one to do?

The simplest solution is to place yourself in a position very near the audience, and after turning on all the lights, to articulate and make the signs simultaneously. It is not necessary to make your words audible. The deaf talk very

rapidly with one another by this silent lip motion, and not a sound escapes. From my observation, it seems to me that they read one another's lips better, when the speech is totally inaudible.

There is an illusion in the minds of many that the faster you go, and the more signs you make in a given time, the more successful you will be. This is not true. Even the deaf themselves do not follow one another's signs, much less can they understand the excessively rapid sign making of a stranger. The expression of their face is a tell-tale. You can generally tell if they understand you, though I must say they are great hypocrites. They pretend to understand everything, when they understand nothing at all. This leads to misunderstandings without end, and I am inclined to think this is a partial explanation of their propensity to lie. It is said that they have a very bad reputation in this respect, that they are notorious liars. I think much of it comes from not understanding what was said.

Not long ago a little incident illustrative of this occurred. Just before Christmas I urged them to go to confession, and I spoke vigorously against the sinner who would dare to sleep in sin on Christmas eve. Some days later one or two came to me to know if it was a sin to go to bed on Christmas eve. I was naturally surprised at the question, and on inquiry they told me that several deaf mutes had said so; on further inquiry I found that I was reported to have said so in my sermon. Owing to this liability to misunderstand and misinterpret, one has to exercise considerable caution in his dealings with them.

From what has been said, it is evident that their language is altogether incomplete, and unsuited to accurate expression, especially on religious truths. Hence one must spell many things, letter by letter; however it will not do to limit the sermon to spelling. There should be a happy intermingling of signs to relieve the eye. Everything depends on the eye, and continuous spelling is wearying; but a mixture of spelling and signs lends variety, and obviates the fatigue. If one spells clearly and slowly, and uses simple words, and repeats the same thought in different ways, or even the same thought in the same way, the deaf will follow him readily. You must not expect more than one half of the congregation to catch what you spell the first time. Hence the necessity of repetition.

What style of diction or expression is to be used by the preacher? He must be as simple as possible, using words of only one syllable, if possible; provided he talks English at all. The sign-language is a barbarous sort of jargon,

which is careless of the finer relations of language. The verb is often ignored altogether. It is enough to express the subject and predicate. The precise relations of time are not very important; relative clauses are in the way. There is no such word in their vocabulary as "because," at least I have not discovered the sign for it. The sign-language is the death of English. The deaf mutes get so into the habit of thinking and expressing their thoughts in the shortest possible way—without inflection, case, time or relation—that their composition looks like the skeleton of some obsolete dialect of English. Some are well educated and write well, but that is in spite of signs, and in cases where parents or others at home force the deaf member of the family to use his speech. In preaching to them I try to make a compromise between good English and sign-language English, making my talk very simple, but at the same time resembling our mother tongue.

I shall give one or two illustrations of their limited vocabulary. A notice about the deaf mutes was printed in the Church Bulletin, in which occurred the word "zeal." A number of them asked me what zeal meant. On another occasion I used the word "tolerate," and one of the women, who did not know what it meant, kept spelling and respelling it on her fingers over and over again till the instruction was finished, so as to be sure not to forget it, and then she asked a friend what it meant. I ventured once to deduce a conclusion, and used the word "consequently." It was too much for most of them. Another time I spoke of "omitting" sins in confession, whereupon one of them asked the meaning of "omit." Thus it is quite plain that monosyllables, and very common monosyllables at that, are the best and surest, if you wish to be understood. So much for the language and its difficulties. It is enough to discourage any one in the beginning, but time and a little labor win in the end. A perfect mastery of the sign-language is doubtless impossible, for a competent authority in the February number of the bi-monthly periodical called "Annals of the Deaf," says that, "Very few hearing persons beginning in adult years to learn signs, ever become entirely adept in their use."

As to the subject matter of instructions. They need instruction in the simplest truths, hence explanations of the catechism should hold a prominent place in your preaching to the deaf. Even those who have been blessed with a Catholic school training, never hear anything of their religious duties after their school days are completed, and the truths that were once very vivid in their minds, become

dimmed and obscured and even forgotten. How much worse is the state of those who have learned nothing of their religion in childhood, or at most, scarcely enough to prepare them for confession! It is no wonder that they come to believe, that it is not necessary to go to Mass, that the Mass and all the other precepts of the Church are not for them, since they are not at all like other people. A convenient doctrine indeed but rather dangerous.

Religious ideas are the most difficult for them to acquire, and they are never acquired by many; especially in those institutions in which irreligion and immorality are tolerated, if not actually inculcated. The two subjects I have insisted on more than all others, are confession and the avoidance of bad company.

Besides knowledge of the language, and a facility in using signs, the face and eye of the preacher play an important part in his discourse. Deprived of the power of the human voice, all your force and pathos and sympathy depend upon hand motion and facial expression. Those who aspire to be good preachers should practise with the deaf for a while, for they will acquire a ready facility in the subordinate accomplishments of the preaching art,—facial expression and facility and force of gesture.

Rapidity, as was said above, is not an indication of eloquence or success in the sign-language. They seem to speak with lightning rapidity among themselves, but often they do not understand one another. The most intelligent among them have told me that they cannot follow rapid motion, and they stay away from Sunday school and instructions in consequence. You cannot expect them to come simply to see a performance in pantomine.

They say that in the Protestant Sunday schools some of the preachers aim at a graceful and dramatic manipulation of the hands and arms; they look to the style of motion, and cause admiration at the exhibition of the poetry of motion, but no one understands what the speaker is driving at. He is admired for grace, as one admires a gymnast swinging Indian clubs. But this is not food for a hungry soul. Many of the deaf themselves will tell you that they are hungering and thirsting for a morsel of the bread of God's word. They do not want mere gesticulation.

Every Sunday afternoon I give an instruction in our college hall, after which they go to Benediction in the church. On the first Sunday of the month, after the usual instruction in New York, I go to Brooklyn, and give a second one there, in the Bishop's chapel. This monthly instruction in Brooklyn is undertaken as a mere beginning, and it is hoped

that the priests of the diocese will take up the work. The Bishop has appointed two priests to learn the language, and has manifested much interest in the welfare of the deaf. If the zeal of the two appointed does not cool off suddenly, I hope to hand over to them my Brooklyn mission. The object in undertaking it was merely to bring to the notice of the Bishop a neglected portion of his flock. This has been accomplished, and it rests with him to provide for their needs.

The League of the Sacred Heart numbers about fifteen promoters and 175 associates among the deaf. Clubs for the Catholic deaf have been organized at various times, but as far as I can read their history, they have proved failures. The reasons for this are many, but I shall pass them over for the present. If any one intends to devote his life to the deaf, and wishes to know something about their clubs, I shall be glad to give him references to former directors of these clubs, and he may have gratis my own modicum of experience in the matter. The formation of a successful club may be a possibility, but as things are at present, it seems to me to be only in the realm of theory.

In our solicitude for the deaf, undoubtedly that which should engage our most serious attention is the proper instruction and education of the children. If we do not provide for them, the condition of the deaf twenty years from now will be exactly what it is to-day, not one particle of progress will have been made. A number of the laity make a show of zeal, and have schemes and notions of their own about the improvement of the condition of the deaf, but nothing has ever come of their schemes, and nothing ever will come of them, till clergy and laity co-operate in saving our children. We must keep our children out of non-Catholic institutions, in all of which faith and morals are imperilled.

It is very important for us to realize the exceptionally great peril of the children in non-Catholic schools. They cannot receive catechetical instruction in the ordinary way, they never hear a sermon or instruction at Mass, the parents often find it next to impossible to teach them the simplest truths of religion; and thus it happens that they grow up without any ideas of morality or religion. The teaching of deaf children offers special difficulties, and unless they are under the care of some devoted teachers, who understand the peculiarities of deaf mutes, and who are competent at the same time to teach them sound religious and moral principles, you can easily understand how great is the peril to which they are exposed. It is not the ordinary danger

to which public school children are exposed. The case of the deaf is exceptional. If they get no moral training at home, none at school, none in church, you can see to what a blank their moral nature must be reduced.

I am continually brought face to face with most painful and sad cases of the total neglect of religious training of our Catholic deaf and dumb. This should not be, for there are probably not a half dozen cities in the United States that have the opportunities we have here in New York for educating our deaf children. We have three Catholic schools here in New York and Brooklyn, where there is no charge for the children from the city and state. Each child gets a *per capita* allowance from the government. These schools are conducted by the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,—those noble, devoted women, to whom our martyred Jesuits of the Commune owed so much. They carry on this work with the same devoted spirit. We all know what a laborious work a life of teaching is. Imagine what it must be in the case of the multiplied stupidity of the deaf and dumb. In spite of these opportunities, many of our children are sent to non-Catholic schools, and are in most instances ruined for ever.

The state of affairs in regard to religion and morality in some of the non-Catholic, or so-called non-sectarian schools, is very bad, in fact I am inclined to believe that all or nearly all of these schools are rotten and corrupt. This judgment is based on the statement of those who have been there and survived the contagion. I fear few pass through those institutions without serious taint to faith and morals alike. This deplorable state of corruption has a reflex action on our own girls and boys who are brought up in our own schools; for as like seeks like, there is a sort of natural fellowship among all the deaf, and Catholics soon become contaminated by their contact with the loose morality of non-Catholics. Ridicule is thrown on the faith of Catholics, and from the impossibility of counteracting it by proper religious instruction, faith is undermined. Of course this does not happen to all, for there are among our Catholic deaf some admirable and exemplary characters.

In our Sunday work we have no regularly organized catechism class, such as might be expected in a great city like New York. The reason is that the children in our own schools are well provided for. The Catholic children in the non-Catholic schools are numerous enough, but it has been impossible thus far to reach them. They are growing up without any knowledge of their religion: a deplorable state of things, but one for which no remedy has as yet been

found. Mr. Howle, S. J., has a few under instruction for confession and communion, but the number is very small.

In regard to the reception of the sacraments, it is difficult to estimate the fidelity of the deaf and dumb, or to make a comparison with other Catholics, as they are so scattered, and as they go to confession for the most part in their own parishes. It is very easy for any confessor to settle their cases, as they write their confessions. Knowledge of the signs is unnecessary, all that is needed is a light in the confessional—the penitent usually comes supplied with a pencil. Speaking of confessions, reminds me of complaints I have heard from the deaf about the difficulty of finding confessors willing to hear them. Although in many instances I believe their complaint is a mere pretext for not going to confession, still in other cases it has a foundation in fact. On this account I venture to throw out a hint. If some one comes and thrusts a bit of paper at you, and declares that he is a deaf mute, do not send him away, and tell him to go to some one who knows his language. This sort of treatment has driven away many, and they will not go to confession again, because they find priests so churlish and unwilling to deal with them. Some priests also ask all sorts of questions, usually without satisfactory results, and in the end both penitent and confessor are in a tangle.

From the list of names which we have, it appears that there are hundreds of Catholic deaf mutes in our midst, distributed all over the city, so that there is probably not a parish in the diocese, in which a number of them are not to be found. The children in our own schools number about 300. Besides these there are many in the non-Catholic schools.

It is said that the deaf have traits and peculiarities *sui generis*, for instance that they are notorious liars, that they have no regard for one another's reputation, that they are over sensitive and suspicious—and in consequence must be dealt with in a very delicate and tender manner. The statement about the peculiarities enumerated, has undoubtedly its measure of truth; about the manner of dealing with them, my brief experience hardly justifies the formulating of a conclusion, still I am inclined to the opinion that if you lay down the law to them, and make them walk a straight line, with kindness to be sure, you will find them just as capable of appreciating that line of action as a more lenient, kid-glove method. In fact they need to be dealt with with certain strictness, as they get an erroneous notion that the moral code is to be softened down a liitle to suit

their peculiar state. One of them assured me that people are too much afraid of hurting their tender feelings.

Although experienced persons believe that in most of the deaf mutes there is some mental derangement—some slight trait of idiocy—still they will be elevated morally, if they find that you place them on the same plane as others, *servatis servandis*. On the point of sanity, one of the teachers of the Brooklyn school, who has devoted twenty-five years to the deaf, told me that she believed very few of the deaf mutes were perfectly sound mentally. This seems only natural, for although surrounded by all the bustle and excitement of a great city, they are exiles and solitaries; they never hear the human voice,—they are outcasts living within the range and circuit of their own narrow world of ideas. Such a life must tend to melancholy, and melancholy is one step below insanity. This conclusion is not so true for the deaf who can speak and read the lips. This seems to be borne out by the writer cited above. He says:

"It is generally supposed that the deaf have a tendency to moroseness and melancholy. This is least true of the orally educated adult, and among the children in the oral schools is not true at all. I know of no happier or more contented lot of children than are to be found in these schools. The visitor who expects to enter a place of silent halls, quiet play-rooms, and noiseless yards is much surprised to hear peals of childish laughter, and cries and shouts, as the children romp and frolic out of school hours."

There is another very interesting trait said to be peculiar to the deaf, namely, their exemption from sea-sickness. Some time ago the members of the Deaf mute Club proposed an outing for the summer, and among the various plans they suggested a fishing excursion. I told them they would all have the experience which I enjoyed some years ago on a deep sea fishing excursion, — no fish, but a very ardent yearning to be liberated from the torment of sea-sickness, by instant death, or any other convenient means. They replied that the deaf are not subject to sea-sickness. Here is something for our scientific men to theorize upon.

There are weekly journals in the interest of the deaf, and as their little world is small, every body knows through the journal what every body else is doing or even thinking about. Perhaps this is one of the means by which reputations among them become public property. I mentioned instances of their proneness to misunderstand, I have had some striking instances of their mendacity. Only a week ago my name figured in the "New York Herald" in connection with a lying deaf mute. He told a wonderful murder story

to the police, in which he introduced your humble servant as his spiritual adviser, who settled his qualms of conscience by counselling him to report to the police. Although this was all a fabrication, still I confess it was the best thing that could happen to him, for it landed him in a place of safe-keeping, namely a lunatic asylum.

In spite of their reputation for lying, my experience has not been sufficiently extensive to assert that they surpass the rest of humanity in this respect. One curious episode, which occurred early in August, when I first took up the work, would lead me to give the palm for deceit to others. I was called to Bellevue Hospital to attend a woman who was a deaf mute. I went with fear and trembling, as I had hardly had time to practise the manual alphabet, still I went as duty called me, and did what I could in the way of hearing her confession. I then arranged with the Carmelites, in whose parish the hospital is located, to give her Extreme Unction and Holy Communion. Even from the first my suspicions were excited, for I found that I knew more about the sign language than she did, however, I did not think much of it, till later, when other indications were manifested which aroused my suspicions still further, and eventually I found out that she was not a deaf mute at all,—in fact I have some doubts if she was a Catholic. I leave to others to surmise what her purpose may have been, but there is one marvellous fact connected with it; namely, how a woman could hold her tongue and play off deaf mute for two months, and not betray herself. I suppose the obvious moral from this is not to be too credulous; at least that, ut alia omittam. "Omnis homo mendax," said the Psalmist (cxv. 11); true, it was in his excess, but there was doubtless in his time, and is to-day a great and solid groundwork of mendacity in this race of ours: not in the deaf and dumb alone. We do not find it always dlsplayed in a plain bold lie, but in the subtler form of trickery and deceit, such as is exhibited in the Protestant propagandism and perversion of our Catholic children.

The Protestants are wide awake, and are doing a good deal of proselytizing, both in their schools and out. However it is encouraging to note that their efforts are not altogether successful. In a recent issue of the "Deaf Mute Journal," a pathetic wail went forth, lamenting the fact that an entertainment, in aid of the Gallaudet Home for the Deaf, brought in only $3.00. They have a quaint way of expressing things. After this plaint they announced another lecture for the same purpose, and as if to stimulate the lecturer's hopes, made the very encouraging remark that it

remained to be seen whether the coming lecturer would be treated any better. Gallaudet, the Protestant minister to the deaf, does a good deal for them in the way of procuring employment. I have tried to do a little in this line, and as a consequence numerous applications have come in for work. As I have not a great deal of time at my disposal, I go slowly, and this has the further advantage to make them look around for themselves. We ought to help them if possible, as they find it very hard to get employment, but with other duties on one's shoulders, one cannot become an employment bureau. Many Catholics go to Gallaudet for aid, but it is doubtful if he helps them in any way except in helping them to lose their faith.

We must admit that in a great many instances the parents are responsible for the loss of faith and for all the sins of their deaf children. The proper education of a deaf child involves much care and self-sacrifice, which few parents are willing to bestow, and in consequence, as the faith is not deeply rooted, religion must be a matter of expediency. The Protestants themselves do not hesitate to come to our services. Quite a number of Protestants and a few Jews are present at the Sunday instructions. I have baptized only one of them. Others are studying the catechism, but I am not sanguine of their conversion.

There is a serious problem which confronts us, as a consequence of the marriages of the deaf and dumb. Now and then a remarkably clever deaf man or woman, who can speak well, may succeed in finding a wife or husband, who is not deaf and dumb, but usually, unless some one is very hard up for a husband or wife, the deaf and dumb must marry among themselves. The children of these marriages are usually not deaf. How are they to be educated? The parents cannot do it, and while the children are too young to send to school, they go along for five or six years without knowing how to say their prayers, or in fact anything at all. This is very likely to occur, unless there happen to be a devoted mother or sister of the wife or husband, who will sacrifice her life to educating these little ones. I know of one case where this has been done,—those children are fortunate. But I know of just the opposite extreme, where four children, the oldest five years of age, cannot speak, though possessed of all their faculties, simply because they never hear the human voice. I informed their pastor of their condition, and he sent the oldest to his parish school. I leave it to his ingenuity and zeal to find means or persons to educate the other three. It is a problem not easy to solve. If all the deaf could speak and read the lips, there would

be little difficulty for the children, but few are capable of this. In this connection it may be observed that those among them who can speak do not like to be called deaf mutes, and I can assure you, some of them are by no means mute; they are fond of talking, oftentimes from mere vanity and ostentation and a desire to demonstrate how well they can speak. It is undoubtedly a great achievement for one born deaf, to acquire a facility in speaking well, and in reading the lips of others. I should remark here that nearly all the deaf whom I have met, were not born so, but became deaf at an early age from scarlet fever.

In conclusion, this sketch does not pretend to give the outcome of years of experience, but merely a few blended impressions and facts gathered from a half year's intimacy with the deaf and dumb. I have not come much in contact with those who are only deaf. My experiences have been mostly with deaf mutes, to whom the above remarks and conclusions are chiefly applicable. It is important to distinguish between the two classes; their status is quite different. Finally let me say, for the benefit of aspirants, that a man may come to like the work, but it is the same kind of pleasure that one gets from spending his life among the wretched and miserable of this world, in hospitals and prisons. It is the love born of sympathy for the afflicted and desolate. The only motive adequate to keep a man up in it, is the motive of supernatural zeal. There is some natural attraction in working among the deaf, but not much among the deaf mutes. Still there are many consoling incidents which show that one's labors are not thrown away; and even if these visible proofs were not in evidence, the deaf mutes have souls to save. Who is going to help these neglected, afflicted ones upward on the road to heaven? It is a field of labor untilled and almost unknown—a worthy object therefore of our zeal and devotion.

MISSION TO DEAF MUTES AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

During the week ending March 27, a most successful mission to the deaf mutes was conducted by Father Stadelman, S. J., at St. Francis Xavier's, W. 16th St. The mission was for men only. A sermon was given in the sign language every evening by Father Stadelman, whose proficiency in this regard is well known; and on Saturday evening, the closing night, besides a short instruction, the Papal Benediction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament were given.

There were serious difficulties to the success of the mis-

sion, for unlike an ordinary parish mission, in which the people have to walk no more than two or three blocks to attend, the deaf are scattered over a large territory; some came from Newark and Orange, N. J., some from the remotest parts of Brooklyn, others from Harlem and beyond, even as far as West Farms and West Chester. In spite of this difficulty the attendance was very large and constant; we have every reason to be more than gratified at the good will manifested by the deaf. In fact most of the men lived so far from St. Francis Xavier's that they had no time to go home from work, but went direct from their work to the mission. This manifests the sacrifice they had to make, but they made it cheerfully and God blessed them and the mission in consequence. All were very much in earnest, and testified their deep gratitude and appreciation of the spiritual food for which their souls were hungering. We tried it rather in the nature of an experiment, as there was no precedent, nothing of the kind had ever been attempted. Sunday afternoon services for the deaf and dumb have been held at St. Francis Xavier's for many years past; but the idea of getting the deaf together from remote parts for six days in succession was a new one. It proved a happy one, for the results were gratifying beyond all expectations.

In fact so successful was the mission that we determined to give another to the women during Holy Week. The women manifested a great desire to have a mission as well as the men, and though I had not the remotest intention of giving them one this year, the unexpected results of the men's mission determined us to give the women the same opportunity of grace. One married woman said to me, on the day after the men's mission, "Father, I am so happy to-day, my husband and I went to Communion together, this was the first time he has been in seven years." One man made an appointment for confession, on the afternoon of the last day of the mission. He had been to the Sunday instructions now and then during the year, and was supposed to be a Catholic. At the appointed hour he arrived, and to my surprise, after asking him a few questions I discovered that he was a Jew. He had been to every sermon during the mission and was very much impressed and worked up by them. When I inquired why he wanted to go to confession, he replied: "I know what God does to people." Father Stadelman made that truth and the other essential truths of our religion very plain to the men. Another man, forty years old, who made his first confession at the close of the mission, told his relatives at home with much interest that he never knew those sermons before.

On the second night of the mission a man who was deaf, dumb and blind, was present. He had a deaf and dumb friend with him who acted as interpreter. The blind man takes the hand of the one who wishes to converse with him, and by spelling or using signs within his hand, you can communicate with him. I had a talk with him about confession. Did I say talk? What an abuse of language to give the name of talk to this weird sort of a way of getting at the intelligence and will of man! And so I could go on, giving many proofs of the good done—but it would take too long.

We had an average attendance of sixty every night. This is excellent, in fact remarkable, when the distances from which they come are taken into account. Over sixty confessions were heard. Besides Father Stadelman and myself, Father Pardow, Father Ulrich and Father Van Rensselaer kindly offered their services. As most of the deaf write their confessions, it is not necessary to know the sign language to settle their cases. A few who could not write or did not know English were handed over to Father Stadelman and me. This sign-language is a sort of Volapük, a universal language, and even a German or Frenchman can be understood in confession by an American, who happens to know nothing of the aforesaid languages. There was a Hungarian present at all the sermons, and he understood them well, although he knows no English. This same man is one of the staunchest pillars of my Sunday congregation. He knows no English and I know no Hungarian, but we get along very well in spite of this inconvenience, by means of the sign dialect.

The women's mission was held during Holy Week. The average attendance was about seventy-five every night. On one evening there were ninety-five present. Over fifty confessions were heard on Wednesday night by Father Stadelman, Father Freeman, and myself. This does not represent the whole number of confessions, as I have not the record of those who could not come to us on Wednesday night, and of others who could not conveniently go till Holy Saturday; but the number probably reached seventy-five. When, as I said before, you consider their poverty and the distance to be travelled, these figures are very gratifying. Several from Brooklyn and Jersey City had to pay twenty-five cents every night for their car fare. I distributed from our deaf mute fund about ten dollars for car fare alone; and over and above this, some of the well to do deaf contributed out of their own pockets to help the poorer ones.

That the missions were most successful is proved by the

remarks of the deaf themselves. They were constantly speaking of the great crowd. How did I get them together? Where did they come from? Long before the mission I spoke of my plan to one of the most intelligent among the men, and he had serious misgivings as to the feasibility of the mission.—"You will not have many," he said.—What was his surprise when he saw the chapel full every night! Then he remarked, "Well my ideas about the deaf are entirely upset by this mission, I cannot understand it." Let me conclude this already too long account with another remark of the same gentleman He said, "Nobody will say now that the Jesuits are not the friends of the deaf. The Jesuits began the work among the deaf; when it was taken from them and given to others, it proved a complete failure."

RETREATS IN FRANCISCAN MONASTERIES.

A Letter from Father Thomas F. Gannon to the Editor.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25, 1897.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Rev. Father Provincial wishes me to jot down some items about two Retreats given lately by one of our fathers to the Franciscan Minor Conventual Friars.

The first retreat of seven days, Nov. 30–Dec. 8, 1896, was at their Clericate, or House of Studies, in Trenton, N. J., to nine fathers and nine scholastics or clerical students, as they call them, all religious of the order. On my arrival they welcomed me most cordially and admitted me at once to full community privileges, table, recreation, etc. They entered upon the retreat with great earnestness and were very fervent throughout the entire exercises. The whole Divine Office is chanted every day in choir.

Our order of time during retreat was:—

5 A. M. Rise.
5.15 Prime in choir.
5.30 Med.
6.30 Mass.
7 Breakfast, free time.
9 Points, Med., Reflect.
11 Conference.
11.30 Little Hours in choir, Examen of Conscience.

12 Dinner, visit Blessed Sacrament, free time.
3.30 Points, Med., Reflect.
5–6 Vespers, Comp., Matins and Lauds in choir.
6 Supper, visit Blessed Sacrament, free time.
8 Points, Examen of Conscience, Night Prayers.
9 Bed.

One novel feature of their life to a stranger is their frequent chanting, into which they always throw a generous robustness of voice and soul, that are inspiring. When the bell sounded at 5.15 A. M. for Prime, all at once came from their rooms into the corridors, the superior or guardian entoned a psalm, to which the whole community responded with vigor, and then both superior and community chanting alternate verses moved on in procession to the choir in the church. This same was done, whenever during the day the community proceeded to any exercise, Points, etc., in the choir or church. At the grace before and after meals the antiphonarian of the day in choir, a scholastic or clerical student, entoned the psalm and chanted the alternate verses with the community; the Hebdomadarius, a priest, gave the blessing and recited the prayers. At the end of table the scholastics left the refectory first, then the priests and last the superior, all chanting verses of a psalm alternately with the superior who had entoned it

During dinner the "Regula S. Patris Francisci" and "Rodriguez on Spiritual Things," were read, and at supper, "Rubricæ Missæ Privatæ. The reading was in monotone voice and was done at each meal by three or four of the scholastics, who so divided the time among themselves, that each had his share in the reading and yet all took their meals and finished with the community. This was not so great a difficulty, because the superior usually stopped the reading five or eight minutes before the end of meals. During the reading of the Rule of their Holy Founder St. Francis one little incident impressed me very much. At the end of the Rule are placed six or seven pithy little sentences called the "Verba Hortatoria Seraphici Patris Nostri Francisci." When the reader got to this part he stopped reading and brought the book to the superior and the meal was continued in silence. At the end of table, when there was complete stillness, all uncovered their heads and the superior seated in his place read slowly and distinctly from the Rule Book the "Verba Hortatoria Patris Nostri." "Magna, fratres, promisimus"—"Majora nobis promissa sunt," etc., a brief enumeration of their religious promises and the great rewards awaiting them from God, if they are faithful to their Rule." This simple little act of reverence

thus publicly exhibited for the last warning words of their great Founder possessed a certain power and solemnity which could not fail to rouse and influence the hearts of the hearers especially under the circumstances.

The Retreat finished upon Dec. 8, and upon that feast day one of their scholastics made his profession of the solemn vows. He was about twenty years of age and had been four years in the Order. Formerly they were wont to make their solemn profession at the end of their noviceship, which lasts only one year, but now by the decree of Pius IX. at the end of the noviceship they are admitted only to simple vows and three years later may pronounce their solemn vows. The ceremony took place in the parish church at the end of the superior's Mass about 6 A. M. The superior clad in his sacred vestments seated himself in a chair upon the platform of the altar, the candidate for profession knelt before him upon the altar steps and the whole community stood in front in a half circle about the sanctuary. There were certain prayers and chanting of psalms, then the superior put certain questions to the candidate and made an address of instruction and exhortation. He next called two priests by name to come forward and be *testes hujus rei*, These two fathers stood at either side of the young religious candidate, who opening the Rule Book upon the knees of the superior and placing his right hand in the hand of the superior read slowly and distinctly the Formula of his Solemn Religious Profession. Prayers and chanting followed and the ceremony concluded by the singing of the "Te Deum" by the whole community.

The Franciscan Fathers have a good monastery here with a large plot of land for future development. Their church, too, of the Immaculate Conception is a fine spacious stone structure with a very mixed congregation of Germans, Irish and Italians; there are also out missions for Poles. As the fathers know many languages, they are very serviceable in the diocese for the confessions and instruction of various nationalities.

My second retreat to the Franciscan Conventuals was given at their novitiate in Syracuse, N. Y. It lasted seven days, Jan. 11–19, 1897, to fourteen novices and fourteen priests with their Rev. Father Provincial, Father Fudzinski, a Pole, who however speaks English well. The order of exercises, etc., were the same substantially as at Trenton. During both these retreats full faculties for all his subjects were given me by their Rev. Father Provincial and all could come to me as often as they pleased. Great fervor prevailed

during the whole retreat; all seemed to be much interested and very earnest. At the conclusion of my last points, as I started to leave the chapel their Provincial stopped me and asked me to give my blessing to the assembled community. Next day the novices in a body with their Master of Novices at their head came to my room to pay me a last visit and to request my blessing. The kindness, attention and even reverence, shown me by these good Friars during my stay among them on both visits, were very marked and, to me, somewhat confusing.

In the corridor of their monastery of Syracuse I found oil paintings of seven Popes, whom the Friars Conventuals have given to the church; their last Pope was Clement XIV. (1769–'74).

The Franciscans have a large brick church at Syracuse with a flourishing German congregation. Large brick parochial schools for boys and girls stand near their church of the "Assumption." Their monastery at Syracuse is larger than at Trenton and better situated; for it is upon the principal street of the city, yet sufficiently retired. The Rev. Father Provincial to show his gratitude insisted upon accompanying me to the train.

THOMAS J. GANNON, S. J.

FROM TULLAMORE TO MANGALORE.

A Letter from Father John Moore.

ST. ALOYSIUS COLLEGE, MANGALORE,
SOUTH CANARA, INDIA,
January 1, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER MCKEY,
P. C.

A few notes by the way from Tullamore to Mangalore may possibly prove interesting to you considering our old-timed friendship. Rhyme is my reason for naming Tullamore instead of Tullabeg as my starting point. Besides you know how closely they are located and related. It was about the middle of September that I bade adieu to Ireland and travelled by London, Paris, and Turin to San Remo, where I spent a few days setting my affairs in order before starting anew for India. I was glad to renew the acquaintance at San Remo of Father De Masini, the representative

of the California Mission at the Provincial Congregation at Chieri. You are probably aware that he is a San Remese. He found his old home quite transformed from what he knew it thirty years before, when the magnificent hotels and villas that are now dotting the hills on either side of the old town were non-entities. Our residence has seen its glory depart with the two young Princes, who have graduated to the military school at Dresden, after four years with us. The excellent work of the *Eglise pour les Etrangers* will be carried on as usual by its founder and organizer, Father Von Egloffstein. Year by year its advantages are more and more appreciated by the ever-increasing number of visitors to that most popular of the winter resorts of the Italian Riviera.

On my way to join Monsignor Cavadini, S. J.—the new Bishop of Mangalore—at Gorizia, I had to pass through Modena to have an interview with Father Cattaneo,[1] the Provincial of the Venetian Province. A delay of a few hours at Genoa gave me time to take dinner at our new residence at the Piazza Santa Sabina, whither our fathers had just removed from their aerial abode on the top storey of a high palace in the Piazza Fossatello. In the new residence they have finally the use of a handsome oratory, capable of accommodating about one thousand people, which will be opened to the public. The large library which came to us through the late Father Centurione was being divided up, and all the books useless for the needs of a small residence distributed where they were most wanted.

I had to stay over night at Milan, where I found our fathers likewise fitting themselves into new quarters, in which they are opening a day school to be known as "Collegio Leone XIII." When finished it will resemble very much our college at the "Instituto Sociale" in Turin. It is cheering to see the recuperative power of the Society so active every side you turn in Italy. In Modena we have lately regained possession of our old church of St. Bartholomew, with its beautiful frescoes of Brother Pozzo and its confessional of Cardinal Odescalchi. More interesting to me was to see the old barn-like structure that our fathers labored in as early as 1550. You can decipher through the whitewash *Templum Societatis Jesu* over the door. There is an old custom kept up in the residence, of which you have possibly heard. When one of Ours is a guest for the night, he is accompanied to his room by a torch light procession.

[1] Father Cataneo has been replaced as provincial by Father Friedel, and is at present master of novices.—Ed. LETTERS.

This sounds much less romantic if you are told that the torches are only wax tapers. It is styled "La Cerinata."

At Bologna a delay of a few hours between trains afforded me time to pay my respects to our fathers at the little church and residence of San Giorgio, a few minutes' walk from the station. A visit to Bologna however short should take in if possible the church of St. Dominic, to see the gorgeous tomb of the saint. More wonderful still is the shrine of St. Catherine, where you see one who died before the discovery of America sitting bolt upright in her chair bidding defiance to the *forma cadaverica*. The old hymn says truly of her:—

"De sepulchro rediviva
Vivis adhuc semiviva
In defuncto corpore."

Being a priest I was allowed to kiss her hand, which is as fleshy as if she were alive, but all the exposed parts of her body are as black as jet, with the exception of the red mark on her chin where the Divine Infant kissed her. We had four houses in Bologna before the Suppression; one of them is now the "Academia della Belle Arte," where the famous "Santa Cecilia" by Raphael is the gem of the collection. The two leaning towers, Asinelli and Garisenda, are quite as remarkable as that of Pisa, though not so well known.

I had to break my journey again at Padua, where we have a house of retreat like that at the Piazza Manin in Genoa; of course the great attraction at Padua is the tomb of Saint Anthony. I prayed before it, and had time to look at the oldest botanical garden in Europe as well as the famous university, and even the hermitage where the Saint died, which is twenty minutes' walk from the city, before moving on to Venice. As the train moved over the mole through the misty darkness, and the myriad lights of the great city glimmered on the waters, I was forcibly reminded of the Oakland approach to San Francisco. As soon as we got to the terminus, I invoked the aid, in Anglo Saxon and guide-book Italian, of an army of *facchini*, and I was soon up to my ankles in water climbing into a most funereal-looking gondola. The first view of the bride of the sea was like a fairy scene, but the second was more like what one would have expected on a trip to Hades, when the gondolier shot his barque in and out through a lot of dark canals on the way to the residence. The Venetian Provincial had notified the fathers of my coming, so I was received with great cordiality. Venice is a city that would take a month to see thoroughly, but the most I could devote to it was a day and a half. Thanks to the self-sacrificing kindness of one of the

fathers, who acted as my cicerone, I was able to see the chief things that had an interest for me. We have regained the use of our beautiful old church, but the College and Professed House are still in the hands of the Government. The residence we have at present is directly opposite the church. Religious poverty is its chief characteristic. They had treasures, however, to show me: viz., the silver-mounted bamboo cane that once belonged to Father Gabriel Malagrida, a chalice of solid silver presented by the fathers of the Spanish Provinces exiled to Italy before the Suppression, and the famous crucifix that was miraculously restored to Saint Francis Xavier by a crab. The figure is one piece of ivory delicately carved, and the wood of the cross was originally a part of the Saint's coffin.

Four or five hours of train, through an interesting and picturesque country, brought me to Cormons, the Austrian frontier station, and shortly afterwards I arrived in Gorizia, where two fathers awaited me. When I reached our house there was a seance in progress, got up by the theologians in honor of the new Bishop of Mangalore. The next day I went with them to their villa, about an hour's walk from the scholasticate, where we played "trucco" and "lotto," two native games. Gorizia is an elegant little town nestling mid picturesquely wooded hills. The beautiful villas and mansions on every side tell of the favor in which it is held by the Austrian nobility. The people are mostly Italians, and they seem to be much more prosperous than their compatriots of the neighboring Province of Venezia. I was glad to notice that they excelled them also in their respect for the clergy. In that they reminded me of our people in Ireland. The secular priests dress after the Irish fashion; perhaps that has something to do with conciliating respect. You may not know that the recent action of the Franciscans and Capuchins in wearing their habits out of doors in Ireland, has not met with popular approval, although it is in direct contravention of the last penal enactment on the Statute Book, viz., that of 10 George IV. c. 7, commonly known as the "Act of Emancipation." Vide "Our Martyrs," by Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J., pp. 76–78. On my way back to the college I paid a visit to Castagnaviça to see the tombs of the Bourbons in the Capuchin church. Six royal personages repose in the vault; the last laid away being Count Henry de Chambord, the Henry the fifth that would be. Another object of interest that claimed my attention when I entered the town, was an old church and college. A life-sized statue of Saint Ignatius stands yet in the middle of the market square in front of it.

The next day, Friday, Oct. 2, the three voyagers to Mangalore—the Bishop, Father Bartoli and myself—accompanied by Father Pavissich, the Rector of Gorizia, started for Trieste, which is a few hours by rail. At present we have no house in that city, but there as elsewhere you see a beautiful church and college that once belonged to us. The college now serves as a prison. Trieste being the chief seaport of Austria is of great commercial importance, and shows all the signs of a thriving town. The people are mainly Italians, and they regard it as a part of "Italia irredenta." The fallen and decayed state of Venice and other redeemed parts of Italy should be a lesson to them to be content with their lot. Queen Caroline spent a good deal of her time in Trieste in the early part of the century, and in times nearer our own, the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and his spouse Carlotta made it their home, till in an unlucky hour they yielded to the temptation of a crown held out to them by Napoleon III., and went to Mexico. The beautiful palace of Miramar, planned and built by Maximilian, is a pleasant drive from the city. We visited it in the afternoon and found everything pretty much as he left it thirty years ago. While I strolled through its elegant apartments and beautiful grounds my thoughts wandered back to Santa Clara, where I saw a negro felling trees at the college, whose boast was that he was one of the firing-party that did for poor Maximilian.

When we returned to town we met the Archbishop of Bombay, Monsignor Dalhoff, S. J., and his Vicar-General, Father Hœne, S. J., who were booked to travel in the same vessel with us, along with two fathers and three scholastics, making ten Jesuits in all. Before going on board I want to tell you of a little contrivance I noticed in our hotel, which may be as great a novelty to you as it was to me. It was an electric lock on the room door, which could be opened or shut by touching a button at the table or bedside. As I am somewhat of a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, I made a note of it for future reference.

It was a little after noon on the next day, Saturday, that our good ship "Imperator," 5000 tons, the crack ship of the Austrian Lloyd's Company, steamed out of the harbor of Trieste and headed for Brindisi. We found on board four German Capuchins bound for the mission of Bettiah, Northern India, and two Red Cross nuns from Switzerland, who swelled the contingent of religious to sixteen. As we had three portable altars among us, all the priests were able to say Mass every day. The passengers were mostly English, belonging to either the military or civil service, and a good

sprinkling of Germans, for the most part connected with commercial firms. The ship's officers all made praiseworthy efforts to speak English, and besides being Catholics, were the pink of courtesy to the priests and religious. Thanks to a letter from Cardinal Ledochowski, the missioners were carried at something less than half fare. This is about the nearest approach to American liberality I am acquainted with after five years of Continental experience. I think if you presented a letter signed by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda and countersigned by the Austrian Ambassador to an American railway or shipping agent, he would esteem it an honor to give you a free ticket.

We put into Brindisi, our first port of call, on Sunday afternoon to take off the complement of our passengers. We found in the harbor the P. and O. mail steamer "Ballarat," awaiting the arrival of the Indian and Australian mails from London, and the "Savoia," of the Italian navy, about to proceed to Cettigne to convoy over the bride of the Prince of Naples. An accident to the passenger train detained us for ten hours at Brindisi, so that the Ballarat got the start of us, but the Imperator caught up with and passed it the following day. The next thing that interested us was the sight of the Ionian Isles. The weather was so delightfully fine that the captain steamed in through the narrow channels that separate them, and roused echoes from the cliffs with the fog horn that rang loud and long as the best in the Gap of Dunlo at Killarney. We were so close to the shore that we could distinguish the people walking on the strand of Ulysses' old kingdom of Ithaca. We afterwards got glimpses of the coast of Greece, and passed quite near the rocky promontories of Crete. Two days later the palm groves of Damietta revealed the low-lying shores of the land of the Pharaohs, and now—since England means to "hold her own"—that of the British Empire. Before we made Port Said, darkness came on apace, so that it was only by aid of the search light the Imperator could reach the coaling station. The search light is a rose of incandescent electric lamps which is set in a box six by three feet, hung over the bow of the vessel, where a man is also placed who keeps it in such a position that its rays may illuminate the buoys on either side of the navigable channel. It is only since the introduction of this contrivance, some ten years ago, that navigation of the canal by night has been practicable. Port Said is called "the half way house to the East." It is a new town with a most cosmopolitan population and a most unsavory reputation. As soon as the vessel dropped anchor, a number of large coal barges hove alongside, each

lit by a crescent of burning coals, the lurid glare from which revealed a border of howling Arabs sitting with their legs dangling into the water. In a few minutes they ran up gang planks to the coal bunkers on either side, and shot in coal from baskets on their heads with astonishing rapidity. I hear that the Chinese coal heavers of Singapore are the only ones who beat them at that work. While the coaling is in progress the passengers either go ashore or remain on the vessel, the gentlemen driving bargains with the vendors of Egyptian cigarettes, and the ladies calling their most scientific shopping skill into play to become possessed on equitable terms of some beautiful specimens of lace work alleged to have come from a convent in Malta.

As soon as the coaling was finished the Imperator weighed anchor and immediately entered the Suez Canal. So much has been said of De Lesseps' *chef d'œuvre*, that one expects something very extraordinary of it, but the whole affair is prosaic enough. I know people whose enthusiasm would be roused to a higher pitch by a voyage through the Bog of Allen on the Royal Canal. When you approach El Kantarah you cross the line of the caravans, and may see strings of camels miles long waiting to be ferried over. There are neat little stations at regular intervals where ships have to stop if the next station is not clear. The traffic is very heavy, and the receipts must be something enormous, for the Imperator alone was rated for tolls to the amount of $5000 for the hundred miles between Port Said and Suez.

Passing from the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea—the sea of the Red Man, i. e., Edom—you find that the thermometer has taken a flight up past 80°. The hold is thrown open, and the passengers busily pack away their heavy clothing, and the Indian outfits get an airing. The utility of the double awning over the deck becomes apparent, and the electric punkah in the dining room staves off suffocation. The mountains are visible on either side for nearly the whole thousand miles of the Red Sea. Of course Mount Sinai was the cynosure of all eyes. We were fortunate in being able to see its summit unobscured by any haze or cloud. For the rest, the three days we spent in the Red Sea were very monotonous. It is a place that is best seen on a map. At midnight of the first night, as we were sleeping on deck, we were aroused by a discharge of fireworks, the salutation of the Imperator to its sister ship the "Imperatrix" on her way from Bombay to Trieste. Interest revived again as the isle of Perin appeared rising from the sea at the entrance of the strait of Bab-el-mandeb. You do not often hear it mentioned, but it is the key to the Red Sea.

The narrow passage on the Arabian side is the only one navigable, and it is covered by the guns of the strong fortifications on the island. The British first occupied it just a century ago when Napoleon was intriguing with Tippoo Sultan, "The Tiger of Mysore," to divide India between them. But Nelson at the Nile, and Wellington at Seringapatam said something that altered their plans materially. Perin was quietly given back to the Sultan of Turkey in 1802, when the danger was past, and was not heard of again till 1857, when the project of cutting the Suez Canal gave it a new importance. Its seizure by England caused such a fuss that it was threatened to abandon the project of the canal unless the island were given up. It was not given up, and England holds her own still. It is garrisoned from the neighboring fortress of Aden, the Gibraltar of the Red Sea.

When we arrived at Aden, Father Bartoli and I went ashore at Steamer Point to say Mass in the Franciscan church, a neat structure of stone, tolerably clean and furnished with punkahs worked from outside by the primitive contrivance of a string. After Mass a young soldier showed us into the fathers' residence, where we breakfasted with the little community of two. At once I felt at home with the Father Guardian, whose voice and countenance seemed familiar to me. When we got the range and began to fire English and Spanish at each other, I found he was the brother of Father James Nonell, S. J., a great friend of mine at the Santa Cueva of Manresa. You probably know him from his "Ars Ignatiana" and his translations of De La Palmàs, "Dux Spiritualis" and Ferrusola's "Commentaria in Librum Exercitiorum."

We soon became as thick as pickpockets, and I assented to every word of his arguments to prove that he was an Irishman. There is not another family but his in Spain called Nonell, and that is plainly a corruption of O'Neill. He was very anxious to detain me till the following Sunday to see his two hundred Irish soldiers, who are a fifth of the garrison of Aden. I am promising myself that pleasure on another occasion. The great heat prevented a visit to the Tanks, famous reservoirs built twelve centuries ago. The fortifications are like those of Gibraltar, and like them also closed to visitors. The whole aspect of the place is decidedly eastern. In a quarter of an hour a most astonishing medley of races will pass you in the streets, not the least odd-looking being the British officers trotting by on camels and dromedaries. If you have something British to laugh at, you have also something British to admire, and that is British Law and Order, here well provided for by an excel-

lent force of police, who are as useful as they are ornamental. There is "a disturbed portion of Her Majesty's Empire," known to you and me, where the "Peelers" might take a lesson from their Aden brethren in the matter and manner of safe guarding the interests of the travelling public, oftentimes left by the former to the tender mercies of extortionate jarvies and boatmen.

When we got back to the ship we found that about half a dozen diving boys had been performing their feats in the water, catching the coins thrown them. One youngster added singing to his other accomplishments, and took in a few rupees by it. Sharks abound in the waters about, painful evidence of which was to be seen in one of the little divers who lost a leg and a foot in an encounter with one of them a year ago. Ordinarily, however, the fish respect those amphibious youngsters; fear rather than love being the motive. The coaling of the vessel was being carried on in the meantime in a leisurely fashion by a lot of lazy Somalis, who seized every opportunity to vary the work by eating watermelons. It was a relief when we got away from the heat and dust, and steered out into the Arabian Sea. Aden being in the same latitude as Mangalore, twelve degrees from the equator, we took a northerly direction to reach Bombay, which is six degrees higher. The weather became perceptibly cooler, and would have been very pleasant indeed, but that we were caught during the night in the sweep of the skirt of a cyclone. We learned afterwards, that two or three vessels foundered in the same storm off the Somali coast. About noon the following day the sea resumed its wonted calmness, and soon it was all alive with myriads of flying fish, that rose, here singly, and there in shoals, and skipped like swallows along the surface of the water, often for a distance of a hundred yards. It took us five days to cover the 1600 miles to Bombay the Beautiful, but now the pest-sricken. As we neared it, alarming rumors were spread about the exodus from the city through fear of the plague. It was after six o'clock on Sunday evening, October 17, when the Imperator dropped anchor in the bay. A steam launch was soon alongside to take off the Archbishop and convey him to his cathedral. The Bishop of Mangalore and the rest of the Jesuit contingent followed in another, but went at once to the Archbishop's residence at the Fort Chapel. A look of sadness came over the whole party when it was learned, that a young scholastic of great promise had succumbed that very morning to an attack of enteric fever, and was then two hours in his grave. Latterly, enteric fever is carrying off a greater number of young

Europeans than the much more dreaded cholera and plague, and, strange to say, it is much more prevalent where modern sanitary arrangements have been introduced.

As there was not room for all at the Fort, I was sent over to St. Francis Xavier's College, a grandiose structure, on the border of the native town, and looking on the esplanade and parks that form the lungs of Bombay. On my way I passed Noble's beautiful marble statue of the Empress-Queen, erected in 1872, at the cost of $90,000, but it was veiled from view, for some nights previously some miscreant, as yet unwhipt of human justice, had besmeared it with tar, and added insult to injury by hanging on it a necklace of old shoes. When at early morn the poor natives came according to custom to perform *pujah* (worship) before the statue of their Maharani Barra Sahib, they were filled with sorrow and disgust at witnessing the outrage, and many a pious Hindoo regards the plague as a punishment of the iniquity.

During the six days I spent in Bombay I used to go out in the afternoons, when the excessive heat had somewhat abated, to visit the points of interest in the second city of the Empire. The cathedral is a sufficiently modest structure, in the California Mission style, and is in the Hindoo quarter, which very closely resembles Chinatown in San Francisco. Archbishop Porter's grave is in front of the high altar, whither he was removed from Seewree, where he was first buried. Formerly the cathedral stood on the place now marked by a large cross in the *maidan*, or park, near the college, but it was destroyed by the Government during the Napoleon scare at the end of the last century, for fear that the French might capture it and turn it into a redoubt. At Mazagon, on the farther side of the native town, we have a large boarding school for Europeans and Eurasians. It approaches St. Francis Xavier's in grandeur, and exceeds it in point of having a beautiful church with two of those peculiar spires seen so often in Switzerland. I met our mutual friend Father McDonough there. He looked a little older and stouter than when we knew him twenty-two years ago at Milltown Park. A very interesting excursion was that to Malabar Hill, the nob hill of Bombay, where the Governor of the Presidency and many of the well to do Europeans have their bungalows. The city waterworks, the public gardens, and the *dokhmas*, or Towers of Silence, are upon the same hill. The towers are gruesome looking structures, three in number, each about three hundred feet in circumference, and about the height of a martello tower, viz., thirty feet. They are the places where the Parsees dis-

pose of their dead, or rather, where the 400 big, skinny-necked, horrid looking vultures, that you see weighting down the leaves of the cocoanut trees all around, do the business for them. The towers have an open circular area at the top, guarded by a parapet wall about four feet high. The floor slopes to an opening in the centre, and the rest of the space is divided off into three circles, each of which is again subdivided into *pavis*, or receptacles for the corpses. The outer circle is for the men, the middle for the women, and the inner for the children. When a defunct Parsee is brought in, he, she, or it is deposited, after much mourning and lamentation, in the allotted *pavi*, and then the cocoanut trees are released from their burden, for keenness can be predicated of a vulture's appetite, as well as his scent and sight, and he is soon at work with a will and a bill. Ten minutes later they begin to pop up on the wall, some of them carrying away a bone to pick at leisure, which is afterwards dropped to mother earth, thus committing the contamination the Parsees are so anxious to avoid. The Hindoos cremate their dead in another part of the city in a very simple and primitive fashion. The patient is laid on half a cord of wood, a liberal dash of petroleum is thrown on it, and then a match does the rest.

In Murray's "Handbook of India" it is stated that the only specimen of the bread-fruit tree to be seen in India is in the little garden of the Fort Chapel. I accordingly went over on purpose to see it, and was surprised to hear it had been cut down because it took up too much space. Another, however, sprang up from its roots and is now a stately tree. When I expressed a hope that the woodman would spare such a rare tree, I was told that it was very common. You would probably have taken more interest in the beautiful collection of maiden-hair ferns in the same garden, that recalled memories of our fern-hunting up Stevens' Creek in the happy days of yore. What interested me more than either tree or fern was a beautiful Dead Christ in the chapel, most exquisitely carved out of one piece of solid ivory, with all the wounds set with rubies. The story has it that it was appropriated by a soldier during the Peninsular War and brought by him to India, but neither luck nor grace followed its possession till he gave it up to the Bishop. When question was raised in Rome about it, it was settled that it should remain in Bombay. The archbishop has a fine printing establishment at the Fort, where the "Catholic Examiner" is printed and edited every week. We have presses also at Calcutta, Trichinopoly, and Mangalore that render great service.

Bombay was a place full of interest for me, for I had never seen the abominations of paganism reigning in such high places and in such undisputed supremacy before. The population amounts to close upon a million, and is mainly made up of Parsees, Manharatis, Guzeratis, and Goanese. Native Catholics form a very small portion of the community. You can distinguish them by the half dozen high sounding Portuguese names scattered among them, that are as oft-recurring as Smith, Browne, Jones, and Robinson in more Christian lands. I saw a few shops kept by Chinese, who seemed to be in every way the superiors of their crimson-mouthed and copper-colored neighbors. The whole native quarter, which is by far the greater part of the city, appeared to be overcrowded and unsanitary. The smell of carbolic acid was battling here and there with stronger smells, but the most effectual way, in my humble opinion, to deal with the plague that is now playing such havoc in the city, would be to burn it out.

The only excursion I made outside the city limits was to Bandora, which is reached by a local train inside an hour. The line runs through a district very much like the Potrero of San Francisco. While passing the beach where the fisher-folk most do congregate you are apprised of the fact by at least two of your senses. If the sensation is not agreeable, it will be varied in a few minutes, and you will make an odorous comparison as you pass over the marshy slab land where the vendors of "buffalo chips" make fuel while the sun shines. In an uninviting lagoon on the opposite side you see the *dhobis* at work on the dirty linen of the city, and you will admire for the hundredth time the wisdom of our Holy Father who ordered that work to be done at home. A little further on an extensive grove of cocoanut trees was pointed out to me which was once the property of the Society till it was confiscated last century by the Government of the day for some alleged disloyalty. At Bandora we were established at a very early date. Our fine old church there is in use still, but unfortunately under the Goanese jurisdiction. At present we have a large orphanage where law and order are upheld by Brother Joyce, an old Irish soldier. Across the way is a similar institution for girls, along with a boarding school for two or three classes of pensioners. It is managed in grand style by The Daughters of the Cross, an Anglo-French congregation that is doing great work in various parts of India. The Superioress, Sister Patricia, and five or six of her nuns catechised me in great style on the geography of Tipperary and Kerry. They looked as healthy and happy as if they had

spent the last quarter of a century of their lives under the shadows of the Knockmealdown Mountains, or the Magillicuddy Reeks and Mangerton, instead of the wilting sun of India. If you look through the published volume of Archbishop Porter's "Letters" you will see some remarks about the Bombay nuns, which, by "a blazing indiscretion," were given to the public and naturally found their way back to people for whose eyes or ears he never intended them. It will recall "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" to remind you of the rule of prudence heard long years ago, of not saying anything in your private letters that you would not like to hear belled from the house tops.

Our week at Bombay was during the month of October, at all times the warm month, and last year it was exceptionally warm. It was therefore a relief to get away from its stuffy atmosphere and begin the last stage of our journey to Mangalore on a small coasting vessel, the British India SS. "Ellora." His Lordship, Father Bartoli, and your humble servant made up half its complement of first class passengers, and it took us two days and a half to make the port of Mangalore, a distance of about four hundred miles. The first morning being Sunday, the captain gave me leave to say Mass in the chief dining room, and when I told the steward to prepare the place, he did so by littering it with Protestant Bibles and Books of Common Prayer, and placing at my service another aid to devotion in the shape of the Union Jack. A number of Mangaloreans from the steerage assisted at the Mass with the most edifying reverence and devotion. The captain and his officers — nice gentlemanly fellows all of them—did not seem to mark the day by religious service of any kind. I heard one of them remarking that the English Sunday does not exist east of Port Said. The journey, for the rest, was very monotonous. A few places along the coast excited a little interest, such as Vingorla, where the ex-king Theebaw is eking out the twelfth year of his captivity. Some time ago there was question of removing him and his suite to Mangalore, but when it was found that flowers are not sufficiently abundant there to satisfy his cultivated taste, the commissioners sought elsewhere. The captain of the Ellora suggested one of the bleak islands of the Red Sea, and if all I hear be true, it would be only too good for him. Not very far from the Vingorla Rocks we came in sight of Panjim, or New Goa. The sea about seemed to abound in great fish, for we had even whales spouting on either side of the ship.

Our vessel travelled at about seven miles an hour when

it was at full speed. You may imagine what a relief it was when we cast anchor in the roadstead of Mangalore and gazed out on the city, buried in a forest of coacoanut trees, and domineered by our grand college looking for all the world like St. John Lateran's at Rome. In a few minutes the port steam launch, gaily decked with evergreens and bunting, came alongside with a deputation of the chief Catholics to receive the Bishop. When we were all seated under the awning and the launch was on its way, some one pulled a string which caused a shower of Indian jasmine blossoms to pour down upon his Lordship. The passage of the bar was very rough, but it was only for a few minutes. As soon as we turned into the smooth waters of the river we were immediately surrounded by a convoy of canoes, each manned by four to six natives who paddled along for all they were worth and kept up a continuous chorus of Hip-hip-hurrah. When we reached the landing-stage we were able to size up the motley throng of some ten to fifteen thousand people who had assembled to witness or take part in the reception of the Bishop. A beautiful octagonal pandol had been erected on the wharf, where he was seated, while the sodalities, the seminarists, and the clergy formed into procession and moved towards the cathedral. The way was spanned at intervals by elegant triumphal arches, made of bamboo and illuminated with varicolored lights, which revealed inscriptions in classic Latinity. Before the doors of the cathedral addresses were read from the clergy, and the various sodalities, and then the doors were thrown open and the Te Deum sung, and benediction given. At the neighboring church of Milagres, the arches and illuminations were even grander, and his Lordship's carriage was drawn along by the willing hands of a number of young men. It was close upon 9 o'clock P. M. when all was over and we got into every available bullock gharry or judkha—horses are very rare here—and betook ourselves to our various domiciles. We have four houses in Mangalore within a short distance of one another. The Bishop and the Superior of the Mission live at Codialboil, his vicars at the cathedral, the directors of the Seminary at Jeppoo, and the rest at the college.

Tuesday the 27th of October, was a red-letter day in the history of Mangalore, and the following Sunday, the feast of All Saints, was another, for on that day the Bishop celebrated Mass in full Pontificals, with Father Bartoli as deacon, and your humble servant as subdeacon, and gave the Papal Blessing. Fully two thousand people received holy Communion at the Mass. A triduum of preparation in

honor of Blessed Realino helped to swell the number of communions. I was pleased and interested to see the sketch of his life from the American "Messenger," done into Konkani, distributed at the Mass. In the evening the windows of the cathedral were filled with transparencies representing various scenes of his life painted by our two local artists, Fathers Rossetti and Bartoli.

Life in Mangalore thus began for me under happy auspices; I hope it may continue under the same and be brought to as happy a termination in the near or distant future A. M. D. G. Yours in Christ,

JOHN MOORE, S. J.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

A Letter from the Chaplain, Father Hart.

HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND,
NEW YORK, April, 1897.

DEAR REV. FATHER,
P. C.

If I remember rightly, the last letter I sent you recorded our Confirmation ceremony; since that time, more than a year ago, many incidents have taken place that may be of interest to the readers of the LETTERS. In January, 1896, the new superintendent took his place at the head of this institution, and, though from hearsay I had reason to fear his coming, I am pleased to say that he has proved himself a great friend. From the very day that he entered on his charge he has done everything to help me and my service, because he believes that if boys are to be really reformed, this reformation must be secured through their moral character. There was a time here when fear ruled the conduct of the children,—a veritable reign of terror, where discipline was good and outbreaks were few, but good conduct was secured by holding a rod of iron over the culprits and moral suasion was almost unknown. Now when faults are committed, and no one will imagine that they are few, a talk with the superintendent generally opens the eyes of the offender to his guilt, and after that, punishment is meted out and is accepted in a good spirit. Of course such a radical change was difficult to bring about. The state allows no

corporal punishment to be inflicted, and we all know that there are characters on whom words have but little effect, but on whose inclinations the fear of bodily punishment produces salutary results. I have been in full sympathy with the superintendent in his efforts, and we have often talked the matter over; but others looked upon the new idea as a kind of wild dream and expected all discipline to disappear. The test in this experiment came a short time ago. Just after midnight one February morning fire was discovered in one end of the long building. The boys were all asleep. Word was passed to the officers and the boys forming the largest division—300 in number—and they were marched to their play room in perfect order. Here they were kept for three hours, a part of the time in total darkness, in charge of two officers,—and during that time there was no disturbance, no attempt at rebellion, and not a single attempt at escape. It is a triumph for the new method of improving boys by working on their moral nature.

On Easter and Pentecost of last year we had high Mass sung by the children and with the end of May came the end of Sunday school. The Sunday afternoons of the summer months I pass in the play ground with the boys, hearing their catechism and preparing them for First Communion; thus what is for us a very ordinary sight might perhaps surprise a casual visitor. I have the names of those who have not yet received holy Communion, and on entering the yard send a couple of boys to find and bring me the one I want. If that boy is in the yard there is no escape. He is taken by the collar, if he resists, and is led up to me in triumph. My first lesson is the sign of the cross, and woe to the poor boy that unintentionally shows a want of respect by keeping his hat on while reciting any of his prayers; a vigorous blow from the nearest elbow, powerful enough to break ordinary ribs, soon brings him to a sense of propriety; the hat comes off quickly enough, but composure for the moment is entirely gone. Of course I am surrounded by a crowd of boys—Protestants, Jews and Catholics—and all look on interested in the examination. If the candidate does well, he gains the respect of his fellows; but if not, he is jeered and laughed at roughly, but good humoredly, and goes off with the intention of doing better next time. In this way I prepared about seventy-five boys and girls for their First Communion last summer. One Sunday in June was rainy, there was no Sunday school, and the boys were unable to go out of doors. The managers who were present asked the minister and myself to take all the boys up

to the hall and give them a talk just to pass the time. Religion was debarred. So we took indifferent subjects of interest to the children, and the managers tried to explain briefly, clearly and simply, the much abused and much misunderstood question of the relative values of gold and silver currency. How much of this the children understood is a problem, but the time passed pleasantly,—I hope profitably.

For the last six months one of the managers has not missed Mass on a single Sunday. This does not mean that he is a Catholic, for then that would not be surprising; but he is nothing; although like so many others in this indifferent age of ours, he declares that he would be a Catholic, if anything. These are hard men to move; as one of them expressed it to a visitor, "Father Hart can get us up to a certain pitch, but there we stop,"—a proof of the truth of the words "video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor." Well, this manager came to Mass and then went to "Second Service," as the Protestant ceremony is called. One day at breakfast he told me he was coming no more as his wife and children had returned from their country home and he would have to remain with them. But he did not. He not only continued to come, but now brings his two little sons and all three hear Mass and never go to Second Service. This gentleman lives on the west side of the city and to reach the island in time for Mass, must get the half past eight boat.

Just a little over a year ago a new minister was appointed to look after the Protestant children. He was Scotch, had no sympathy for American institutions, talked far above the heads of the boys, and understood as little about boy life as the South Sea Islander knows of Alaska. It is hardly necessary to add that he was not a brilliant success. But he was there at the bidding and in the pay of the Episcopal City Missions, and there he was to stay until recalled. This gentleman asked for a two months' leave of absence in the summer to go to Europe with his wife and family. There was no opposition to his plan; if it depended on the managers, his vacation would have been perpetual. At the end of his vacation he returned and took up his work for another year. The Protestant service follows mine, beginning at half past ten and ending before noon. A trip is made by the steam launch to bring the minister from the city in time for service. One Sunday morning I was expecting a visitor by this boat and going to the dock saw that the minister had not arrived. One manager, a passenger on the boat, worried over the minister's absence and the fact that there was no clergyman, came and asked me if I would go to the

chapel and conduct the service. As I declined the honor with thanks, I could not help smiling, when I thought how utterly impossible such a proposal seemed three years ago. Fortunately the minister by hiring a row boat arrived at the chapel just as a manager was about to take the service in hand. Now this minister has passed from the scene, and much to my astonishment I have been told by the authorities that he was exceedingly jealous of me. I really did not know it, although I saw that he was not as friendly towards me as he might have been. He seemed to think that I had more children attending Mass and Sunday school than I was entitled to by the register in which the children's history, religion, etc., are written. He was nettled, too, when he saw that some well known as Protestants attended Mass and never attended his service. One manager he characterized as a Catholic in disguise. Approaching another manager, more remarkable for his honest, straightforward ways than for his delicacy, he made the charge about the children and received this reply, " Mr. L—— if three fourths of your children were Catholics it would be a good thing."

However as he made so much trouble about the matter, the authorities had to take notice of it. He insisted on a roll call in the play ground, the names to be called according to the records. All this time I knew nothing of the matter. I really think the managers were ashamed to tell me; but I remember that one Sunday morning the children came late to Mass, and when I asked the reason, they told me of the roll call. They understood the true meaning of it as little as I did myself. Truth compels me to say that there was no diminution in the number of children attending Mass as far as I could judge.

With the departure of the minister to his new field of labors—the Tombs in New York—ended any trouble that might have been raised. One incident caused a smile in the chapel. Everybody knew he was going to take charge of the city prison and in his farewell words to the boys he expressed a hope that he might meet some of them under other circumstances. It was too much for the boys. So he departed and everybody was now looking to see who would take the vacant position. Sunday came and brought with it a Mr. Dalton from Newburgh, N. Y. He took charge of the service and during his address told the boys many incidents of his early days,—the recollections of punishment at the hands of his irate father, of his joys and sorrows and little events which he hoped would interest his hearers. He succeeded beyond all expectation. In five minutes he had them laughing uproariously and contin-

uously, and when the service was brought to an end the children voted it the best service they had had in years. When the same reverend gentleman, though over fifty years of age, went into the play ground and took part in a game of leap-frog with the boys, the boys thought him too good to last. This is just what the managers thought, and his career at the Refuge was short. Just at this time Thanksgiving day came and I was asked to give the address as no minister had yet been decided upon. As the superintendent was new and the minister only a visitor and no one but myself seemed to know anything about previous years, I took the matter into my hands, eliminated all the religious features—as the prayer, and blessing, etc.,—and made it a purely patriotic celebration. It proved to be a success.

The next minister to appear was from Philadelphia. He comes to New York every week to hold service for the children. He is the very opposite of his predecessor—a thorough gentleman, perhaps too gentle—having the appearance of a student and one who seems interested in his work. He is not appointed permanently yet and I do not think him the man for the place. At breakfast one morning I broached the subject of the minister and saw that I had touched a tender spot. The managers told me that they were at the mercy of the Episcopal Society and were obliged to take any one that was sent. They were displeased with some of the selections; they even asked my opinion about the ministers, and while professing ignorance of the individual, I told them what qualities a man ought to have for the position. I know after all the bigotry this place has shown, it looks strange to say that a priest was asked to give his opinion of the minister—but the fact remains.

A Catholic employee at the Refuge overheard two Protestants talking very discontentedly about the different ministers who had come and had not given satisfaction. One said,—"Why don't the Episcopalians do like the Jesuits? they send us one of their best men." Of course the story was brought to me and I hoped to score a point at home by bringing forward this testimony; but my hopes were blasted when I was told that the people at the Refuge knew nothing about the Jesuits as they had never seen but two,—Father G—— and myself.

A rabbi comes on Sunday to the Refuge now to look after the Hebrew children. They have no morning service and all they get is an instruction in Sunday school. Even during the Summer months this instruction is given weekly, while the Catholic and Protestant children are in the play

ground; but while we are holding our morning sessions, the Jewish children are not obliged to go to either service.

It is hardly to be expected that in an institution where the doors were closed to the priest for seventy years, and where the traditions are bigoted regarding the Catholic religion, that all traces of its former dislike should disappear in so short time. So from time to time whispers reach me of what is said about Catholics, and it is really surprising to find that some of the dread, that once the priest was inside its door the place would become Catholic, still lingers in the minds of a few. Many of the orderlies and matrons are Catholics, as are several of the teachers, the servants in the superintendent's apartments and the head of the girls' department. But so well do they discharge their duties that no fault can be found with them. The bigoted ones seem to fear proselytizing and are ignorant of the fact that "joining a church" means one thing for a Protestant and a very different thing for a Catholic.

When I get a list of the new Catholic boys, I call for them and find out how much they know of their religion and in doing this, a short time ago, an amusing thing happened. Three boys on my list told me they were not Catholics, their parents were not Catholics, nor had they even been inside a Catholic church. I consulted the register and found them all set down as Catholics. The rule of the house is to follow the register, and what a boy is when he comes in, that he must remain until he leaves. I did not know at first what to do; if they were, as they said, Protestants, I did not want them; if they were Catholics and were lying, I not only wanted them but would make them attend to their duties. Finally I decided to write to their parents and let them settle the difficulty. I did so and received the thanks of one mother, who told me that her son, John Nolan, had been baptized a Protestant and had been brought up as such. This was what I wanted. Armed with this document, I went to several of the managers, told them that I did not want the boy to attend my service, insisted on having the register changed, and I think succeeded in allaying, for a time at least, all fear of seizing the children, baptizing them, and making them Catholics by force.

The feast of Christmas is looked upon at the Refuge as a social and not as a religious festival. It has been so considered from time immemorial and it is difficult to change such ideas. For this reason, the day has always been given up to festivities, and no service either for the Catholics or the Protestants has ever been held on that day. This year I asked if services would be held and was told that the chapel

would be decorated with evergreens, and the platform on which my altar is placed would be occupied by a large Christmas tree. On the Sunday preceding Christmas I was invited to be present on the great day. I declined, and I was glad to find an opportunity to say what was in my mind. I told one of the managers my opinion of a supposed Christian institution that celebrated the birth of Christ by omitting all religious ceremonies. I did not know how hard my remarks had struck until a short time after, when two of the managers waited on me and asked me to have Mass, and a high Mass, on that day. Unfortunately I had already been appointed to say Mass out of town, and as no one at the college could be spared I had to decline this pleasing offer with great regret. However, the good gained is not lost, and next year Christmas can be celebrated in a truly Christian manner.

The ignorance of some of the Catholic children who make up my flock is simply phenomenal. There are many among the larger boys who have received their First Communion and Confirmation; but among the middle and smallest divisions these are comparatively few. The Apostles' Creed is seldom known, the Hail Mary often unknown, and in many instances even the Our Father. When a new boy presents himself to me and declares that he is a Catholic, I always ask him to make the sign of the cross, and this is almost always done after a fashion; but on one occasion a boy of thirteen years, a Catholic of so called Catholic parents, could not "bless himself," and apparently had never heard of this mark of Catholicity. In these cases I often find coupled with such dense ignorance of their faith, —in spite of all the boasted enlightenment of the present century—that many of the children are unable to read. To teach such children their prayers and to drive some knowledge of their religious obligations into their heads is a work requiring no less time than patience. A fair proportion of my boys are of Italian parentage and these children seem to have been neglected in learning and in religion. Sometimes they know some of their prayers in Latin but not in Italian, and but few of these have received Holy Communion. Their ignorance of their religion seems but another proof of their being beyond the reach of the church and Sunday school in the crowded quarters of New York and Brooklyn.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society is doing good work for me in following up the boys after they are discharged. I receive their reports very often and the results of their inquiries are certainly consoling. While some of the boys

go back to their old haunts and fall in with their former evil companions, I often hear that by far the majority are doing well and are giving satisfaction to their parents by working steadily and avoiding the temptations that had led them into trouble. Often the boys call to see me to tell me how they are succeeding, and I almost invariably find them regular in attendance at Mass and in the reception of the sacraments. Such results are certainly encouraging.

We are now engaged in preparing for Easter. High Mass will be sung but not the mass of last year. The organist declared that mass too difficult for the children, and set about composing a new mass for use in the House of Refuge. It is now completed and the children are learning it rapidly, as the music is simple; but I assure you, there is much less difficulty in learning the music than in learning to pronounce properly the long Latin words of the "Gloria" and "Credo."

Another, and probably the most important, event of the year will take place at the end of May. Word has been received from the secretary of the Archbishop that the sacrament of Confirmation will be administered on Randall's Island on Sunday May 23. I have not yet taken all the names of candidates but I think I shall have about 150 to present to His Grace on that occasion.

I am not by any means satisfied with my Sunday school. It lasts about one hour and a quarter. Some of the time is taken up in singing the old, and learning new hymns; the rest of the time I occupy in giving an instruction on the ordinary Sunday school topics. When I first came here I asked to be allowed to bring teachers from the city and this was refused. Lately I have received a hint from one in authority, that it might be well to make the request again. I will certainly do so after sounding some of those who have the power to grant my petition. Any one can see the benefit of such a plan, but what seems so good to us, unfortunately assumes another appearance in the minds of those less interested. Time does much to disarm suspicion, so I fear we shall have to trust to time before getting all that is desirable. Still it is encouraging to be able to report progress even though it is slow.

Let me close this letter with one instance of how much trouble may spring from a single case. Some months ago a girl fourteen years of age was convicted of attempting to poison her father. She declared she was a Catholic, had made her First Communion, and had been confirmed. She took her place among the Catholic children and nothing

more was thought of her until a Sunday school teacher in the Calvary Baptist Church wrote for permission to see this girl, her former promising Sunday school pupil. The teacher came, was informed of all the circumstances of the case, accused the child of being a member of two religions, and was startled in turn by hearing, that for two years this child had attended Mass every Sunday morning and had gone to the Baptist Church every Sunday afternoon. The child's mother is dead, the father is a Protestant; but I thought it best to consult him about the matter; I wished to know where the child was baptized. The note I sent the father was shown to one of the lady visitors of the Baptist mission. This lady called on me, told me how much the father was worried that the child should declare herself a Catholic, and concluded the interview by stating, on the father's authority, that all his children, three in number, were baptized in St. George's Episcopal Church on East 16th St. I was not satisfied and wrote to the minister of that church asking for a copy of the baptismal record. The answer came after a few days, declaring that while the girl's brother and sister had been baptized in that church, no trace of her baptism could be found. Now I am engaged in having the registers of the Catholic churches of the neighborhood searched, and I think in the end the story, made up of these broken fragments, will be that the poor Catholic wife of a Protestant husband, afraid of having her child openly baptized, had brought it secretly to a Catholic church, where the sacrament was administered; and the faith given at that moment is still alive in the heart of the grown up girl.

Servus in Xto.,

J. C. HART, S. J.,

Catholic Chaplain.

REMINISCENCES OF FATHER MICHAEL NASH.

The following reminiscences were prepared by Father Nash for the WOODSTOCK LETTERS *during the last year of his life. The part concerning Kentucky has been carefully revised by Fathers Walter H. Hill and Thomas H. Miles, to whom we are greatly indebted for the care they had taken to verify and correct the statements of the author. As it stands now it is believed to present a true picture of life in the old Kentucky Colleges of St. Mary's and St. Joseph's more than fifty years ago, and will serve as a supplement to the historical articles of Father W. H. Hill on the same subject.—Editor W. L.*

BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS.

Michael Nash was born on the 29th of Sept., 1825, at Whitechurch, Parish of Ooning, County of Kilkenny, Ireland. When he was about five years of age his father, James Nash, was informed that a rich legacy had been left to him in the State of Kentucky, United States. The little knowledge then had of Kentucky, the difficulty of holding communication with so distant a State, and the scanty information received about the nature of the bequest, almost determined James Nash to take no notice of the legacy.

Repeatedly receiving news, however, of the inheritance, and urged by friends to take some means of securing it, he consulted with the family whether the old homestead should be disposed of, and the whole family emigrate to the distant State of Kentucky, and accept the property, with whatever encumbrance might be connected with it. After mature deliberation it was decided that the head of the house should go himself to America, examine on the spot what had been left the family, and then judge whether the location should be refused, or whether the whole household should leave home and country, and emigrate for the then far off and unknown West.

Preparations for the long and dangerous voyage were immediately begun. He was to take with him, as a companion, Thomas, the older of the two boys. Three days, however, before the sailing of the vessel, the mother strongly objected to the departure of Thomas. Nevertheless, as the passage had been paid, the younger brother, Michael was told to get ready and take Thomas' place.

VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

On June 9, 1830,[1] we left the paternal home, put to sea the following day, and reached Liverpool on the 11th. Here we remained till July 1, on which day we set sail on board the "Star," for the United States. After a tedious passage of 43 days we arrived in New York harbor August 12. We remained in New York till Sept. 1, when we started for the West. Communication between the Empire City and Cincinnati, Louisville, Ky., St. Louis and other cities of what was then called the far West, was difficult and therefore uncertain, and a trip from New York to any of those centres was a long and diversified voyage. The parties who had charge of my little self, having urgent business to transact in the heart of Kentucky, resolved to take the fast express line to the "Land of Blood." After due inquiries we discovered that the "express" for Kentucky started every morning at 9 o'clock, from what at present is probably pier 1. The means of conveyance for this long trip were steamboats, canal boats, stage coaches, and railroads or something resembling them. Accommodations were not then as they are to-day. The passenger canal boats were fitted up with benches, and were drawn by four and at times by six fairly good horses. At points, sometimes during day light, at other times during night, we were transferred to rough mail "stages" seating inside and out sixteen passengers, and drawn according to the nature of the road by four or six horses. After a tiresome ride over a jolting road we were directed to resume our voyage on the canal. From Hollidaysburg to Johnstown, Pa., we had a trip on a railroad, or a mode of conveyance new to us all. Reaching the Alleghanies our train was halted at the base of the gigantic mountains, the locomotive of whatever kind it was, was detached from the passenger coaches, and we were informed that the cars were to run up the steep and rugged side of the towering mountain, without the locomotive. The two lines of rails laid up the steep grade differed in nothing from those over which we had been travelling; but between the two lines of rails ran a series of grooved wheels over which passed a monstrous cable or chain or perhaps both. After a brief delay, the long train of cars started up the threatening ascent, at first slowly, but soon with ever increasing speed. The situation appeared disquieting. The dense mountain forest came close up to the cars on either side. "Is there danger," it was asked, "of anything giving way

[1] Father Nash now continues his narrative in the first person.

and allowing all to rush pell mell to the bottom?" The ascent is so steep that the front car seems about to make a back summersault, and crush into atoms all those closely following it. Late in the evening we arrived on the summit and discovered the mechanism and power that had taken us above the clouds. In an enclosure was a powerful engine, which, like a wild colt under training, galloped around, turning a windlass by means of which the train was brought to the top. The engine was aided in its prodigious efforts by the weight of a load descending the opposite side, and linked to the ascending train by a stupendous cable which saddled the mountain. Again we had recourse to stage coaches and canal boats by means of which we reached Pittsburg at the junction of the Alleghany and Monagahela Rivers after eight days and nights of continual travelling. Here we took passage on board of what is termed a "stern wheel" steamboat, i. e., a steamboat whose stern is completed like the gable end of a house. Now to the height and width of this gable rises up a huge water-wheel worked by an engine in the hull of the boat. As these flat bottom boats can float in very shallow water, and as the Ohio, above Cincinnati, is usually shallow, stern wheel boats are the only kind used in navigating the upper Ohio. After having grounded many times, and after having lost several hours each time in extracting herself, our queer boat reached Cincinnati. Though we had paid our passage to Louisville, Ky., we were now informed that our boat would go no farther. Procuring new tickets we boarded a boat bearing a sign board, "direct for Louisville—starts immediately." It remained at its dock, however, till evening. We reached Louisville, Ky., next day. The trip on the fast express from New York to Louisville lasted exactly eleven days and nights of uninterrupted travel.

We lost no time in hunting up the legacy which was found to be rich farm land but far from any city, and no facility for reaching the distant market. No apparent possibility of having the services of a priest, of going to Mass, etc., could be discovered. Consulting present advantages and the spiritual good of his family, James Nash resolved to decline accepting the property and to return to Ireland.

REMAINS AT LOUISVILLE.

April 1832, all was arranged for our return to Ireland. Through the influence of friends I obtained from my father permission to remain in America. What my votive was in making the request I do not know—as far as I can analyze

my thoughts, it was the vague hope of being a scout amongst the Indians.

The day of my dear father's departure arrived, I accompanied him to the boat which was to take him up the Ohio to Pittsburg, and I begged to return home with him. After a steady and stern look at me he replied: "No. You must not change your mind so lightly. You have, more or less with my consent, taken the resolution to remain in America. You shall stay here now for at least two years. I have made arrangements with Rev. Father Quinn,[2] who will be your guardian, about your schooling and your return home to Ireland. Go see him immediately, he will tell you what to do, and give you the advice which you have probably been expecting from me. Farewell—may God and His Mother protect you."

I called upon Father Quinn and it was agreed that I should go to school. There was at this time in Louisville a good priest, Father Rogers, who owing to frost bitten limbs—a legacy of his severe mission—was unable to attend to the duties of an active ministry. Learned, pious and zealous, Father Rogers chafed under his enforced idleness. With the consent of ecclesiastical authorities this good priest, opened what he called an academy in the basement of the church (St. Louis). To this institution I was sent. In the September of 1839, however, the academy, for one reason or another was closed and the boys were advised to go to St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, about forty miles southeast of Louisville. Acting on the advice, I with several others started for Bardstown. Of course, in those days there were no railroads in Kentucky. Taking the stage at four A. M., we reached Bardstown early in the evening of the same day. The trip was magnificent. The road throughout was a good turnpike. The horses were changed every ten miles, and were always in prime condition. The college with its extensive grounds and tastily laid out campus presented an attractive appearance to us new comers.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

Presenting ourselves before the authorities, we found that Dr. M. J. Spalding was no longer President but that the Rev. J. M. Lancaster now (1840) filled that office. The professors were all able men. Rev. Robert A. Abell was Vice-President and professor of rhetoric and had for associates such men as Rev. Edward Clark, Rev. H. Deluynes, Rev. Charles Cipell, and others. There was a strong corps of

[2] Vicar-General of the Diocese of Bardstown.

assistant lay-teachers among whom I remember John R. McAtee and William Sims. The prefects of discipline were laymen. The servants of the house were negroes, but under the supervision of matronly ladies.

It was a strange thing to discover that the majority of students largely from the Southern States, were Protestants. Though hard to govern, these Southerners were much attached to the college. They defended the college by word of mouth as well as by pen against the slanderous attacks of the preachers of the town. Mr. Foote of Mississipi, an old graduate, now become an able lawyer, came all the way to Bardstown from his Southern home to vindicate the honor of the college and of Nazareth Academy, a neighboring institution for girls. He boldly challenged the slanderers to a public discussion.—All to no purpose. He then publicly denounced the minister in whose paper the calumny first appeared.

Though the course of studies at St. Joseph's was fair enough, discipline was lax. The year (1840–41) passed away satisfactorily, and vacation was at hand. I returned to Louisville. It now became a question whether I should go back to St. Joseph's or learn a trade and it was agreed that I should become a brass finisher. The principal member of a firm, who was a friend of the family, had expressed his readiness to take me as an apprentice. I accepted the arrangement; but on my way up town, whom should I meet but Rev. Father Quinn. Having acquainted him with what had been settled upon, he very positively forbid me to undertake anything, or bind myself in any way, until he could have a talk with me. "Come to me this evening" he said. Accordingly I called upon him. "All is right now," he exclaimed as soon as he saw me. "Providence has sent me to-day a person whose very sight suggested to me what I should do with you. Rev. William S. Murphy, President of St. Mary's College, near Lebanon, paid me a visit to-day. The moment I laid eyes on him, the thought struck me, that you should go to St. Mary's to finish your studies. The gentlemen managing St. Mary's," he continued, "are not secular priests; they are religious of the Society of Jesus." It was the first time I had heard of Jesuits. The information that several other boys of the old academy were going, reconciled me to the father's decision.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

September 1, 1841, was the day agreed upon for departure. Our route lead us through Bardstown. Early, there-

fore, on the appointed day, we took stage. To enjoy the trip, and banish the blues, we rode on the outside where there were seats for ten or twelve. As the Bardstown line did not go on to Lebanon, but to Nashville, we had to take another line which would take us by way of Springfield to Lebanon, Ky., only about five miles from the college. Springfield is an old town—the county seat of Washington Co., originally of both Washington and Marion, and of a somewhat aristocratic air. Arrived at Lebanon we found conveyance furnished by the college. Daily communication between the town and the college, on no other account than to dispatch and receive the mail, had to be kept open. We soon covered the five miles that separates the college from the town and brought up at the college gate—a rather pretentious one, flanked by two lodges. The gate opened upon what might be called a vacant park, beyond which stretched spacious play grounds. The college itself instead of being one large and continuous building was composed of some five or six substantial brick structures. On arriving at the main entrance, we were informed by some boys that Rev. Father Rector, Father Wm. S. Murphy, was not at home, but would return in the evening. "Indeed" they added, "there is none of the fathers home. Leander Cannon, one of us, has charge of the boys that remain during vacation." Mr. C. soon made his appearance and kindly volunteered to show us around. He first took us out on a magnificent terrace about one hundred and seventy-five feet long by sixty feet wide. On the north side of this esplanade, and opening on to it, was the study hall, a neat one story building. On each end, east and west, rose a square building used for class rooms. The chapel, dormitories, infirmary, clothes room, and the fathers' residence were in separate buildings ranged around. The lavatory was in the open air, around a never failing spring.

In the meantime the Pres., Rev. W. S. Murphy, had returned and hearing of our arrival, was desirous to meet us. He chatted with us pleasantly and tried to make us feel at home. After supper, followed by recreation and night prayers, we were conducted in silence the length of the terrace, to the dormitory building. The large room was lighted at one end by a floating taper in a tumbler of oil, at the other by a candle in a sconce attached to the wall. The bedsteads were long, and separated in the middle by a board to accommodate two occupants, sleeping feet to feet and furnished with another board at the side to prevent the accident of rolling out. There were no curtains. Our tin wash basins were placed near our beds. Rising in the morning, the

boys, half dressed, hurried to the spring to make their ablutions and toilet. The Catholic boys of the sodality went to Mass every morning, although there was no rule that bound them. The others began their studies after morning prayers in common. Great freedom of "bounds" was allowed. On recreation days we might go where we liked, provided we were back for meals and evening studies. About this time (Sep. 15, 1841) Father H. C. Deluynes arrived from Bardstown to enter the Society. Father Legouais, a veritable, but well proportioned dwarf, had charge of the Sodality of the B. V. M. He induced us to join his little family.

The year passed off pleasantly. Examinations were held and vacation was inaugurated with a grand exhibition. Not in a hall, if you please, but out in the neighboring "Grove." Men and women—the fathers, mothers, and sisters of the boys—began to arrive early in the day. Whence did the throng come? They seemed to have come from every part of the State. Both men and women were splendid riders and they were mounted on magnificent horses. Some families had come from places as distant as Lexington.

The exhibition over, some of us boys made up a party to go across the country to Bardstown and there take stage for Louisville. After vacation 1842, spent very pleasantly, Joseph Kelly and myself returned. This scholastic year, ending July 1843, terminated with a grand exhibition, the chief feature of which was a dramatic performance. During this vacation, Bishop Chabrat, Coadjutor of Bishop Flaget, suggested to us that, instead of going back to St. Mary's we should go to St. Thomas' Seminary and there quietly finish our studies; but September (1843) found J. Kelly and myself again on our road to the Jesuit College.

June 5, 1843, Rev. Dr. M. J. Spalding—an old student of St. Mary's in the founder's time — was invited by Father Murphy to preach in the college chapel on the anniversary of Father Byrnes' death. On this occasion a monument was erected by our fathers over the remains of the venerable founder.

We from time to time received a visit from the venerable Father Badin. He was actually, the first priest ordained in the United States. This year passed away much as others. Hog killing time was a feature of every year. During this time our negro cooks gave us fine specimens of their culinary skill. They served us pork in every style, together with the inevitable, but always relished "Corn-dodger;" and we grew healthy and contented on the plain but abundant fare. This year we noticed that Mr. Hennen, one of the scholastics, had for some reason unknown to us laid

aside his cassock and joined the brothers. Very soon the good brother had an opportunity of proving his usefulness and skill. The father had just received a fine clock from France. On unpacking, it was found to have suffered some damage The brother soon set all to rights and put the eternally striking clock in place.

The brothers were remarkably well liked by the boys. Brother Sené seemed to possess authority over the others, Brother Corne was as much respected as if he had been a priest. He had charge of the wardrobe. Brother Constance had charge of the refectory of the boys. Brother Ladoré superintended the farm. During the vacation of 1843 Joseph Kelly made known to me his decision to enter the Dominican Order at St. Rose near Springfield, and the following September he actually entered the novitiate at St. Rose, taking the name Brother Austin. Father Murphy now called me to his room and plainly asked me what I intended to do with myself. I answered that I was undecided and there the matter ended for the time. About the 1st of April, 1844, however, he again called me. He informed me that two of the students, Graves and Bartlett, were about to enter the Jesuit novitiate, that he thought I too was called there. He thought I should, at least, make the eight days retreat under Father Gilles. I consented. The retreat over, I put on the habit, and began my noviceship April 13, 1844. There were four scholastic novices, James Graves, Mr. Maréchal, Judge Bartlet, and myself. Brother Garvey was a postulant lay brother.

THE NOVITIATE.

The novitiate was situated in the centre of a magnificent plain about one half mile from the college. The building was erected by Father Chazelle on ground that had been purchased by Ours. On Sundays we novices were sent out in different directions to teach catechism to the neighboring children assembled at certain centres or stations. The fathers had two missions at some distance from the college; the one at St. Charles' a brick church, was attended by Father Lebreton; the other, at St. Francis Xavier another brick church, in a little village called Raywick, was in charge of Father Petit its builder. A few months after putting on the habit, Father Murphy inquired about the state of my mind. I told him candidly, I was in a state of doubt about my vocation. "Pray wait" he said, "till the two years are up."

I humbly and fervently asked God not to listen to my

natural desire to be free, but to keep me in the Order if it was His will. I opened my heart to Father Gilles. He assured me that I was called to the Society, and handing me a letter he said: "Here, this is for you." It was a letter from Brother Corbett—a Christian Brother in Ireland and was just to the point. He seemed to have been inspired. No body could have suggested anything to him about my state. "Lay your hand on your breast," he wrote, "and like a man say: 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do?' He Himself may tell you, or He may send you to some one else. Accept the answer as final—as from Himself." Following this inspiration, I called on Father Murphy and made known my doubts and hesitancy. He simply pointed out the advantages I would have in religion to save my soul, and the dangers I would inevitably encounter in the world, and left the matter there. I went back to the novitiate to complete my two years.

LOUISVILLE COLLEGE.

In the month of September (1845), however, I found myself installed as a teacher in the "Collegium Inchoatum" which had been opened a few years before (in 1842) by Father Evermond in Louisville. I had for fellow laborers Father De Merle, Mr. Maréchal, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Gockeln, and Mr. Graves. All improvements were stopped at the novitiate and it was closed for the time being. The new college, situated on Jefferson St., was a rented building, not very imposing, but offering many conveniences. Though we had but few students, Father Larkin, who had replaced Father Evermond, did not lose courage, but with the proper authorization set about having plans drawn for a church and college to be erected on a grand scale in what was known as Jacob's woods. The ground had been purchased in 1843; and it is now in the very heart of the city, as he foresaw it would be. The trees that were in the way were cut down, and ground was broken for the new structures, but they never went up!

Very Rev. Clement Boulanger, sent out as Visitor, called on us at our humble residence, and informed us that he had made arrangements with Bishop Hughes of New York to transfer the Kentucky Mission to his diocese—to St. John's College, Fordham, or to Rose Hill as it was then called. Our house in Louisville was to close on the 15th of February at the end of the first session, and the community

would in the meantime return to St. Mary's, till further orders.

The reason for this action was not given officially, but from what we know, we concluded that straightened relations between the Coadjutor Bishop Chabrat, and Ours was the principal reason. The saintly old Bishop Flaget was too old and feeble to attend to the affairs of the diocese, and his coadjutor, Bishop Chabrat, scarcely attempted to disguise his hostility to the Jesuits. There was in consequence no suitable field open to the zeal of the fathers, consequently they gladly accepted the invitation of Bishop Hughes to take charge of a college in the suburbs of the city of New York and later a church in the very centre of the great city. As the time of our departure drew near, by order of Rev. Father Visitor, Father Larkin called on the Venerable Bishop Flaget to inform him of the decision come to of closing our houses and withdrawing from the diocese. The holy old man wept. Then Father Larkin made formal announcement to the students, that we were about to close. They were affected even to tears, and wished to know what their parents could do for us; and some of the parents themselves, informed of our intention, came to inquire whether they could help us in any way, thinking that we were financially embarrassed.

Late in February 1846, the whole community, with the exception of Father Larkin and Brother Hennen, were one their way to St. Mary's. We found Father Thébaud installed as Rector in place of Father Murphy.

But now the time for pronouncing my vows was at hand. It was at the beginning of March 1846, for I had entered April 13, 1844. I had not yet made the long retreat. Rev. Father Visitor called me to get ready to make the thirty days' retreat under the direction of Father Gilles master of novices. I made the retreat on the 13th of April, 1846. I pronounced my vows in the domestic chapel of St. Mary's.

MIGRATION TO FORDHAM.

Migration from St. Mary's to New York began early in August 1846. Father Murphy had been sent on ahead some time previous to make arrangements for our reception. We were dispatched in bands. Our band of five, under the leadership of Father John Ryan, left St. Mary's July 31, Feast of St. Ignatius, going by way of Loretto to Bardstown and thence by stage to Louisville. On August the 2nd we boarded the mail boat plying between Louisville and Cincinnati. Arriving at Cincinnati we enjoyed for a

day the hospitality of our Missouri fathers and brothers, and then took the steamer for Pittsburgh. There was a low stage of water at the time and we ran aground many times before we got to Wheeling. At this place we were informed, that the boat could go no farther; and we were obliged to take the stage.

The stage company, as a matter of prudence, usually started several coaches in company. Having secured seats we were soon off at a brisk pace on the road to the mountains. The gradual ascend was grand. Night, however, coming on, shut out the splendid views enjoyed by those who make the trip by day. A little before sun rise the drivers brought their stages to a halt on what they said, was the highest point. Late in the evening, without having met with the slightest accident or with a "knight of the road," we reached Cumberland, whence we took train for New York, crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

On our arrival at New York we were directed to the City Hall, where we found the cars of the New York and Harlem Rail Road which were to bring us to Fordham. Our train was soon under headway. We passed the Yorkville tunnel reached Harlem and Mott Haven. Between Mott Haven and Fordham there was then only one house, a farm house called Governor Morris's house. Finally after a ride of two hours we arrived at Fordham, Sunday evening August 9, 1846.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM.

The splendid appearance of the lawn and the sites of the scattered buildings comprising the college, the view of the railroad winding along the foot of the lawn, and the hills west of the road impressed us very favorably, as we ascended the avenue leading from what is called Fordham up to the old "Rose Hill" residence, now "St. John's College." Fordham was then nothing; it lived on the college. Adjoining the college property was a farm of one hundred acres belonging to the Rev. Mr. Powell, an Episcopalian minister. His extensive residence was used as a boarding school for young men. The entrances to both institutions were adjoining. On reaching the door of the college we were received by Father Thébaud, the new rector, and some seminarians still remaining. I was immediately appointed prefect of the boys who were spending their vacation in college,—young fellows from Mexico, Cuba, South America, West India Islands, and from the Southern States, with a few from Brooklyn and New York. Without exception they were the worst boys I had ever met. Wild boys, and reckless

boys I had met in St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Colleges, and in the schools of Louisville, but they were also gentlemen, sons of families of standing in society. Those of whom I had now charge, especially the N. York and Brooklyn boys, did not possess the remotest instinct of gentlemen. Some of the seminarians residing in the just finished stately building fronting on the north side of the college lawn, kindly offered to give me some points about the manner of governing the indescribable set who had fallen into my hands. Mr. Bernard McQuaid, at present Bishop of Rochester, and Mr. Maguire were especial helps to me.

In September 1846, I was appointed prefect of all recreations, I also accompanied the boys to the refectory, was prefect in the dormitory, presided every morning in chapel, and in study hall, taught two hours, and was supposed to study rhetoric privately. With all this and other work on my hands, I am in the catalogue marked only as studying. Yet all who have had any experience in this kind of life know, that after I had performed all my duties as teacher and prefect my mind was not able to study. There was barely time for the body to take a little rest. When the mind was fit to begin studies, it was time to attend some duty with the boys.

At the termination of the scholastic year 1846–47, Father John Larkin was entrusted with the founding of a church and college of the Society in the city of New York. I was informed by Rev. Father Boulanger, Visitor, that as soon as Father Larkin would open his school, I should be sent to him as one of his teachers, and in the meantime I was to prepare myself for this. In leaving Fordham College, Father Larkin received only fifty cents to begin his great undertaking. Twenty cents of this he paid for his fare to New York, Cor. Broome and Bowery; twenty-five cents for the carriage of his trunk to a friend's house. There remained five cents with which to found his college and church, as he afterwards related in a sermon preached in St. James' Church at the funeral of Father Smith, the pastor. Relying on Divine Providence he energetically applied himself to the work entrusted to him. Father Verheyden was given to him as a companion. With the untiring assistance of Mr. John Mullen, Bishop McCloskey's brother-in-law, and Mrs. Fagan, daughter of the famous "Iron sides," first editor of "Epitome of Historiæ Sacræ" in America, the fathers were enabled to purchase for $18,000, a Protestant Church in Elizabeth Street, about one hundred feet north of the northeast corner of Walker and Elizabeth.[3] A mortgage

[3] See LETTERS Vol. XVIII. 23.

to the full amount with interest was given on the property. In expectation of more favorable circumstances, Father Larkin determined to open his school in the basement of the church. It was roomy, dry, and well lighted. It could be conveniently divided into six class rooms, and two private rooms. The contract for making some alterations in the church, and changing the basement into class rooms and private rooms for the two "operarii" was given to a Mr. Bridges of Brooklyn.

SCHOOL OF THE HOLY NAME, N. Y.

In obedience to directions, I left Fordham Sept. 1, 1847, to join Father Larkin and Father Verheyden. I thus found myself face to face a third time with all the difficulties necessarily attending the foundation of a house without funds, —first Loyola School, Louisville, Ky., St. John's College, Fordham, and now the School of the Holy Name, New York City. The most extreme poverty prevailed. A small house no. 180 fronting on Walker Street was hired. The rear opened into an alley running along the south side of the church, and through which was the only access to the church entrance. The community, on my arrival was composed of Father Larkin, superior, Father Verheyden, minister and procurator, Brother Ledoré, and Ulric Seidler, a postulant. The other fathers who had been named as members of this community were as yet, for lack of room in our house, the guests of some secular priests for the good of whose parishes they toiled late and early. Father Petit was at the French church Grand Street; Father De Luynes at St. Peter's, Brooklyn; Father Soderini at Transfiguration church. Father Larkin and Father Verheyden had been occupying 180 Walker Street for two months, but as yet they had neither furniture nor cooking utensils. The postulant received daily a few cents to procure his meals in an eating house. The two fathers and the brother breakfasted, dined, and supped on bread and water, with meat when some charitable soul of the neighborhood would send it to them.

On the day of my arrival, beds were purchased and a kitchen was started. We then had for breakfast every morning coffee without milk and bread without butter — nothing else; for dinner one dish of meat and vegetables and bread. Two or three days after me, came Father Lebreton as minister and professor, and Mr. Baxter, a scholastic, as teacher. The community thus numbered seven and the house contained but four rooms and a garret. The best of

these was set apart as a parlor, the next for the procurator's office and recreation room; we had then left but two little rooms and the garret for the six remaining members. In the mean time carpenters, masons and painters were hard at work under the direction of Father Verheyden, in turning the Protestant meeting house into a Catholic Church, and fitting up the basement into study halls, class rooms, and private rooms. Mass was said every morning in the church before the workmen came. The schools were ready about the beginning of October. We opened with 120 students. Father De Luynes and Father Petit were lodged in the basement. Notwithstanding that the work about the class rooms was said to be finished, it was far from being the case; we had carpenters, masons, or painters every day till Christmas, no benches for some weeks, and no fire till December. The boys and professors bore everything most cheerfully, for there was an excellent spirit amongst the students who were, with one or two exceptions, of the first Catholic families of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. We had two and only two rude lads to deal with. These Father Larkin accepted out of deference for their fathers who were most worthy men.

In the month of November, Father Lebreton, who was far gone in consumption, was with our *regime* thrown *hors de combat.* Mr. Bidwell, a novice at Fordham, was sent to replace him as professor; he continued his charge of minister and confessor of the house. A day or two after I fell sick and was eight days confined to bed, suffering most intensely from a continual fever. I spent eight days more in recruiting my health, in New York, in Astoria with Rev. Felix Larkin, and at Fordham. On my return to my class I found my boys had made wonderful progress under Rev. Father Larkin who had replaced me. About this time a certain lady, who between the ill treatment she received from her husband, and the perpetual sickness with which the Lord afflicted her, was a martyr of patience, sent every morning to Father Petit, who had the direction of her soul, milk and butter for his breakfast. This of course he gave to the ailing. Mr. Baxter was the only one of the professors who felt no fatigue, and who in consequence had to perform more than an ordinary share of labor. So great was his charity that he found a thousand excuses to have imposed upon himself what of right should have been assigned to others whom he considered too weak for the labor. The lay brother, who alone seems to have lost courage, finding it insupportable to have care of a kitchen where he had so little means of sustaining the many persons that appeared

daily in his refectory, disappeared one cold December night and left us waiting for our bread and black coffee till 8 o'clock next morning. He had gone to Fordham. Another was sent to replace him, Br. Chouvi, who in a few days was also obliged to give up. Br. De Pooter was then sent and he held out manfully. In the meantime Father Verheyden was beautifying the church. He had two distinguished French painters with their apprentices and journeymen employed in representing on the ceiling various traits in our Lord's life and the history of the Society. All had some reference to the "Holy Name of Jesus"—the name of the church. At Christmas we received from the faithful abundant alms, which enabled the rector to give us substantial breakfasts; Father Verheyden about the same time borrowed $7000 wherewith he hoped to complete the decoration of the church for the festival of the Holy Name. After Christmas vacation, which we passed sociably in our own narrow house, we found things quite on another footing. The class rooms under the church were now finished, the hot air furnaces in the "sub-basement," were in full operation, while the paintings on the ceilings and walls began to attract visitors who, if Catholics, often called for a confessor before departing. Father De Luynes or Father Petit had always to be in attendance. The latter, who was frequently absent from dinner, was asked on a certain occasion why he did not dine with the community, the good man replied that it was his moment for "fishing." "I never," said he, "go into the church about midday without finding some poor souls who have not had the courage to approach the confessional with the crowd. To-day I found a husband and wife, who had not approached the confessional for fifteen years,—they are now reconciled to God."

The fathers found themselves insufficient for the work that was falling into their hands. They remained in their confessionals every morning till 8 o'clock, and every evening till 10 and 11. Fathers Verheyden, Soderini, and Lebreton broke down under the labor—their health permitted them to remain but two hours in the morning and two in the evening. All the work thus fell on Fathers De Luynes and Petit, who most cheerfully applied themselves to it with the greatest zeal.

The feast of the Holy Name arrived, but all was not finished and consequently the scaffolding had to remain. The preceding evening Rev. Father Larkin in his domestic exhortation warned the community to prepare for crosses; we were prospering too rapidly not to expect at the hands of God the granting of St. Ignatius' famous prayer—that the

Society may be always in suffering. The day was celebrated in the most solemn style. Father Larkin preached one of his prepared sermons, "On the honor Christians should pay to the Name of Jesus." Things went on in the usual way, —joy in the community, and hard work for all.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL BURNED.

On the Saturday following the festival of the Holy Name, January 22, 1848, the church was crowded with penitents—Fathers Rector, Petit, De Luynes, Lebreton, Verheyden, and Soderini had been occupied the whole day in the confessionals. At 7 o'clock when the fathers came to take their cup of tea, to return again to their work, they debated what should be done; for the number of penitents seemed no way to be diminishing. It was resolved unanimously that the whole night should be devoted to the good work. Accordingly the fathers resumed their labor, and the three scholastics and the lay brother passed their recreation together, performed their spiritual exercises, and at 9 o'clock retired to rest. At half past nine, the servant, Ulrick Seidler, ran to our little dormitory—which was under the roof and so low that only at one side could we stand erect—and informed us that the church was on fire! Of course we hurried down with all speed. We found Fathers Larkin and Verheyden in the school rooms under the church, where the fire was raging between the walls and lathing. The ceilings and walls of every class room were in flames! The alarm was given but before the engines arrived the flames had penetrated into the church, and were drawn by the current up the steeple—all hope was lost. Father Verheyden ran to the altar and took out the Blessed Sacrament with great risk to his life. The vestments, chalices, missals, censers, etc., were all in the sacristy, which it was now impossible to reach. All consequently became the prey of the flames which now began to communicate to the adjoining buildings and of course to our own poor house. The Catholics and Protestants of the neighborhood vied with each other in saving our little effects; but owing to the hurry and quantity of water many things were lost or injured especially our little library. Some 8000 people were in the streets—brought there either with the desire of aiding us, or of mere curiosity. Many Catholics came armed, as they supposed the church had been attacked and set on fire by the Protestants. At 12 o'clock the roof of the church fell in and the firemen were sure of being able to prevent the fire from spreading. Father Larkin then permitted the mem-

bers of the community to divide themselves amongst some of the many families who were soliciting the favor of giving us hospitality. The greatest attention was paid to all.

[4] Next morning I arose at 5 o'clock, repaired to the scene of the disaster, found the walls still standing, also the steeple which was of brick, but the rest and two of the adjoining houses were a heap of ruins. I walked around the church towards our house, and found the door open. The floors and walls were streaming with water. I went down to the kitchen and there found Br. de Pooter drying up the place and preparing to make a little coffee for the community he had hoped would assemble in the course of the morning. "O my sins are the cause of all," said he as soon as the good brother saw me. The poor man had remained in the house all night. Being Sunday we were obliged to hear Mass. I went to the French church, and after the holy sacrifice I returned to keep house and let the brother go. I now found all assembled taking their coffee! every one had his adventures of the night to relate. Father Larkin had gone to the Bishop's, Father Verheyden to Father Smith's pastor of St. James', Fathers Deluynes and Soderini to Father McClellan's pastor of Transfiguration, Father Petit to Mr. Lafont pastor of St. Vincent de Paul, Father Lebreton to Father Pise pastor of St. Peter's, Mr. Baxter and Mr. Bidwell to Mr. Bridges', a Catholic of the neighborhood. Rev. Father Boulanger Superior General of the Mission, who dwelt at Fordham, having seen in the morning "Herald" an account of the accident, came in all haste down to the city. He entered the house about 10 o'clock, found us all at home and in good cheer. Our resignation soothed the grief the good man had experienced on receiving the melancholy tidings. On his announcement that we were all to go to Fordham with him, Father Larkin remarked,—

"And what shall we do for professors and confessors if you take all away?" Rev. Father Boulanger opened his eyes in astonishment and exclaimed,—

"You have neither church nor school, scarcely a house to spend the night in, what can you do with them?" Father Larkin, to every one's surprise, cooly remarked,—

"The professors shall teach their classes to-morrow and the fathers attend to their confessionals as usual!"

A dead silence followed this announcement! "Had the loss he endured, the sufferings to which he saw his subjects

[4] Extracts from Father Nash's diary, from which these "Reminiscences" have been drawn, were published in the articles on New "York and Canada Mission" Vols II. and III., and particularly the account of the burning of the church, in Vol. III. page 144.

reduced, deprived him of his reason?" was the thought that occurred to everyone's mind!

"Yes," said he, breaking the silence, his preceding words had created, "I shall make arrangements with Father Smith, pastor of St. James, to open without delay our classes in the basement of his church till we find better. And our parishoners we can attend to, in the French church." He immediately called on Father Smith—it was to his church had been brought the Blessed Sacrament that had been saved from the conflagration—and proposed the affair to him. This zealous priest, who from the unhappy time of his departure from the Society had never been friendly towards its members, now proved to be the greatest friend we had in the whole city. The basement was instantly prepared at his own expense for our use, and on Tuesday morning we resumed our classes as though nothing had happened. Sunday and Monday our house had been all day crowded by the students who had come to condole with us. When they heard that class was to be resumed on the next day there was no limit to their joy.

The matter of the French church was not so easily settled. They required a large sum of money for the use of their church, and moreover the Masses for our parish would be at very inconvenient hours. Father Larkin found he had not the means. He accepted it, however, for one Sunday, and the people who frequented our church were informed of it. At those Masses which our fathers said, the church was crowded. According to the contract the sermon for the "*Jesuit* people" was at five in the evening. Father Larkin himself preached, announced the conditions on which he had rented the use of the church, adding as he had not money to pay for it himself, that the congregation would have to bear all the expenses. He concluded by requesting all who wished to contribute towards the defraying of the expenses, to remain in the church after the Benediction. Not one left the church, and many who could find no room in the church came to the sacristy assuring Father Larkin, that not only they were ready to pay for the use of this church but also to rebuild the old one. Some of those who were in the street not having rightly understood the affair, thought the fathers were reduced to beggary. This produced a sensation, which in a few minutes turned into a great excitement—for the Catholics would not permit them under any account to beg for themselves,—all must be brought to them. Father Larkin again ascended the pulpit, explained the matter and all became quiet.

The French priests—MM. Lafont and Cauvin—showed

themselves very obliging and willing to observe the contract, but the French congregation were most insolent. They would come to church at the time that Ours occupied it, claim the seats as theirs, and drive out those of our congregation who filled them. Our people complained of this to Father Larkin; he referred the case to Father Lafont, who feared to make the matter worse by speaking to the French about it. Father Larkin in his next sermon recommended patience, and though Father Verheyden and the musicians saw from the organ gallery that this petty persecution was continued, we heard no more formal complaints. Protestant churches were offered us for half what we paid the French, but the fathers would not accept them. Wishing, however, to spare their congregation as much pain as possible, they entered into negotiations to rent a Jewish synagogue. The fathers were to enter into possession of it after Easter. Till then they resolved to keep the French church with all its annoyances.

EFFORTS TO BUILD A NEW CHURCH.

In the meantime the sympathy of the Catholics for the fathers became universal. All urged Father Larkin to recommence the church and assured him that the money would not be wanting. The case was examined. $10,000 for which some articles in the church were insured were paid by the insurance company. This would help him to liquidate his debts. He hoped to get $20,000 more by subscriptions from the Catholics. It was announced, therefore, that the church was to be rebuilt. In a week's time $6000 were brought into the house. Father Larkin had many anecdotes respecting those who offered him their mites. One day he gave "Deo gratias" at dinner, and drawing out of his pocket two fine apples, he said, "These apples deserve a 'Deo gratias,' I was passing through the Bowery to-day when I was accosted by an apple woman who began her salutation by a,—

"Well Father Larkin, your church is burnt, the Lord be praised!"

"The Lord be praised!" I repeated, "are you then glad of it?"

"O God forbid!" she replied; "but then we must give God glory for everything."

"I acknowledged in my heart," continued Father Larkin, "the truth of her remark and resolved to profit by the lesson she gave me."

"Oh father," said the good woman, "If I had some money

to give you! but I am a poor widow with five children whom I must support by my apples. Something I can give and I hope it will have all the blessings of the widow's mite. You must take the two finest apples in my basket." She then gave me these two apples which I could not refuse but she absolutely refused to give her name. Each member of the community received his portion of the fruit.

On another occasion, a poor woman called at the door and offered towards the erection of the church, $25. Father Larkin, judging from her appearance that she could not well afford to give that sum, asked her whether she was rich enough to give so much?

"What I give you is all I have been able to save after many years of labor, I have not another cent."

"O then I cannot accept it," said Father Larkin.

"O father," replied the good woman, "I do not offer my little mite to you, but to God—you cannot refuse it—God to whom I give it will not permit that I die of want." She would not give her name.

In the course of a week $6000 were brought into the house. The good Catholics were so impatient to see the church rebuilt, that they said when giving their donations that their present offering was only a portion of what they intended,—the rest was to be given when they should see the edifice commenced. The fathers thought, therefore, of beginning the work at once, when they were all thrown into consternation by the bishop's proclamation whereby he forbade any one to collect alms in New York except the Sisters of Mercy. The fathers feared this was directed against them, so Father De Luynes was sent to Bishop Hughes to enquire of him what his intention was by this proclamation. The result was that the fathers ceased to ask alms. The faithful complained that we did not begin to build, no explanation was given to them, and we fell in their estimation. We were accused of having no other motives than to gather money for secret purposes. Father Larkin then resolved to commence the church and trust to God for the means of completing it. He informed Bishop Hughes of his intention. The bishop positively refused to give his consent, unless the fathers accepted all the responsibilities of parish priests,—marriages, baptisms, etc. This they refused, and consequently they remained without a church. The site of the late church was sufficiently extensive for the erection of a magnificent college, but the neighborhood was not suitable. It was therefore concluded to sell the property pay off all our debts, and buy ground for the erection of a college in some more respectable portion of the city. After

some time the property was sold for over $9000. Our debts now were $31,000. For the payment of this Father Larkin received between the months of September and January, $8000 in alms, $10,000 from the insurance company for certain objects destroyed in the fire and which had been insured in their office, $6000 alms after the destruction of the church, and over $9000 for the ground,— in all $33,000. He thus had $2000 more than was required to pay his debts which were immediately liquidated.

We continued to teach under St. James' Church amidst a thousand difficulties, although the pastor Father Smith did all in his power to remove them. The students suffered still more than ourselves, but we mutually consoled each other with the hope that we should soon have a college. We continued to reside in Walker St. We took breakfast at 6.30 and then started with the first students who passed our house for St. James' Church. Here we remained teaching till 3 P. M. when we dismissed our boys for the day, and returned home for our dinner at 4. Only God and those who have experienced it, know how hard a life that was! It was the great delight of the boys to accompany us home from the school through the streets. Often when going in the morning we were thoroughly drenched with rain and had to remain all day in our wet clothes; yet neither ourselves nor any of our students ever fell sick during the whole winter. In March or April Father Smith obtained from the bishop that there should be a collection in every church in the city for us. He himself was to preach on every occasion. His feelings were wrought to such a degree of excitement in the first of his sermons for this object, that his usual fluency of language forsook him. He made extraordinary efforts to praise the Society, and alluded to his own defection from the same,—all to no use, he could not bring forth a phrase worthy of him. At length he left the pulpit all in perspiration, found himself quite unwell, sent for Father Larkin, and told him that he thought his end had come. Father Larkin tried to console him, but thought he too saw death in his eyes. He proposed to three secular priests present to examine the propriety of giving him extreme unction; they positively refused to allow it, saying they saw no danger. Father Larkin then returned home, promising Father Smith to call again in the evening. He did return but he found Father Smith speechless—next day he was dead without confession. Of course we and our students attended his burial and testified our gratitude towards the deceased every way in our power. Father Larkin on this occasion gave a conference to the community wherein he related the

circumstances of Father Smith's leaving the Society, of his coldness towards it at first, but how his great charity towards us amply repaid for all, and how this last act which cost him his life, was for us. Although there was something melancholy attending his death, still he hoped St. Ignatius had charge of his last moments. He concluded by saying that of all that ever left the Society, he did not know one whose death was not attended with some melancholy circumstances. He did not mean to say that they died unhappy deaths, but simply that they died in a way in which no Christian would select.

With Father Smith's death ceased his general plan of having collections in every church. His successor, however, who proved himself equally our friend, said that a collection should be had in Father Smith's own church. A special Sunday was assigned, and it was announced to the faithful. The funeral oration for Father Smith was preached by Dr. Cummings, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the congregation, who had hoped to hear their beloved pastor's virtues proclaimed by Father Larkin. The plan of the discourse was still more displeasing. He brought forward all Father Smith's defects in order to excuse them. The Sunday on which the collection was to be taken up having arrived, the good pastor gave his church for that day entirely into the hands of the fathers. Our organist and musicians had charge of the music, our students served at the altar, one of our fathers sang high Mass, and Father Larkin preached. He gave a brief and simple account of our establishment in the city of New York. How he had but six cents in his pocket to begin with and how we lost all. He then spoke of the great zeal their estimable and now-to-be-lamented pastor had shown in our regard. He touched a most delicate chord with a masterly hand—the whole audience were in tears. He resumed by excusing himself for coming to beg for himself whilst they were still oppressed by grief for so great a loss. However, it was the will of Father Smith who had said it in the hearing of the present pastor. He asked them as a favor to turn the whole for his sake, by giving their alms with the intention of relieving his soul which might yet be detained in a state of suffering. The impression was great. The idea of his being yet in pain, and the thought of their being able to release him produced such an effect that the father had to cease his sermon. The alms were abundant—our reputation again rose.

Father Curoe, Father Smith's successor, in his visits to the sick contracted the typhus, which, in a couple of days, carried him off. This deprived us of another friend.

THE SCHOOL IN THIRD AVENUE.

Towards the first of May, Father Larkin and Father Verheyden sought ineffectually for a house for the ensuing year. No one was willing to rent his house for a Jesuit school. Father Larkin ordered a novena to the guardian angels to be commenced, for he had great devotion to those holy spirits. The first or second day of the novena two ladies, who had from the beginning been beneficent angels to the community—Miss Lynch and Miss Keogh—came to inform us that two doors from their house in Third Ave., was a house that would suit us. On examination it was found to be exactly what we wanted. The family occupying it, consented to leave it if we should pay the "moving expenses"; this was accepted. Thus on the first of May 1848, we removed our school and dwelling to77 Third Avenue, to the great joy of the students and community, for we were now in a respectable neighborhood, and as the students said, "at home." The parents, however, were much displeased at this change, for now their children had much farther to go; there was so much danger to be apprehended from all kinds of wagons, omnibuses, rowdies, etc., that they said they dare not send their children. Thus by degrees the boys from Jersey City, Brooklyn, and the lower part of the city, dropped off. We were reduced to sixty students; but these belonged to the best families of New York.

Father Larkin now resolved to buy a plot of ground in some suitable portion of the city and erect a college. He found several locations, such as a plot fronting on Gramercy Park, another on Stuyvesant Square in Second Ave., which he preferred to all the others, but he could not buy them, for all had somehow or another found it was to be for a college, or rather a "poor school," and they refused to sell it to us. The end of the year arrived and we celebrated the close with as much pomp as if we had 600 students. A list of the premiums was published in the "Herald." Father Larkin detained me during vacation to collect what little debts were owing to us, and sent MM. Baxter, Bidwell, and Father Jouin, who had since his arrival in America, remained with us, to St. John's, where Rev. Father Thébaud kindly consented to keep them for the vacation. After two weeks I had all collected, and Father Larkin was enabled to pay his next quarter's rent. We hoped to open the following year with a numerous house. Rev. Father Boulanger gave us new men,—Fathers Bienvenu and Ouellet, and Mr. Gardiner. On the first Monday of September,

1848, we had exactly the same number of students as we had closed with before the vacation.

As living became dear and the rent of our house very high, it was with the greatest difficulty we could maintain our existence as a school. For the convenience and at the request of our Catholic neighbors and benefactors we turned our little parlor into a chapel, where there were three or four Masses said every morning, and a sermon and benediction on Sundays. Father Larkin himself always preached. There was such a rush of people on the very first Sunday, filling our corridor, stairway, blocking up the doorway, sidewalk, etc., that to avoid accident and giving offence, we were obliged to restrict the number to our benefactors, many of whom however we never knew, for they sent their alms by their servants who had strict orders to give neither their own nor their masters' names. All this was due to the influence of Miss Lynch and Miss Keogh.

FATHER LARKIN APPOINTED BISHOP.

Things continued in this struggling state. Father Larkin looking for a suitable purchase of ground for a college—and the means of erecting it—when in the course of the year arrived letters from Rome appointing him Bishop of Toronto. This he refused notwithstanding the urgent recommendations of Archbishop Hughes and Dr. Cummings. After some months, a second copy of the "Bulls" were sent to Archbishop Hughes for Father Larkin, commanding him in the name of holy obedience to accept the bishopric. Notwithstanding all the instances the archbishop could make, he refused these also, saying that no "Bulls" that were addressed to another could bind him. An account of this refusal was immediately sent to Rome, but before an answer could arrive Father Larkin was in October 1849, sent to Europe, and Rev. Father Ryan was appointed his successor. Shortly after his departure, arrived, as I have heard, a third Bull. Father Larkin in his flight from the Bulls met in Europe Very Rev. Father General of the Society, and some persons who had been charged with or consulted about his being appointed bishop. They were all astonished at his negligence about his diocese—greater still their wonder and edification, at hearing his excessive repugnance to all ecclesiastical dignities and the almost providential way he escaped them. They wrote an account of the affair to the Holy Father, then an exile in Gaëta, who kindly consented not to urge the matter further.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH.

No sooner had Father Larkin departed than his successor, Father John Ryan, resolved on erecting a church and college on the archbishop's conditions. Taking me as his companion he called on Archbishop Hughes, and informed him of his readiness to accept the conditions which Father Larkin had rejected. The conditions were as follows: that the church should be governed as any other parish church; that the fathers attending the church should not be more numerous than those serving the other churches; and that it should have no more confessionals than the other churches. If there should be more fathers, they would have more time to prepare sermons, and thus throw his own overworked priests into the shade. If there should be more confessionals, more people would flock to the Jesuits, whose influence would thus excel that of his own priests. Another condition was that the deeds should all be in his own name. And finally that a new name should be given to the new church.

"Your old church," he said, "was the 'Holy Name,' that is the 'Gesú.' Now, let me tell you, I shall have no 'Gesú' here. You have your Gesú in Rome, out-shining St. Peter's. It must not be so here. You have many great and glorious saints of your Society. Call the new church after one of these, St. Francis Xavier for instance. No Holy Name."

Father Ryan agreed to everything and immediately sought for what he considered a suitable site. Contrary to Father Larkin's views, who for obvious reasons would build only on a corner lot, Father Ryan set his eyes on a lot in the middle of a block, on 9th Street, west of Broadway in what was known as "Clinton Place." After purchasing the plot at public sale and paying the auctioneer's costs, he directed a lawyer, Mr. James Glover, to examine the deeds. Mr. Glover declared the deeds insecure, and the money paid the auctioneer was lost. Another place had to be found. After the examination and rejection of many sites, the centre of the block between 5th and 6th Avenues and 15th and 16th Street was decided upon, and Mr. Terence Donnelly was commissioned to make the purchase at the public sale which was to be next day. When all the papers were signed, the late owner was directed to apply to Father Ryan for his money and mortgage. Seeing the poverty of

our house in Third Ave., he could not believe we were the purchasers, or that we could erect anything worth while, and thus the value of the remaining lots would be destroyed. He offered us an inducement to rescind the bargain.

In the beginning of July 1849, ground was broken for the new college, now to be St. Francis Xavier's. Mr. Rodrigue, Archbishop Hughes' brother-in-law was architect, Daniel O'Connor builder, Brother Raguet, S. J., carpenter.

On November 25, 1850,—"Evacuation Day," we moved into the new college, which, though far from being finished, was sufficiently advanced to allow us to open classes, and live there with some discomforts.

STUDIES, ORDINATION, ETC.

In August 1852, I was sent to St. John's College, Fordham, to begin my course of philosophy and be prefect during all the recreations of the day, preside in the refectory and to have charge of the dormitory. I spent my whole time with the boys on play days, and very little time left for studying philosophy. September 1855, I began first year of theology, with my usual work. July 1856, I was so broken down that the college physician, Dr. Walsh, declared I was far gone in consumption, and could not live one year more. July 1856, I was sent to France to die. Dr. Olliff, Emperor Napoleon's private physician to whom I had letters of introduction from his sister Mrs. Doctor Passmore, told me my lungs were perfectly sound, but that I had been overworked. The provincial sent me, therefore, to Laval to begin my course of theology. Sept. 1857, I was sent to Paderborn, Germany, to continue my theology, and learn a little German which would be useful in administering to the mixed population in America.

Aug. 18, 1859, Feast of St. Ignatius Loyola in the diocese of Paderborn, I was ordained priest. Aug. 21, said my first Mass on the feast of the Assumption. July 1860 I was sent to Feldkirch. In going there I followed the route of the Rhine, through Switzerland, over Vorarlberg, etc. Sept. 1860, I was ordered by telegraph to start immediately for America by order of Rev. Father Sopranis, Visitor of the Society in America. On my way home through Switzerland I met three young Germans who after a little conversation resolved to come to the United States and apply for admission into the Society in that country. The Rector of Feldkirch College where they had made

their studies, tried to dissuade them. They could enter in Germany. I gave them a rendezvous in Paris. Here I met only one of them, Joseph Busam, the other two (counts) changed their minds. Here also I met Mr. Monroe, S. J., returning to America after his scholasticate, and Thomas O'Connor, an ex-scholastic returning to his folk in New York. We four started from Havre for New York, where orders were waiting me to start immediately for Frederick, Maryland.

From Sept. 1860, till May 1861, I remained in this place where I suffered more than I had all the preceding years of my life. I endeavored during my well hours to follow the exercises of the third probation.

May 1861, I was ordered to New York to accompany as chaplain a regiment to the war then beginning between the Northern and Southern States. The term of enlistment of the regiment expired June 3, 1863. [5]

[5] In the LETTERS from Vol. XIV. to Vol. XIX., will be found a series of eleven letters containing Father Nash's experiences during the war. The rest of his diary consists merely of a bare entry of the time and place where he was each year till he was sent to Troy for the third time, where he died Sept. 6, 1895. An obituary notice of the father will be found in this number.—*Editor W. L.*

ALASKA.

A FEW WORDS FROM FATHER JUDGE.

From a Letter to his Brother.

FORTY MILE, N. T. W., Dec. 27, 1896.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,

I am sorry that I left you without a letter last summer. I was hoping to get yours before it would be too late, but it did not reach me until Oct. 9, because it was put into the bag for Forty Mile, and I was down the river all the summer, returning here Oct. 6. But I assure you that it was no less welcome for being late. It came like a ray of Easter sunshine just when old winter was spreading its mantle over us for another eight months.

I have not seen Father Barnum since his return, although he staid in my cabin here two weeks while I was away, but we passed on the lower river without seeing one another. You may be surprised to see this dated from Forty Mile, after my telling you and all the others I would be in Circle City this winter. The proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," is often verified here. In fact, I was sent to Circle City, and actually shipped all my supplies for the year there together with all the presents I received, and an organ and a church bell, and only came here to get my church goods, etc., when, by an unusually early closing of the river, I was forced to remain here for the winter. But it was providential, for after I left last summer gold was found on a creek fifty miles up the river from here, and later discoveries show it to be one of the richest and most extensive gold fields ever known. All they have had here so far was nothing compared to it.

Each man is allowed five hundred feet, and some of the claims are so rich that five or six millions will be taken out of that little piece of ground; already as much as a hundred dollars have been found in a shovelful of dirt. The excitement is very high here now, and when the news gets outside no doubt there will be a great rush for these parts. A town, called Dawson City, has been started on the Yukon at the mouth of the principal creek, and lots there 50 by 100 feet are selling as high as a thousand dollars. I have secured three acres for a church and a hospital, and expect sisters to come up next spring to take charge of it.

This town will be by far the largest place on the Yukon, and I believe it will be a place of consequence for a good many years, as the district where the gold is being found is very large. Men are coming from Circle City every day, and there is likely to be a general stampede from there in the spring.

I was away for a month before Christmas visiting the miners on two of the old creeks. I have not been to the new digging yet, but expect to go there in a month or so when the days get longer. We are having a mild winter this year, at least so far, the coldest being 42 degrees below zero, against 60 or 70 degrees last year. We had one death a few weeks ago, that of a Canadian who came last spring looking for gold. Happily I was here to give him the sacraments and say Mass for his soul. God grant that he has found the one thing necessary, which is above all the gold and treasures of this world! I am enjoying my two cabins again this year. My little chapel is very devotional in its Christmas garb. I began my Masses at seven o'clock, when I said two, and the third I said at half past ten, which was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

To-day we saw the sun again for the first time since the 8th of December. It goes on a pic-nic every winter at this time and does not show its face for about thirty days. And I assure you that it is a real pleasure to see it peep over the mountains when it returns.

When you write do not be afraid of telling me what I already know, for there is great danger that each one will leave much of interest to be told by the others, and the result will be that I will not hear it. Important affairs of Church and State are always welcome news. I am also glad to get any Catholic books and papers, both for myself and to lend to others. Direct all summer mail to St. Michael's, Alaska, Care of Alaska Commercial Co., San Francisco.

I am as well and happy as ever, although at times I begin to find that old bones will not stand as much as young ones. You can let the others know that I am well, as I may not be able to write to all before the mail leaves.

In the Union of the Sacred Heart I am, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

WM. H. JUDGE, S. J.

OUR SCHOLASTICATES IN 1896–97.

It is the object of the present article to present a first instalment of statistics regarding our scholasticates.

The catalogue name of each college and its address are given at the start for reference (Table I.) The order followed is that found in the catalogues of the various Provinces. Each college will afterwards be designated by its number as here set down and its name, which will be, for the most part, that of the place where it is situated.

TABLE I.

The Name and Address of each Scholasticate.

ASSISTENTIA ITALIÆ.

Prov. Romana.

1. Pontificia Universitas Gregoriana Collegii Romani.
   Via del Seminario, 120, Roma, Italy.

Prov. Neapolitana.

2. Collegium Denverianum Sacratissimi Cordis.
   College of the Sacred Heart, Denver, Colorado, U. S.

Prov. Sicula.

3. Melitense Collegium S. Aloysii Gonzagæ cum Domo Probat.
   Collegio S. Luigi, Birchircara, Malta.

Prov. Taurinensis.

4. Seminarium Nostrorum Cheriense.
   Casa di S. Antonio, Chieri, Italy.
5. Residentia et Schola Sancti Ignatii.
   St. Ignatius P. O., Missoula Co., Montana, U. S.

Prov. Veneta.

6. Collegium Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu et Residentia Goritiensis.
   Via Leoni, 8, Gorizia, Austria.
7. Collegium Porturegiense et Domus Exercitiorum.
   Fiume, Portorè, Croatia.

ASSISTENTIA GERMANIÆ.

Prov. Austriaco-Hungarica.

8. Collegium Œnipontanum.
   Universitätsstrasse 8, Innsbruck, Tirol.
9. Collegium Posoniense.
   Pressburg, 1 Batthyányplatz 1, Ungarn.

Prov. Belgica.

10. Collegium Maximum Lovaniense.
    Rue des Récollets, 11, Louvain, Belgium.
11. Seminarium Sanctæ Mariæ.
    St. Mary's, Kurseong, India.

Prov. Galiciana.

12. Collegium Maximum Cracoviense Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu.
    Cracovie, rue Kopernik 26, Galicia, Austria.
13. Collegium Neo-Sandecense.
    Neu-Sandez, Galicia, Austria.

Prov. Germanica.

14. Collegium Maximum Sancti Ignatii.
    Ignatius Colleg, Valkenburg, Limburg, Holland.

Prov. Neerlandica.

15. Collegium Maximum Trajectense ad Mosam.
    Tongersche Straat, 53, Maastricht, Holland.
16. Collegium Vetus-Buscense.
    Kerkstraat, A. 14, Oudenbosch, Holland.

ASSISTENTIA GALLIÆ.

Prov. Campaniæ.

17. Collegium Angiense.
    Maison S. Augustin, Ancien Collège, Enghien, Belgium.

Prov. Franciæ.

18. Collegium Jerseiense.
    Maison St. Louis, St. Hélier, Jersey, Channel Islands.
19. Seminarium Majus et Collegium in Zi-Ka-Wei.
    Collége Catholique, Zi-Ka-Wei, Shanghai, China.

Prov. Lugdunensis.

20. Collegium Moldense Sancti Davidis.
    St. David's College, Mold, North Wales, England.

Prov. Tolosana.

21. Collegium Uclense Nostrorum.
    Colegio de Uclés, por Tarancon (Cuenca), Spain.
22. Sacratissimi Cordis Colleg. Shembaganorense et Domus Probat.
    Catholic Church, Shembaganoor, Via Ammayakanur, Presidency of Madras, India.

ASSISTENTIA HISPANIÆ.

Prov. Aragoniæ.

23. Collegium Maximum Dertusanum.
    Colegio del Jesús, Tortosa, Spain.

Prov. Castellana.

24. Collegium Maximum et Seminarium Nostrorum Onniense.
    Colegio, (Briviesca), Búrgos, Spain.

Prov. Lusitana.

25. Collegium Sancti Fidelis.
    Collegio, Soalheira, Portugal.

Prov. Toletana.

26. Collegium Nostrorum Granatense et Domus Probationis.
Cartuja, Apartado no. 32, Granada, Spain.

27. Collegium Maximum Nostrorum et Domus Probationis Pifensis.
Colegio, Pifo, Rep. del Ecuador, S. America.

ASSISTENTIA ANGLIÆ.

Prov. Angliæ.

28. Collegium Sancti Beunonis.
St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, North Wales, England.

29. Aula Sanctæ Mariæ.
St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, Blackburn, England.

Prov. Hiberniæ.

30. Domus Studiorum et Exercitiorum Dubliniensis.
Milltown Park, Milltown, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

Prov. Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis.

31. Collegium Maximum Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu.
Woodstock College, Woodstock, Howard Co., Maryland, U. S.

Prov. Missouriana.

32. Collegium Sancti Ludovici.
St. Louis University, Grand Avenue and Pine Street, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S.

Missio Canadensis.

33. Collegium Immaculatæ Conceptionis et Ecclesia.
De Lorimier, Quebec, Canada.

Missio Neo-Aurelianensis.

34. Collegium Sancti Caroli.
St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana, U. S.

It will be remarked that but one of our scholasticates has the title of University,—1. Rome. Eight are *Collegia Maxima*,—

10. Louvain.	15. Mæstricht.	27. Pifo.
12. Cracow.	23. Tortosa.	31. Woodstock.
14. Valkenburg.	24. Oña.	

4. Chieri, 11. Kurseong, 19. Zi-Ka-Wei and 24. Oña are styled *Seminaria.*

Houses of Probation are connected with 3. Malta, 22. Shembaganoor, 26. Cartuja and 27. Pifo.

Houses of Retreat are at 7. Portorè, and 30. Milltown.

TABLE II.

The Number of Professors and Scholastics, 1896-97.

	PROF'S		THEOLOGIANS									PHILOSOPHERS				Total of sch.
			Long Course					*Short C'rse*								
	Theol.	*Philos.*	Year 1	Year 2	Year 3	Year 4	Total	Year 1	Year 2	Year 3	Total	Year 1	Year 2	Year 3	Total	
1. Rome	14	9	1	3	5	3	12	2	..	2	4	7	1	6	14	30
2. Denver	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	...	...	6	6
3. Malta	5	4	5	...	2	2	9	2	..	1	3	7	11	1	19	31
4. Chieri	5	3	1	4	7	7	19	1	1	1	3	10	11	13	34	56
5. St. Ignatius	2	2	...	...	...	...	...	4	3	2	9	...	15	...	15	24
6. Gorizia	6	...	4	8	7	9	28	..	3	..	3	...	...	...	...	33
7. Portorè	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	6	8	19	21
8. Innsbruck	10	...	7	8	7	1	23	6	3	4	13	...	...	...	...	36
9. Pressburg	...	6	..	...	...	...	..	...	...	...	...	18	25	6	49	49
10. Louvain	9	7	6	7	7	4	24	9	16	6	31	23	33	16	72	129
11. Kurseong	4	3	3	5	2	1	11	1	1	2	4	3	5	3	11	26
12. Cracow	5	...	3	4	8	2	17	6	4	4	14	...	...	...	...	34
13. Neu-Sandez	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8	15	6	29	30
14. Valkenburg	9	8	11	9	10	9	39	3	2	6	11	26	42	39	107	174
15. Mæstricht	8	...	7	7	7	3	24	5	1	2	8	...	...	...	...	32
16. Oudenbosch	...	8	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	13	10	6	29	29
17. Enghien	5	5	8	8	7	6	29	3	4	8	15	15	6	7	28	74
18. Jersey	6	6	7	7	9	7	30	3	2	3	8	22	17	12	51	90
19. Zi-Ka-Wei	3	...	5	6	7	...	18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	18
20. Mold	7	...	7	7	10	5	29	4	4	2	10	...	...	...	...	39
21. Uclés	7	6	6	2	12	7	27	3	4	7	14	12	...	11	23	64
22. Shembaganoor	1	2	6	...	...	...	6	...	...	...	...	10	...	...	10	16
23. Tortosa	5	3	9	9	15	5	38	3	10	8	21	...	14	14	28	87
24. Oña	5	6	17	18	17	5	57	11	12	9	32	34	29	21	84	173
25. Soalheira	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	14	...	14	14
26. Cartuja	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	13	11	6	30	30
27. Pifo	3	3	1	4	1	6	12	4	3	1	8	...	10	9	19	40
28. St. Beuno	5	...	8	9	9	9	35	4	5	5	14	...	...	...	...	49
29. Stonyhurst	...	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	25	13	11	49	49
30. Milltown	5	...	2	3	9	5	19	—	—	..	6	...	...	...	...	25
31. Woodstock	5	6	16	20	7	8	51	4	5	13	22	14	14	9	37	110
32. St. Louis	...	6	..	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	25	14	21	60	60
33. Montreal	5	4	10	8	4	3	25	6	2	1	9	12	11	1	24	58
34. Grand Coteau	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	14	10	24	24
Totals	139	125	150	156	169	107	582	84	91	87	262	308	341	236	885	1760

The numbers in the comparative table of professors and scholastics (Table II.) are taken from the catalogues of this year (1897).

In the totals of the last column (Table II.) are included also those scholastics who are engaged in reviewing their studies. The number of these in each scholasticate is as follows:—

Theology and Philosophy.

12. Cracow—3.

Theology	Philosophy
6. Gorizia—2.	7. Portorè—2.
10. Louvain—2.	13. Neu-Sandez—1.
14. Valkenburg—12.	14. Valkenburg—5.
27. Pifo—1.	17. Enghien—2.
	18. Jersey—1.

1. Rome, in addition to our scholastics, has 651 externs in Theology, 64 in Canon Law, 314 in Philosophy. 10. Louvain, also, has 150 externs in Theology, 11 in Philosophy.

TABLE III.

Scholasticates in which both Theology and Philosophy are taught.

1. Rome.	11. Kurseong.	23. Tortosa.
3. Malta.	14. Valkenburg.	24. Oña.
4. Chieri.	17. Enghien.	27. Pifo.
5. St. Ignatius.	18. Jersey.	31. Woodstock.
10. Louvain.	21. Uclés.	33. Montreal.
	22. Shembaganoor.	

TABLE IV.

Scholasticates in which only Theology is taught.

6. Gorizia.	15. Mæstricht.	28. St. Beuno.
8. Innsbruck.	19. Zi-Ka-Wei.	30. Milltown.
12. Cracow.	20. Mold.	

TABLE V.

Scholasticates in which only Philosophy is taught.

2. Denver.	13. Neu-Sandez.	29. Stonyhurst.
7. Portorè.	16. Oudenbosch.	32. St. Louis.
9. Pressburg.	25. Soalheira.	34. Grand Coteau.
	26. Cartuja.	

TABLE VI.

The scholasticates arranged according to the number of scholastics.

Theology and Philosophy.	*Theology alone.*	*Philosophy alone.*
14. Valkenburg, 174	28. St. Beuno, 49	32. St. Louis, 60
24. Oña, 173	20. Mold, 39	9. Pressburg, 49
10. Louvain, 129	8. Innsbruck, 36	29. Stonyhurst, 49
31. Woodstock, 110	12. Cracow, 34	13. Neu-Sandez, 30
18. Jersey, 90	6. Gorizia, 33	26. Cartuja, 30
23. Tortosa, 87	15. Mæstricht, 32	16. Oudenbosch, 29
17. Enghien, 74	30. Milltown, 25	34. Grand Coteau, 24
21. Uclès, 64	19. Zi-Ka-Wei, 18	7. Portorè, 21
33. Montreal, 58.		25. Soalheira, 14
4. Chieri, 56		2. Denver, 6
27. Pifo, 40		
3. Malta, 31		
1. Rome, 30		
11. Kurseong, 26		
5. St. Ignatius, 24		
22. Shembaganoor, 16		

TABLE VII.

AVERAGE NUMBERS—

In Long Course Theology 25 +. In Short Course 12. —.
In Philosophy 34 +.

THE WORK OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

FROM AUGUST 1896 TO EASTER 1897.

ROSENDALE, NEW YORK.—Towards the close of our last mission season we started for this place and there, in the heart of the cement mining did good work. Rosendale is a "lucus a non lucendo." There were no roses there, and only the most unrestrained poetic license could see a dale amid the gulches. Creek Locks is also a part of the parish. In making the announcements one of our band referred repeatedly to the above place as Cripple Creek; influenced probably by the rumors then prevalent of a great boom in the fortunes of the Cripple Creek of Colorado fame. A canal with its barges and boatmen lent a little life and variety to the monotony of the dusty mining town. But to do justice to the place, and give an idea of the work we had to face there, it is well to recall that if Rosendale is famous for its cement, it is, or was, notorious for the number of its saloons. According to local reports there is one bar-room for every eighteen or twenty of the inhabitants, many of whom drink not wisely but too well. This fact is obtrusively evidenced on pay nights, when the tired, dust-begrimed miner seeks in the frothy glass that exhilaration and false courage which may make him for an hour forget his month of labor under the hills. There is no denying it, the men of Rosendale and its dependent stations of Whiteport, Creek Locks, High Falls, Hickory Bush, Dogtown, Binney Water, and Rifton, lead a life of heavy and perilous toil during the eight months of the year, when the mines are worked.

The indifference of the miners to danger is startling to a new comer here. Why, to thaw out dynamite sufficiently to use it successfully these rock drillers will put sticks of it under their shirts against the warm skin and go to work forgetting it is there. To be present in a cement mine during a blast will give one an idea of the dangerous life these men lead. The fire boss gives warning by a long loud wailing cry that reverberates in multiplied echoes through the stone caverns and dark galleries of the whole mine. All within sound of that cry throw themselves flat on their faces and stop up their ears, for the shock in these solid rock vaults is so great that without this precaution the ear drums

of the men would soon be ruptured. The mountain shakes from the volleys of the subterranean artillery, the loud rain of rock fragments is heard even at the surface of the mine. When the explosion is over, the prostrate men spring to their feet and the work of loading cars with crude cement is begun. "I am working all day down in the dark," said a hard visaged man to me, "down in the shafts where there is dynamite blowing up the seams of cement and I am nearly blinded by the dust of the blasts and the smoke of the lamps. And sometimes, Father, we put a dozen cartridges into the vein and only eleven go off. 'What becomes of the other?' Oh! the poor lad that is breaking the big pieces into smaller ones to load them on to the cart is likely enough to come down with his sledge upon the shell that didn't explode before, and if there is enough found of him, he gets a decent funeral, and if not, why there is another ghost roaming through the mines and gathering the scraps of his body for burial." Three months before our arrival a portion of the parish simply disappeared into space, during the explosion at the great power works that supply explosives to this mining region.

Those not employed in the bowels of the earth are engaged either in the big cooper shops, or at the kilns where the cement rock is calcined and then carted to the mills to be crushed, barelled and shipped to its destination. No need to look for images of hell, or to illustrate the pain of sense for such men as these, especially for the kiln tenders, who unprotected from the glare of the summer sun stand all day long amid the glow and the gases arising from the smoldering rock ovens. Teetotalism seemed a cruelty and an imposition to men who so literally earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, and so we missioners had to content ourselves with giving limited pledges, reducing the gallons to quarts, the quarts to pints, the number of glasses from eight to six, from six to four, and so on in significant proportions.

As everywhere else the people of Rosendale were glad to meet the mission fathers, and they came in gratifying numbers to all the exercises. On the opening night a deputation of G. A. R. men occupied the front seats, and with rapt attention listened to the martial flights of Father Himmel, all unconscious of his southern antecedents or of his heroic efforts to laud a cause with which he once might naturally have had little sympathy. But from the wars of time and temporal campaigns he passed to the struggles in the service of Him who is our beginning and our end, and showed that salvation is the only glory that endures beyond

the tomb and is alone worth striving for. This took with the old soldiers, and pleased them very much, many of them being non-Catholics.

Some few of the villagers did not appear in church on the first evenings of the mission. Were we to be balked? God had showed his hand by striking down the grog shop owner, who for years beyond counting, had kept away from the sacraments. The man had said he was coming to the mission, but the mission went to him. We found him apparently dying and stretched upon an old mattress that had been flung along three or four empty whiskey barrels. Unshaven and unshriven, in his overalls, in a small room off the groggery there he lay dying amid the fumes and smoke of a mining lamp. At 11.00 P. M. we prayed with him there for mercy and we prepared him for death. His sudden seizure shook the hearts of the obdurate, but to win over the few who still refused the grace of the mission we hit upon the following device which I gladly submit to the attention of the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

Immediately after benediction, the two missionaries walked solemnly into the sanctuary. Both genuflected, and one ascended the altar steps, while the other walked down the main aisle to the rope that dangled down from the belfry. The people gazed at us in mute curiosity. It could not mean a collection—we were too solemn for that. The sexton stood by me and drew out his watch. You could have heard a pin drop, so intense a silence fell upon the congregation. Suddenly a deep voice sounded from the altar. The altar boys forgot their distractions and looked up, the people strained their ears to catch every syllable,—

"We toll the bell for the dead that are borne to the tomb; but there are in the village to-night some whose souls are cold in a worse death than any that may come upon the body. Let us toll then for the spiritually dead—for those carousing in saloons to-night instead of being here—for the idle and the indifferent at home who should be present in our midst."

Clang! Clang!! Clang!!!

"Let us toll the bell for the absent to-night dead in sin, and let us pray for their souls." All knelt down and I pulled again at the bell rope and sounded the knell that is customary at funerals.

"Let us pray for the fathers in the parish who by their absence to-night are through their bad example giving scandal to their sons and daughters." The murmur of prayer swept over the benches.—One Our Father—One Hail Mary—One Glory be to the Father. Clang! Clang! Clang!!!

went the bell, as at regular intervals measured by the sexton I tugged at the belfry rope.

"Soften O Lord the hard hearts of the cruel fathers of Rosendale." Toll! Toll! Toll!

"Let us pray for the mothers of this parish who by their absence to-night and their bad example, are giving scandal to their children." Toll! Toll! Toll! Clang!

"Soften O Lord the hard hearts of the careless mothers of Rosendale." Toll! Toll!

"Let us pray for the young men of the parish who are despising the grace of the mission to-night." Our Father —Hail Mary, etc. Again the bell.

"Let us pray for the young women of the parish who to-night are bringing sorrow to their homes, and refusing a grace for their souls by staying away from the mission." Our Father—Hail Mary, etc. Toll! Toll! Clang! as before.

"Turn, O Lord the heedless hearts of the youth of this parish to Thee."

The effect of these supplications from the altar, joined to the reverberating reproaches scattered far and wide by the clanging bell, was immediate and profound. The congregation left the church in prayerful silence, awe-bound and gazing with a sort of reverential dread at the black-robed missioner, who still continued to call to the distant and unrepented sinner by the strokes of the iron tongue. The bell is the only large one for miles around, and is also the fire bell for Rosendale. All the neighborhood was startled, and many a question was put to the people as they passed through the streets on the way to their homes. The ceremony I have just described moved many of our audience to tears, but we discontinued it after a few evenings, as the attendance became all we could desire, and the warning had produced the results we looked for. The parish of Rosendale will long remember the dead bell, as they called it, and many a sinner recall the ringing of the "De profundis" over his own soul.

For the most part we found great faith, good will and virtue among these people. Our unusual demonstration was only intended to arouse a few inveterate sinners and in this we no doubt succeeded. A temperance cadet society was organized before we left, and a pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks until the completion of the 21st year was taken by all the members. Special persuasion is to be brought to bear upon the young men to renew their pledge upon reaching their majority, so that until at least their 25th year they will remain teetotalers. This is the

plan of the zealous pastor of Rosendale, himself a teetotaler, and a model worker among all his people. This mission as we said, was given towards the close of our last mission season. What follows concerns the work of the present season.

THE SEASON OF 1896–97.

There is so much of our work that could be deservedly written up in detail, that it seems almost an injustice to the cause to be content with offering a mere outline account of the results brought about in the great spiritual campaign we are continually carrying on in various states from Maine to Georgia. However, a bird's eye view of our labors may prove interesting, and so we offer to the Spring issue of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS our itinerarium from the beginning of the mission season for 1896–'97.

BENNINGTON, VT.—Although this has been a sort of cathedral year for us, the opening mission gun was fired by two of the band on August 15, at the parish church in Bennington. Here in the valley of the Walloomsac, amid the refreshing verdure and breeze of the Green Mountains, we found one of the handsomest churches of New England. Bishop Michaud of Burlington erected it, and its dedication became a notable event in the history of Catholicity in southern Vermont. The congregation is largely made up of mill folk, who despite the hard times of the last few years have always managed to keep their places at the looms, and earn a fairly comfortable living. They are full of faith and patriotism, and here as elsewhere, the Catholic girls employed in the mills enjoy for the most part a reputation for virtue that was neither claimed nor admitted for their Yankee predecessors. The faith of the Bennington people is a portion of the heritage from stalwart Irish ancestors; their patriotism is nourished by the memory of the defeat of the Hessians and British at the hands of the bold Stork and his Green Mountain boys in the days of the revolution. A tall battle monument, rivalling in size and prestige the shaft on Bunker Hill, almost casts its noon shadow over the priest's house, the foundations of which rest upon the ashes of the long extinct American camp fires. Our mission was appreciated, every hour of it, and was fruitful to a degree and extent best known to God.

During the two weeks in the parish, we had a chance to do what may be called light cavalry work, that is, make flying calls with the pastor to the homes of the indifferent, hard-to-move back sliders of the fold, and particularly of

those who had married non-Catholics, and in consequence had fallen from the faith, or had allowed their children to grow up unbaptized and uninstructed in Catholic belief and practice. It was appalling to observe how often the faith had been shattered on the Catholic side of the house by such mixed marriages. One so called Catholic mother admitted that it might be just as well to have her seven children baptized, but she would see what George had to say about it. Another woman contended that her husband was opposed to such proceedings as Catholic baptism, and she had to give him his way.

THE NORTHERN BAND.—Early in September we divided our forces, a part of the band bending their steps southward, while the rest of us remained in the North for the New England work. Three of us undertook to evangelize Fall River's great mill parish, St. Patrick's, the parish of the Assumption in East Boston, St. Mary's, Charlestown, Holy Name, Chicopee, and St. James of Salem.

Fall River is the mill city of the country, if not of the world. Eighty-two chimneys, some of them three hundred or more feet high, and pouring forth an almost continual cloud of smoke, tell of the titanic energy that is developed to move the acres of looms which supply so much of the world's demand for cottons, sheeting, duck, and canvas. In this city of spindles and of saloons—for the latter abound—nearly nine tenths of the people, including men, women, and children, are mill hands. Home life is, in consequence, almost unknown to many families, and the cultivation of the domestic virtues and the training of children must be sadly impeded. Indeed if it were not for the Catholic schools, the condition of the children in regard to faith and morals would soon become deplorable.

The East Boston mission meant a sight of the docks with big red-stack Cunarders, or immense ocean freighters alive with running, sweating, cursing, longshoremen. We had many of these, and also big freight handlers, and brine smelling fishermen in the pews before us at sermons, and in the box for confessions. The exercises were as easily followed by them as by the most intellectual in the land.

In Charlestown, at St. Mary's, we found a congregation made up in part of families who had once been parishioners of the Jesuit St. Mary's "across the bridge," to use the current phrase. When the Jews took to swarming into our parish, and manufacturing and business establishments began to crowd out the home and residence, many of our

flock went across the river to live, but left their hearts behind them. Some continued for years to remain in the Jesuit sodalities, although their own pastor offered them similar associations in their own church for their comfort and spiritual advancement. Such loyalty as this must have put our fathers in an awkward position, and have exposed them to unpleasant criticism. Our parochial school at St. Mary's has done much for both parishes. "Why wouldn't we have fine young people in this parish," said one of the assistant priests, "when their fathers, and mothers, and generations before them, got the best of instructions, the wisest of training from the old Jesuits at St. Mary's across the river, and handed it down to these girls and young men." The Rev. Pastor also has done his part to make his people what they are at present.

The mission in Chicopee brought us in contact with one of the most respected, and influential priests of New England,—a graduate of Holy Cross, a champion of the cause of temperance, an orator of the first class, a true churchman, and a man eagerly listened to by all classes and denominations. He spends hours daily in his schools, and thus has brought them to such a state of excellence that only the most degraded, or ill bred of his flock would send their children elsewhere for their education. In fact it is considered even bad form not to send children to Father McCoy's school. The state schools suffer in comparison with his. What an amount of good can be wrought by even one energetic pastor! At Chicopee, a reformed prize fighter was by his persuasions, his threats, and by the power of muscle, the occasion of bringing twenty-five recalcitrant sinners to the mission services, and confession. Indeed the people styled him "Father George," and one old lady rushed out from her house as the pastor was going by, and besought him to send—not the mission fathers, but George Sexton down to stir her "Mike" up to his duty to the mission. She did not ask even for the pastor himself, but only for big George, the now gentle apostle of the parish. The Chicopee mission was so much talked of that invitations to duplicate its results came to us from Springfield, Holyoke, Chicopee Falls, and one or two more adjoining parishes.

In Salem we were called to reconstruct a society which was first established there by the Dominicans, twenty years ago. The Holy Name Society, so prolific in communions of men, was revived in the old witch town and five hundred men enrolled in it on the closing night of the men's week by one of our band.

THE EMPIRE STATE.—Although New England gave us the greater part of our harvest of souls during the months preceding Christmas, we yet found time to make incursions into the Empire State and to break the bread of life to the flocks at Kingston, Pocantico Hills, Omenia, Mt. Vernon and Newburg.

At Newburg we found what for the lack of a better word may be called the most complete ecclesiastical plant we had as yet met with. A church, convent, rectory, schools, and a big building containing a hall for plays, receptions, and dances; club rooms for young men and for older men; meeting rooms for literary and social purposes; club rooms for single women and other club rooms for married women, —all well furnished and carpeted,—gymnasium classes, and everything the various elements of a parish could look for to promote intellectual, moral, and social improvement.

THE SOUTHERN BAND.—The trio who bent their steps southward in September, while the New England three went eastward, were first received with open arms by the pastor and people of the Sacred Heart Church, Philadelphia. From Philadelphia they travelled to Pittsburg where two missions were given. Thence to the cathedral of Richmond, where throngs came to be aroused to a new life of faith and devotion by the Exercises. From the cathedral in Richmond our men passed to St. Patrick's in the same city. It seems that in this southern capital the mothers, wives and daughters of the parishes just mentioned had no separate week for themselves, as is the custom for women elsewhere at our missions. The reason given for this is quite intelligible to the people there. It is not thought proper for women to venture out alone on the streets after nightfall; and this of course necessitated the company of either the husband, father, or brother at whatever evening mission services the women had a mind to attend.

Baltimore has so far been the scene of five missions, all of them fully satisfactory. It was especially gratifying to us to be recalled after the lapse of one year to the Vicar-General's in Baltimore, and there again give a full-fledged two weeks mission.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, NEW YORK.—We pass over much of our lesser work; our triduums, our efforts in various pulpits on Christmas day, our skirmishes between missions, and hurry on to the first "double decker" we had to man since the opening of our season. For some weeks before the New Year, '97, we had been looking forward to the

mission at St. Francis Xavier's, 16th St. New York, with all the expectation of veterans anticipating a big and decisive conflict; and we accordingly sharpened our spiritual arms, and massed our forces as never before in the course of our campaigning. The event of the mission year we hailed it; and although we had the cathedral churches of Hartford, Providence, Burlington, Albany, Wilmington, and Richmond on our list, we set more store by our own metropolitan sanctuary, than by any other big place of the year. Yet it is surprising how little that is new can be written of large missions. Everything goes along on so big a scale, that those details which alone make interesting reading are crowded out or lost sight of in recording the general results. We found the field as large as we had expected. At first, there was some uncertainty as to whether we would need both the upper and the lower church to accommodate the crowds; but before 7.15 P. M. on Sunday night we found we were to have a "double decker" on our hands. The women gave the example, and by the way they packed themselves into the favorite church during their week, taught the men what attendance was to be expected of them when the second week came around. Soon we saw that the altar would be invaded to find a resting place for the weary working folk standing in the aisles; so we had no hesitation about opening the sanctuary rail, and letting the crowds surge in, and settle down almost around about the very tabernacle.

We missioners led the attack, but before long all the reserves, so to speak, were called out. All the confessors of the house were thus pressed into service, willing, glad volunteers they were, so that on some evenings during the mission every angle in the church, every corner up and down stairs was occupied by a confessional.

There were other conversions besides those from a life of sin, and these conversions were the fruit of the class of instruction. Many were received into the church and among others the family of a Protestant lady who had promised her dying Catholic husband, himself a convert, that she would have all their children brought into the Catholic Church. A rare example she was of sincerity and fidelity.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—After a few day's rest at Fordham, and another mission in Baltimore, we were called to give a mission at Father Scully's church, situated at Cambridge the seat of Harvard University. Father Scully is known far and wide as the pioneer fighter for Catholic schools. As a mark of what he has accomplished he points with pardon-

able pride to a church, two schools, a convent, a large gymnasium, a high school or college, a theatre hall, and an acre of ground set aside for a Lourdes grotto, and covered with statues of the saints, all visible from the street, and a sermon in themselves to every passer by. As war chaplain, as one of the strongest public advocates of temperance, as a citizen conspicuous among the distinguished men of Cambridge, Father Scully, though ranked by some as an extremist, has won great prestige for the Church and has conciliated many of her enemies who might easily have retarded its work and holy influence. His parish is fully equipped with all that is needed by the various conditions and grades of people in it. To him we came, and by him were treated with exceptional courtesy and kindness. Such a prominent pastor, and a church so well known as his called forth our best efforts. They were appreciated. Crowds filled the church to overflowing and kept the storm doorways packed in mid-winter, returned night after night to hear the sermons. More and more came until there was finally no room left to walk across the sanctuary to the pulpit. The boxes were besieged, and the confessions ran into the thousands. Father Scully was exuberant, almost extravagant, in his satisfaction over the results. He was particularly impressed with the thoroughly practical character and ability of our leader, Father Himmel, and with the force and reasonableness with which we presented the exercises to his people.

Troy, New York.—The fortnight preceding Lent kept three of the band busy at our church of St. Joseph, Troy. It takes little to stir the hearts of such a congregation as one finds there and the mission brought forth great fruit.

Lenten Missions.—The tertians from Frederick came to help us during Lent. We could have employed twice their number; for we had twelve big missions, and with more men at our disposal we might have accepted twelve others besides. Simultaneously in six great parishes—The Sacred Heart, Springfield; St. Patrick's, Philadelphia; Sacred Heart, New York; St. Michael's, New York; St. Stephen's, Boston, and the Immaculate Conception, N. Y.—we opened upon the common enemy of mankind. The Church of the Sacred Heart, Springfield is the largest and finest in the city, and a mission there is like a mission to the whole city. Father Himmel led the charge there in person, and with the usual result of victory for the faith and regeneration for the people. A sudden inspiration, an ingenious impulsive appeal brought hundreds of men to perform in a day a cer-

tain duty which the pastor had not expected to see fulfilled in months.

The New York Lenten work this year was as copious as ever. Father Wallace, as leader, assisted by two tertians from Frederick, labored for the multitudes that filled the immense church of the Vicar-General, Mgr. Mooney. The Vicar-General has a month's mission by Ours every three years, and a retreat, he calls it, of two weeks annually. Immediate engagement for next year is proof of the satisfaction and success of this year's work in the Sacred Heart, New York.

Father Edwards of the Immaculate Conception is another of our constant patrons. A true priest of God and friend of the Society, he calls every year for the Exercises. Father Dolan of St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, joined the band for this mission and he was helped by one of the tertian fathers.

To the above mentioned pastors must be added Father Hughes of St. Mary's, Grand St. Father O'Kane conducted the mission and he was seconded by good aids. Father Smith for a whole month directed the Exercises at St. Michael's. He was assisted by three tertians. It speaks well for the success of Ours at this mission, that upon its conclusion an agreement was made for a return of the Jesuits next year. Later on in Lent the same thing took place at Father Wallace's mission in Father Flood's parish of St. John. Father Goeding was chief at the old cathedral, St. Patrick's, this year.

St. Stephen's, Boston, next to our parish of old St. Mary's, was another lenten field well worked by the above father. Space forbids us to speak of another double decker at St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, and a successful mission at the Providence Cathedral. We thus concluded our lenten work and passed to the spring work, which is occupying us at present at Valley Falls and Wakefield.

NOTES ON A JOURNEY IN EUROPE.

A Letter from Father Thomas A. Hughes to the Editor.

EXAETEN, HOLLAND, May 12, 1892.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In answer to your inquiry, regarding the fruits of some recent travels, I must say that I had thought such a topic somewhat out of my way; as I should have to speak about places and things, without being able to consult persons, whose judgment and tastes in such a matter must be of the first importance. I can, however, select some general traits, which may be considered as the impressions of a stranger, and which therefore are beyond the range of precise statements or reports. And, like part of one's private baggage and appurtenances, they are suffered to pass the custom-house, and enter duty free.

What I saw in the north of Italy only confirmed me in a sentiment, which I had often entertained, when looking at the course of our affairs in other parts of that peninsula. I felt that great things must surely be in store for our fathers there, when, in their present condition, they are so hampered, harassed, persecuted; when they are driven into corners, without a secure refuge anywhere; and the sympathy, assistance and favor, which they can rely upon, are chiefly from persons and authorities, the very best in themselves, but who, like the Jesuits, are hemmed in and hampered and baited by all kinds of oppression, big and little, regular and irregular alike. The tolerance which they meet with is there, as in France, a variable quantity, subject to the individual good will, bad will, caprices or policy of sectarian governors. There is no reckoning, I believe, with these functionaries, who are themselves dependent upon undefinable or unknown conditions. The unknown conditions are those set by the powers behind the functionaries. Among the undefinable elements may be counted such as come from the side of public opinion; for even there, under freemason rule, the general opinion of folks is still a factor. When one considers the earnestness and devotion, with which our fathers tolerate such intolerable terms of existence, and meanwhile go on working faithfully, zealously, advancing without being seen to take conspicuous steps, one cannot

but expect that the outcome of a persecution, which is so clearly for justice' sake, will be what St. Ignatius expected and foresaw, as the crown of labors accompanied with patience and endurance not divorced from activity.

At Bologna, there is a community of missioners, who live in a fragment of a canonry not their own. They serve a church, which is not their own. There as elsewhere they seem to shun being noticed. Meanwhile, the full tide of secularism rolls about them. There is a university, there are gymnasia, which occupy the colleges and houses of the old Society. A *Liceo* occupies part of the great pile of buildings, which were once our day college, boarding college, and college of nobles. The latter is now a theatre. Facing it, on the other side of the street, is the convictus, or old boarding college; and on the inner end of the arcade, or balcony, a fresco still remains, showing an angel giving Holy Communion to St. Stanislaus. At the other end of the pile or edifices is our College Church of Sta. Lucia. On the face of it now is inscribed: *Società Ginnastica;* and a crowd of ladies were issuing from it, as we passed. Our old novitiate, with its church of St. Ignatius, is now the Academy of Fine Arts. The gable of the church rises above the rest of the roof, showing what it was, while the blocking up of the church windows and other adjuncts show what it is.

Bologna happened to be the first place I stopped at, after leaving Florence, where the same general phenomenon was to be witnessed, but subject to local variations. After leaving Bologna, I found the same picture recurring everywhere. In the great cities, the spectacle of the ruins, left by the old Society, was more extensive; the use they were put to was varied, but within certain very defined limits; and the general impression left upon the mind by such a world-wide scene of displacement, expropriation, secularization, was of a depth to excite the profoundest sentiment and reflection on the mysteries of God's all-wise Providence in the government of the world. Our old colleges are to-day chiefly universities, lyceums, academies of fine arts, museums, ministerial or municipal departments. Possibly, the most extreme limit reached, in the variable use of these institutions, was that which I saw in the Calvinistic city of Nimes, corresponding pretty much to the employment of the novitiate church at Bologna. The squares of college buildings at Nimes are devoted to a national museum of antiquities; but the church, which stands out quite clear, and not mutilated as at Bologna, has inscribed upon it, in the upper part of the façade: *Libertè, Egalitè;* while, lower down over the

door, stands the inscription: *Salle de Conférences.* Inside, everything retains the perfect form of a church, the place for the sanctuary, tribunes running round above, and the like. But the lecturer's table is placed in one of the transepts, and the seats are arranged with reference to that.

On one side of these college buildings, there is the stone of an inscription in the wall; but there is not a word upon the stone. This is in harmony with, say, half the ruins of the old Society, while strikingly in contrast with the other half. In many places, as in the Belgian cities, Bruges, Antwerp, Louvain, people would seem to have preserved the old memories, in statues, altars, façades, with a degree of scrupulous reverence. In other places, they have wiped out every possible reminiscence of the Society; thus, in Milan, the sacred Name has been carefully rubbed out of the stone sills in the windows of the magnificent university of Brera; and the noble church of the professed house, built specially for the Society by St. Charles Borromeo has an entirely new façade upon it, with not a memory left of its former use. In the same city, you may see the two opposite tendencies illustrated, almost side by side. There is at Valladolid the Scotch College, which occupies a portion of our great old institution there; and, in the part thus saved from the barracks, the rooms of Father Suarez and of Ven. Louis de Ponte were shown us with great interest by the genial old Scotch rector; and the refectory too is saved. Now, he pointed out to us the three panels in the vaulted ceiling of the refectory. The central one has the monogram B. V. M. The other two have a simple ✝ or cross. He observed, "That cross is the relic of your IHS; the three letters having been expunged, but the cross, over the bar of the H, being left. And so," he said, "is it everywhere." I presume he meant—everywhere in that college. For it was quite otherwise at the church of the old professed house, in the same city. The buildings and garden of the professed house occupied a great *isola* or square; and the church in the corner is now used for parish purposes. Here, in the sacristy, one would imagine he was in the midst of Jesuits. The ample hall is covered with frescoes, paintings, memories of our saints and of our history. There was a throng of priests and acolytes there, preparing for a late Mass, on a Saturday; and one of them was much pleased to take us into the treasury of relics, or "reliquary," adjoining the sacristy. "It is all yours—all Jesuit," he said. The room was full to the top, up to the cornices, with caskets, statuettes, and other devices used so commonly for the preservation and exhibition of relics; there were also some

pieces of rarest art, as an ivory crucifix executed by Michael Angelo. Sometimes, science comes forward to accentuate its appreciation of the work, and also of the legacies left to it, not quite willingly, by the old Society. Our old College at Lyons, standing at the head of a bridge over the Rhone, preserves our old library *in situ ;* it is now a public library. Our books are there, a rich collection ; and over the principal door hangs the full-sized portrait of "Claude Menestrier" (Father S. J.), represented in his Jesuit attire.

What I have been referring to is one strata of ruins—those of the old Society. In some places you may see two strata, those of the old Society, and those of the new, from the time of the Italian Revolution. Thus, in Genoa, which of old had four or five magnificent houses, some of them in the very finest part, on the hill of Carignano over the bay, there is our old college, now the State University. This, having been already appropriated to university uses, was not returned to us ; but the king of Sardinia gave instead the palazzo Tursi, which seems to be the finest of all the dozen palaces facing it and aside of it in the same Via Nuova, now Via Garibaldi. The revolution took that, and made a *palazzo municipale* of it. At the same time, the professed house and church of Sant Ambrogio, aside of the *palazzo ducale*, passed out of our hands for the second time. This church exhibits over its portal the ample inscription of the Pallavicinis, how, "for their affection towards St. Ignatius and the Society, they had erected this sacred edifice and consigned it to the fathers." But, this notwithstanding, you have here an instance of another tendency, which operates, not indeed towards secularism, but away from the Society. Were it not for the good will of his Lordship the Bishop, the monumental church would already be secured against ever returning into the possession of the Society, by means of the manœuvre of binding it down to the perpetual service of a collegiate chapter.

Now a word upon the recuperative energy of the Society in our times. I mean recuperative, not in a material, but in a moral sense. The difficulties, under which our churches and colleges labor, in France and Spain are well known. The churches in France are all closed as everybody knows ; they were closed, by seals placed upon the doors, some seventeen years ago. These seals appear to have different degrees of tenacity. I do not doubt the pressure on them, or the degree of tension exercised by Ours, is about the same everywhere. But the disruptive effects of the pressure or tension is singularly diversified in different parts. I noticed something like four different degrees of efficacy, in

breaking the seal or getting round it. One was absolutely negative; the seal remained; the door was closed; every other door was closed to the public; and, during seventeen years, a fine church has been empty, except when the fathers are saying Mass, or the community paying a visit. Thus is it at the Rue Ste-Héléne, Lyons; where, besides the fathers, only the students from the inside of the college use the church, for daily Mass and other devotions. Another, and more successful degree of disruptive energy, might be observed at Montpellier, where the seal is such a live institution that, but a few days before, a commissary had come to inspect it; for information had been given of some felonious attempt made against the majesty of the republic, as exhibited in that wax; and authorities were properly concerned about it. Meanwhile, the folks were walking round through the college entrance, using the church for Mass, confessions, and everything else—only paying their due respects to the republican wax by curtseying round it, as the distinguished visitors to the Queen of England do when they walk out backwards. A third and mightier force might be seen at work, say, in Marseilles, where the thronging congregation comes in through the front; but I doubt whether they come in through the middle door, where of course the wax must be. But the best of all is the specimen of artillery practice, which must have been exercised right under the eyes of the police, under the windows of the chambers so to say, in the metropolis itself. To be prudent, I will not mention the name of the place. But the fact is that, after respecting that seal on the main door during some sixteen years, with various comic episodes to relieve the sustained attitude of respect, but with all services, sermons, courses, confessions going on meanwhile, a year ago it seems to have been thought that the play had lasted long enough; and folks quietly opened the main door; and the people are now walking in and out by that identical door; and what has become of the majesty of the republic and its wax, I am really not in a position to say.

As to our colleges, not only in France but in Spain also, they are sealed up in another way; by the programmes which issue from the bureau of education, and are meant to make a helpless, hopeless prisoner of our whole method of teaching, of our pedagogical capacity and of everything that belongs to us. These paper documents issue with such frequency and they are applied in such a manner, that they remind one of the classic method of catching tigers in India. A hunter there distributes generously an amount of paste over a pile of leaves, right on the path of the wicked

beast who is known to be coming that way; and then the gentleman perches himself high up in a tree, with his gun. The tiger comes along; for he never swerves from his principles or his path; he puts his paw unwittingly on the sticky leaf, which of course sticks; he lifts his paw to the side of his nose, to remove the superfluous piece of vegetation, which then sticks in his eye; he lifts the other paw, and puts another leaf in the other eye; and, when this makes him rather demonstrative, he succeeds in plastering his whole noble face over with pasted leaves, until in despair he rolls himself over and clothes himself from head to foot with the slimy vegetation. At a fitting moment, the hunter puts in a word by shooting him. I think one may be excused for reflecting on this system of tiger-hunting, when he sees the multitude of government programmes issuing from the Ministers of Instruction in France, more than one a year since the republic was started; and then observes the effects of the multiplied application of these precious parchments—effects well calculated. One eye of our system is put out; then another eye; our teachers cannot teach; qualified men cannot qualify; in the boarding college at Toulouse, for instance, there are twenty-one "auxiliary" teachers; and possibly the Government idea is that, when Catholic schools have been duly plastered over with its own pedagogical proletariate, then Catholic education will be in the same forlorn condition as the wild beast in the woods, fit only to be shot. Bad as is the French pedagogical government, Spanish fathers remarked that theirs is worse, for the utter want of rhyme and reason, of sense and science, which signalizes it.

In the face of such odds, Ours struggle with that distinguished success which was noticed last year, when the Woodstock Letters published the statistics of attendance at our colleges, as well in France and Spain, as all over the Society. The elevated grade to which they carry education is no less observable than the extensive roll of students. I had not the leisure for observing in these two countries, as I had in Belgium, the manner of conducting studies and the style of work done by our professors; but I saw enough to be satisfied, as to the general uniformity, under both these heads, of what was being done in all these countries. As to the efficiency of the programmes in our colleges, and the completeness of the studies, I will note merely such features as the following: that the college of higher studies at Deusto, Bilbao, has some 170 boarders, and about 80 externs, entirely in the courses of law and higher literature and of the mathematical training for engineers; that the

vast college of the Rue des Postes, Paris, is all what we should call Post-Graduate, imparting the proximate training for the Ecole Polytechnique; that there is a similar higher college conducted by Ours on the height of Fourviéres, outside of Lyons; and so too in Belgium, at St. Michel, for instance, Brussels, there is a higher special scientific course, in behalf of which the college allows even a portion of the students to reside there as pensionnaires, though otherwise it is not a boarding college. These instances I give merely as having fallen under my notice. Then the attendance at the higher classes: At Liége, there are some eighty rhetoricians, divided necessarily into a couple of sections. The entire attendance at the older college of Liége is about the same as that at St. Michel, Brussels, nearly a thousand. But the bishop insisted on their opening another in a newer part of the city; for, he said, he should otherwise be forced to open one himself. This second college of St. Louis has now about three hundred students, while the older one of St. Gervais continues all the while increasing.

As to the scholastic work of our professors, I could see that it was of the most absorbing nature. They have not a moment of time from one week's end to the other, except to prepare for their classes, to correct the daily themes, and, in the case of some (I speak of day colleges), not even leisure to take a walk on the Tuesday and Thurday afternoons, which are the only times set apart for a promenade. Studies are kept for two hours on those afternoons. Studies begin almost everywhere at an early hour of the morning. In places, where the whole Thursday is free, instead of the two afternoons of Tuesday and Thursday, still the students come for studies on the Thursday morning; and the Sunday morning is taken up with Mass, catechetical instruction, sodality, and perhaps an academy for rhetoric or poetry. To all this must be added the extra labor devolving on prefects, when the college is a boarding school. I could understand then perfectly well the remark of the Father Rector at Brussels, when as Easter approached, rather late this year, with its prospect of two entire weeks of vacation, he said that the "professors stood greatly in need of a little relaxation, for they had had a long stretch of it since Christmas." Such features as I have just noticed seemed to be common throughout Spain, France, and Belgium.

So much for the conduct of studies and the efficiency of our own programmes, as distinguished from the government productions in these countries. But this is only part of that recuperative industry, which I referred to before. There is besides the remarkable spectacle, which I never tired of

contemplating, in the style of buildings, whether of houses or churches, in the finish of artistic character impressed upon them, and in the completeness of their appointments. I had intended to tell you of these matters as almost the principal subjects of interest. But I cannot; or I should have to write an article for you, instead of a few words in answer to your inquiry. So, hoping that this sketch is sufficient for your purpose, I commend myself etc.

Yours respectfully in Christ,

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

JESUIT CONFESSORS TO THE KINGS OF FRANCE.

KINGS	CONFESSORS	DATES
Henry III.	Emond Auger	1575–1587
Henry IV.	Pierre Coton	1604–1610
Louis XIII.	Pierre Coton	1610–1617
	Jean Arnoux	1617–1621
	Gaspard Séguiran	1621–1625
	Jean Suffren	1625–1630
	Alexander Jarry	1630
	Charles Maillan	1630–1637
	Jacques Gordon	1637
	Nicholas Caussin	1637–1639
	Jacques Sirmond	1639–1643
	Jacques Dinet	1643
Louis XIV.	Charles Paulin	1649–1653
	Jacques Dinet	1653
	François Annat	1653–1670
	Jean Ferrier	1670–1674
	François La Chaise	1674–1709
	Michel Letellier	1709–1715
Louis XV.	Bertrand Claude De Lignières	1722–1743
	Silvain Peyrusseau	1743–1753
	Phil. Des Marets	1753–1764

Beginning with Henry IV. in 1604, until the death of Louis XV. in 1774, all the royal confessors except two were Jesuits.

VIRI ILLUSTRES SOCIETATIS JESU.

FROM 1750 TO THE PRESENT TIME.

It is proposed to publish successively, in the form of Catalogues, the names of the men who, in these stormy times, have illustrated the Society in various ways, as martyrs, victims of charity, theologians, historians, missionaries, etc. Some of the Catalogues, for greater convenience, will be in chronological, others in alphabetical order.

The first column gives, as nearly as possible, the time of death. Where this is uncertain, a "C" will mark "circiter;" where authors vary, the more probable date is assumed, the others indicated by (?).

The second and third columns give the names of the persons, and the places of their death. The orthography of the proper names will commonly show the nationality of the person and the geographical position of the place. An "S" before a proper name, will denote a Scholastic; an "F," a Lay Brother; an "N," a Novice. All others are priests, and if Prelates, Superiors, etc., are designated by their usual titles. A (?) indicates that the degree is unknown or uncertain.

The authorities, quoted in the last column, and discussed in the "Notes," are such as in any given case, seem to treat the subject more clearly and completely.

It cannot be expected, that a first attempt like this, will be either complete, or thoroughly accurate. The dispersion of the archives at the epoch of the Suppression and since; the unsettled state of our Provinces and Houses, deprive the historian of these latter times of many documents, which our former historians had ready at their disposal. No satisfactory history has as yet been written, and it will be no easy task to write it. May we have contributed something towards that desirable end, and may others "enter into our labors" and do better! But especially, may "the cloud of witnesses" to the fecundity of our glorious Mother, increase in all the love for her, and animate us, if not to make a name to ourselves in the eyes of the world, at least to render the Society and ourselves ever more pleasing in the eyes of God!

I. MARTYRS.

COMPRISING THOSE WHO WERE PUT TO DEATH, OR DIED IN PRISON, OR AS EXILES ON THE HIGH SEAS, "PROPTER NOMEN JESU."

. . . 1750	R. P. Duhan Supér. de Miss.	Ispahan (Persia)	Belouino (1)
. . . 1751	Tomas Tello	Caborca (Sonora)	Smithson. Rep. (2)
. . . "	Heinrich Ruhen	"	"
. . . "	F (?) Francisco Saeta	"	Mission. Cath. (3)
. . . 1752	Franciseo Ugualde	Paraguay	Pfister (4)
. . . "	Romano Harto	"	"
. . . 1754	Antonio de Guaspe	"	"
. Jul. 1759	Claude Virot	Genessee, N. Y.	WOODST. LETTERS
3 Oct. "	. . . . Mesquita	Oporto (Port)	Anec. de Pomb. (5)
17 Dec. "	S. João Moniz	Golfe du Lion (France)	"
2 Jan. 1760	S. João Ribera	Before Genova	"
. Feb. "	(?) . . Diaz	Rio Janeiro	"
11 Mai. "	(?) Two others	At sea from Brazil	"
12 " "	Cornelio Pacheco	"	"
15 " "	Francisco Lira	"	"
25 " "	F. One	"	"
. Aug. "	Pedro Teodoro	Açores	"
. " "	Louis Albert Prison of	Açeitâo (Port.)	"
. " "	Three Fathers from Maranhâo	Para (Braz.)	"
. Oct. "	José Cabral	Prisons of Goa	Bertrand (6)
. " "	Joâs Pereira	"	"
28 Jan. 1761	João Lopez	Prisons of Açeitâo	Anecd. de Pomb.
. Feb. "	Antonio Paez	"	"
. " "	Manoel Taborda	"	"
. " "	F. Carlo Correa	"	"
Dec. 1760 to May 1761	Twenty-four from Asiat. Prov.	At sea from Goa	"
" " "	Four from Maranhâo	" " " Para	"
21 Sep. "	Gabriello di Malagrida	Lisbon	Leben (7)
Oct. 1761 to May 1762	Thirty-one from Asiatic Prov.	At sea from Goa	Anecd. de Pomb.
. Jan. 1763	Luis de Figuera	Malabar	Daurignac (8)
30 Apr. "	. . . de Neuville	At sea from Goa	"
8 May "	. . . Boussel	"	"
11 " "	Manoel Gonzalez	"	"
16 " "	. . . Simoens	"	"
17 Aug. "	Antonio Arnâo	Guaycúrus(Parag.)	Pfister
11 " 1766	Francisco da Costa Pris.	de Traferia (Port.)	Anecd. de Pomb.
15 Dec. "	Estebean Lopez	"	"

After 2 Apr. 1767	Thirty-four from Sp'h America	Before Vera Cruz	Lettres de Mold (9)
" "	José Maños "	" Havana	"
" "	Antonio Cepeda "	"	"
" "	Francisco Iguarrategui "	"	"
" "	Martino Alcocer "	"	"
" "	Miguel Benjuaca "	"	"
" "	Francisco Lacreta "	"	"
" "	S. or F. José Barrote "	"	"
" "	" " Francisco Villar "	"	"
" "	A " " Anton Orrey "	"	"
" "	R. P. Baltassare de Moncada Ex prov. de Quito y Peru	Canal de Bahamas	Noticia (10)
" "	Fifteen others from Spanish America	Puerto de Sª. Maria (Spain)	Lettres de Mold
3 Feb. 1775	Oraqio Stefanucci Castel	G. Angelo (Roma)	Picot (11)
From 17 Oct. 1759 to 22 Feb. 1777	Ginseppe Pedemonte from [Malabar	Pris. de Açeitão	Bertrand (12)
" "	José dos Santos from Malabar	"	"
" "	Francesco Mourci "	"	"
" "	Manoel Diaz "	"	"
" "	João Figueredo "	"	"
" "	Manoel do Sylva "	"	"
" "	Antonio Rodriguez "	"	"
" "	Juan Ignacio "	"	"
" "	Eusebio de Mattos "	"	"
" "	Juan Franco "	"	"
" "	Francisco de Albuquerque "	"	"
" "	Twenty others	"	Anecd. de Pomb.
" "	One	Pris. of Almeida	"
" "	Seven others	" " Traferia	"
" "	Thirty-seven	" " San Juliâo	"
" "	Sixteen	Various other Pris.	" (13)
1778	Nunzio de Horta For years pris	oner of Tonking	Montezon (14)
1788	Thomas King (English)	Korea	Marshall
17 Oct. 1791	Antoine de Nepac — Curé de St. Symphorien	Avignon	Jauffret (15)
2 Sep. 1792	V. R. Jean B. Bonnaud Vic. Gen. de Lyon	Paris, Carmes	Dict. Hist. (16)
" "	V. R. Delfaut Archip, de Sarlat	"	"
" "	Claude François Gagnière des Granges	"	"
" "	Vincent Le Rousseau, Direct. d. l. Visitation	"	"
" "	Antoine Thomas, Direct. des Ursulines	"	"
" "	Antoine Second de la Pitié	"	"
" "	Charles F. Legué	"	"
" "	Nicolas Ville Crochin	"	"
" "	Jean Charton de Milon	"	Crét. Joly
" "	Hyacinthe Le Livec	"	"
" "	Joseph Rouchon	"	"
3 Sep. 1792	Alexandre Lanfant, Prédic. du Roi	Paris, St. Germain	Dict. Hist.
" "	Pierre Guérin du Rocher, Supér. aux Nouv. Convertis	"	"

3 Sep. 1792	Robert Guérin du Rocher, Supér. aux Nouv. Convertis	Paris, St. Germain	Dict. Hist.
" "	Jacques Durvé Fryteire des Eudistes	"	"
" "	René Andrieux, Sup. de St. Nicolas	"	"
" "	Eloi Herqué du Roule de la Pitié	"	"
" "	Nicolas Marie Verron de St. Nicolas	"	"
" "	Jean Vourlat des Eudistes	Paris, St. Firmin	"
1 (17?) Feb. 1793	Daniel Dupleix	Lyon	Feller (17)
11 " "	Charles Dom. Ferry	"	"
18 Mar. "	Charles Brunet	Poitiers	Guérin (18)
6 Apr. "	Gaspard Moreau	Sur le Loire	Pfister
10 Jul. "	Mathieu Fitau	Orange	"
27 " "	Augustin Rouville	Privas	Jauffret
"	Pierre Lartigue	Clérac	Crét. Joly
9 Jun. 1794	Joseph Imbert de Moulins	Ile d'Aix	Jauffret
28 Jul. "	Antoine Raymond de Limoges	"	"
3(?)Aug. "	Mich. Dom. Luchet de Lamotte, chan. de Saintes	"	"
4 " "	Alexis Franç. de Romécourt	"	Belouino
"	Nicolas Cordier	Rochefort	Crét. Joly
"	Gilbert Macusson	"	"
17 Nov. 1822	Juan Urugoita	Near Manresa	Daurignac (19)
17 Jul. 1834	Martino Buxons	Madrid	Crét. Joly
" "	. . . Sancho	"	"
" "	. . . Garnier	"	" (20)
" "	Casto Fernandez	"	"
" "	Juan Urita	"	"
" "	Firmino Barba	"	"
" "	Francisco Sauri	"	"
" "	. . . Artiaga	"	"
" "	S. Domingo Barrau	"	"
" "	F. Juan Ruedas	"	"
" "	? José Fernandez	"	"
" "	? Manuel Ostelaza	"	"
" "	? José Elola	"	"
. Jan. 1847	Anthony Rey	Ceralvo (Mex)	Courcy (21)
Oct. 1859	M. R. Benoit Planchet, Dél. Ap. de Mésopotamie	Diarbekir	Lettres de Vals
18 Jun. 1860	V. R. Edou'd Billotet, S. de M.	Zahlé (Syria)	L. de Fourviéres
" "	S. (?) Ferdinando Bonacina	"	"
" "	S. Jean Macsud (Arab)	"	"
" "	F. Jonas Hélias	"	"
21 " "	F. Alphonse Hachesh (Arab?)	Deir. el-Kamar	"
4 May 1864	Victor Willaume	Zie-Ka (Chine)	Lettres de Vals
24 " 1871	Pierre Olivaint	Paris, Rue Haxo	de Ponlevoy (22)
" " "	Jean Caubert	"	"
" " "	Anatoli de Bengy	"	"
25 " "	Léon Ducoudray	Paris, La Rouquette	"
" "	Alexis Clerc	"	"
17 Oct. 1877	R. F. Lizarzaburu, José Ant.	Guyaquil (Ecua'r)	L. de Mold
21 " 1887	S. Gennaro Pastore	Scutari, Alban	W. LETTERS (23)

NOTES.

(1) *Belouino*, Persécutions de l'Eglise, 10 vol. Paris, 1856.

(2) *Smithsonian Reports* (1863–'64). Translation, by Ch. Rau, of F. Jacob Begert's, S. J. "Nachrichten von . . . Californien. Mannheim 1773." M. Rau's notes are very fair, some most honorable to the Society. He accuses F. B. of some partiality in favor of F. Venegas, S. J., because he criticizes very severely the French translator of that father's work on Cal., whilst he not even names the original. The reason is simple enough. F. V. left his book in MS.; only extracts of it were published subsequently by F. Burriel, S. J., in Spanish; an anonymous writer, probably a Protestant, translated it into English, and Mr. E (idous) translated the English into French in 3 vol. "Histoire de la Californie," which has neither head nor tail.—F. Ruhen was a Westphalian. F. B. distinctly states that he had come to America with him the year before. Caborca which is marked as the place of their martyrdom is indicated in both ancient and modern maps in Sonora (Mexico) on the Altar or San Ignacio River, some miles from its mouth. A notice in the "Missions Catholiques" adds a third victim; François Saeta.

(3) *Missions Catholiques*—édition de Lyon, 1870 sq.

(4) *Pfister, S. J.* "Atlas de l'ancienne Compagnie" (Lithogr.). Tables at the end, mostly taken from Crétineau Joly, who is not always reliable (in the last volumes, even generally unreliable) with regard to dates and names.

(5) Anon. "Anecdotes de . . . Pombal, Varsovie, 1784," a rare and very precious work. The writer, probably one of Ours, has not much order, but must have been either an eye-witness, or have written on the notes of an eye-witness, probably a German or Pole, though the work is in French.

(6) *Jos. Bertrand, S. J.* "Missions du Maduré" 4 vol. Paris 1847—in justification of the Society on the question of the "Malabar Rites" and the "Native Clergy" against Rohrbacher and others.

(7) "Malagrida und Pombal, oder: Ein Opfer des Jesuitenhasses, Ragensburg, etc.," Pustet 1872. A well written narrative based on Anecd. of Pombal.

(8) (Mad?) *J. M. S. Daurignac.* "Hist. de la Compagnie etc.," Paris et Lyon 1862, 2 vol. The authoress follows Crétineau Joly; but is shorter, clearer and generally more reliable than he is.

(9) *T. W. M. Marshall.* "Christian Missions," N. Y. 1865 2 vol., counts only 25; but the "Lettres de Mold" must have had more precise data.

April 2, 1767 is the day, on which all the Jesuits of the Spanish dominions were apprehended and carried off to the Papal States by command of Don Carlos III., the reasons of which he kept "in his royal heart."

(10) "Noticia" prefixed to his little work on the Spir. Exerc. of St. Ignatius under the title "Arte de la Santidad," published at Poyanne 1877.

(11) *Picot*, the anonymous author of "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire ecclésiastique IIe XVIII siècle, Paris 1816" 4 vol.—clear, useful, solid. Many names in our catalogues are taken from the biographical notices in the 4th vol.

(12) It may be asked, why the history of our Spanish Fathers after the expulsion is less complete and explicit than that of the Portuguese. One of the principal reasons may be this: The Spanish exiles received a small pension from their government, which was a great help to them. But in receiving that, they were told, that if any Jesuit should publish anything against the Government, the pension would be withdrawn from all. Thus, even those Fathers in Italy who had ample personal resources durst scarcely breathe aloud, for fear of depriving their poorer brethren of their bread.

(13) From the accounts of that well informed author (Anecd. of Pombal), the figures of Pombal's victims would be about as follows:—

Deported to Italy:

23 Oct.	1759	133	29 Jul.	1760	114	
4 Jan.	1760	121	1 Oct.	"	49	In all 917
6 Feb.	"	105	8 Jul.	1761	59	
7 "	"	225	17 Jan.	1762	111	

In the Prisons of Portugal

(Mostly Germans and Italians, 3 French) 280.

Of these, were dismissed at different times	87
Induced to apostasy	26
Died in prison	88
	201

Which leaves 79 at the downfall of Pombal (1777)—"the longest lived class of people he ever knew."

(14) *Montézon, S. J.* "Missions de la Cochinchine et du Tonkin" Paris, 1858. Tables at the end give the names of those that have worked in that mission; the text contains a

terrible description of the sufferings F. Horta had to endure for so many years.

(15) (Anon) " Mémoires pour servir à l'hist. de la Religion à la fin du xviii siêcle," Paris 1803 2 vol. The author is *Jauffret*, Napoleon's archb. of Aix after the Concordat.

(16) Anon. *Dictionnaire Historique*, etc., de la Rêvolution française, Londres 1800. We give the names after Crétineau Joly, who is followed by Henrion, Belouino, Daurignac and F. Pfister. The Dict. Hist. gives the name of some in the text, but contains the registers of the prisons with the date and place of their execution. It marks the quality of Jesuits only for a few in the text, whilst the tableaux indicate for some the positions they occupied at the moment of their apprehension, and for others the quality of " prêtre " simply. Some names are not found in the " tableaux " nor any that sound like them.

(17) *F. X. Feller, S. J.* The editions here followed is the (posthumous) " augmentée et corrigée " Paris, 1836. The corrections and additions are generally correct and reliable, in the spirit of F. Feller, and very favorable to the Society.

(18) *Paul Guérin.* " Nouveau Bollandistes " 11 vol. " Dict. des Dictionnaires " 6 vol. The biographical notices are generally from the last editions of Feller.

(19) The number of victims slaughtered near the cradle of the Society was 24, " all priests or religious." Only F. Urugoitia is named as a Jesuit. Were there others?

(20) Possibly Sancho and Garnier were the same person, Sancho being a Christian name.

(21) *Courcy.* " Hist. of the Catholic Church in the U. S." —praiseworthy as a first attempt in Ecclesiastical History of the U. S., but incomplete and unreliable in many points.

(22) *de Ponlevoy, S. J.* " Actes de la Captivité," etc., Paris 1873.

(23) To Resume: Martyrs 312, of whom 67 put to death, 245 dying in various ways, " in odium nominis Jesu."

THE MUNEBREGA PICTURE OF ST. IGNATIUS.

We present our readers in this number a copy of the Munebrega Picture of St. Ignatius. It is the least known of all the representations of our holy Founder, and its history will be new to many who have seen the picture. This is doubtless due to the fact that it has been rarely engraved or photographed, while the different biographies of the Saint do not mention it. Thus the modern lives of Saint Ignatius tell us of the picture which was painted by the royal painter Alonso Sanchez de Coello under the supervision of Father Ribadeneira. The painter had the wax cast of the Saint, spoken of in our next article, and a bust made by a skillful artist, one of our lay brothers. Ribadeneira spent six hours with Coello helping him by suggestions, who produced a portrait which seemed to some a perfect resemblance, though it did not satisfy Ribadeneira. An engraving of this picture will be found in Stewart Rose's Life of the Saint, p. 547.[1] Another picture often spoken of and reproduced, is the painting made by James del Conte who had known the Saint intimately. He painted Ignatius as he lay in his bier, and from memory removed the marks of death. The Saint is represented with his biretta. An excellent copy, painted by Father Vito Carrozzini, hangs in the fathers' recreation room at Woodstock, and an engraving may be seen in the American edition of Genelli's Life of the Saint. The Bollandists have also a woodcut of a picture sent to Belgium by Father Acquaviva and which Oliver Manareus pronounced the best likeness he had ever seen. Bartoli, too, speaks of the portrait which "Monsignor Crivelli, a Milanese, caused to be taken by stealth, by a painter who secretly watched him while he was in conversation with the prelate."

These pictures are well known, but none of the modern historians, as Genelli or Stewart Rose, speak of the Munebrega Picture, and in the older biographies, as far as we have

[1] See "Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits" by Stewart Rose page 592, note. Unfortunately the author of this note makes Jacopino del Ponte, instead of James del Conte, the painter of the picture of the saint, as he lay in his bier. Besides he says that Giacomo Bassano took the saint as a model for a picture of Moses. The truth is, as Bartoli relates, that Bassano and del Ponte were different names for the same individual, who indeed painted the Moses; while the picture taken after the saint's death is by James del Conte. Cf. "Vie de S. Ignace apres Ribadeneira" par R. P. Charles Clair, S. J., p. 404. —*Ed.* W. LETTERS.

S. Ignace de Loyola ~
Reproduction du portrait miraculeux vénéré à
Manrèga (Espagne, Arragon).

been able to ascertain, the Spanish author P. Francisco Xavier Fluviá is the only one to refer to it. In his "Vida de S. Ignacio" is found the following account which has been translated from the copy of Manresa, Spain.[2]

There are various miraculous pictures of St. Ignatius. The most renowned is the one of Munebrega, a small city of Aragon in the bishopric of Tarazóna. There is a constant tradition that it was painted by an angel; the occasion was the following. Don Roque de el Villár, canon of the Sepulchre in Calatayud, ordered the pictures of all the founders of religious orders to be painted. When all the pictures were finished, an unknown pilgrim who was one day looking at them, remarked to the canon that the portrait of Ignatius of Loyola, the holy founder of a new order, was wanting and he offered to paint it himself. The canon agreed and left the stranger in the studio to begin work at once. Shortly after, the canon who had gone out to take his dinner, sent for the stranger, but he was gone; his work however was thoroughly done. There on canvas, to the great astonishment of all, is the picture of Ignatius the saintly founder of the Society. Rays of light surround his head, although Ignatius was not beatified at the time, the face is grave and modest, the eyes large and bright, the left hand holds a skull, the right points to it, as if the saint were still preaching to all the vanity of earthly things. The countenance is benign, severe, angry, pale or flushed,—changing according to the dispositions of those who look at it, or to the feelings the saint wishes to inspire. The better to show the skill of his brush, the pilgrim-angel drew the picture so like the original, that no painter has ever been able to reproduce on canvas a faithful copy of it.

Years after the event the picture was sent, together with those of the other founders, to Munebrega, the canon's native place. It was put in the sacristy of the church and for a long time was, if not forgotten, at least not distinguished from the other paintings. On the 17th of April, 1623, the year following the canonization of St. Ignatius, at the request of Father Valerio Piqua, S. J., the lenten preacher of that year, it was taken from the sacristy and solemnly placed in the old chapel of St. Blas (Blasius). The preacher took occasion to deliver before the crowd an eloquent panegyric of St. Ignatius. He inspired his hearers with great devo-

[2] We owe this account to Father Francis Daly of Mungret College, Ireland. The translation was made for him by Father M. Jannin, and produced in part in his "Ignatian Album," Limerick, Guy and Co., 1894. Father Daly kindly sent us the complete translation and we have produced it in full.—*Ed.* W. LETTERS.

tion and confidence in the powerful intercession of the saint. That very day several miracles were wrought at the shrine. In a little more than a month, over a hundred had been juridically proved: the blind saw, the lame walked, nay, two dead persons were raised to life; many sinners were converted.

The people of Munebraga took Ignatius for the patron of their city, and erected in his honor a beautiful chapel. Nor was the fame of the miraculous picture confined to the city of Munebrega, it was spread all over the country and soon there was not in Spain a sanctuary more frequented, or shrine more renowned, for the great number of miracles. On Friday the 21st of April of that same year (1623), a copious sweat flowed for four consecutive hours, from under the right arm. It was neither blood, nor water, nor oil, but a liquor altogether different from what we are accustomed to see. A fortnight later, Friday the 6th of May, the same prodigy took place. It was witnessed by many ecclesiastics and persons of distinction. On the 20th of February 1729, seven beneficiary priests of the church of Munebrega, swore upon oath, that, notwithstanding repairs in the church, works in and around the shrine, dressings of the altar itself, dust had never adhered to the sacred picture. The five priests who from 1703 to 1729 had been the chaplains of the sanctuary, were brought as witnesses and testified upon oaths to the truths of this wonderful occurrence. This, as well as the fact that the picture had often been seen to change countenance, was commonly believed in and around Munebega, and it increased not a little the devotion, respect and veneration of the people for this picture.—Vida de S. Ignacio de Loyola por el P. Francisco Xavier Fluviá, S. J., tom. I. cap. iv. pag. 124, Barcelona, 1753.

These are the principal items in Fluviá's life of St. Ignatius, The history of the picture was written by Father Aloysius de Andrade, S. J., a contemporaneous writer, and published at Madrid in 1669. A copy is kept in the library of Oña. This picture is still at Munebrega where it is held in great veneration.

RECOVERY OF THE WAX CAST OF ST. IGNATIUS' FACE.

A Letter from Mr. Caspar Moskopp, S. J., to his Brother at Woodstock.

PRESBURG, AUSTRIA, April 23, 1897.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

P. C.

Here is something which I think will interest the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. You will doubtless remember that, after the death of our Holy Father St. Ignatius, two casts were taken of his countenance,—one in plaster, a second in wax. It was this wax cast which the artist De Coello had before him when painting the picture of the saint under the direction of Father Ribadeneira. Now this cast was formerly kept at Rome with great veneration and our missionaries, before setting out to their destination, used to reverently kiss it. When towards the close of the last century the storm against the Society arose which finally led to its suppression, Father General Ricci, wishing to confirm the Empress Maria Teresa in her attachment to the Society, made her a present of this cast. The empress kept it for a time, but eventually gave it to one of the courtiers. Not long after it came into possession of the Benedictines at Tihany, a monastery situated on Balatony (Ger. Platten-See), the largest lake of Hungary about fifty miles southwest of Pesth. These Benedictine fathers reverently kept the relic, and though on different occasions our fathers endeavored to obtain it, the monks were unwilling to part with so great a treasure. However, towards the close of last year (1896) the Father Provincial of the Austrian Province, Very Rev. Father F. X. Widmann, received the wax cast. He has had photographs made of it representing both the full face and profile.[1] These photographs, as well as the cast, bear a striking resemblance to the picture of De Coello painted under the supervision of Ribadeneirā, and are a confirmation of its fidelity. Very Rev. Father Widmann after having had a second cast made, has sent the original to Very Rev. Father General.

In union of prayers,

Your Brother,

CASPAR MOSKOPP, S. J.

[1] We have sent for copies of these photographs and we hope to reproduce them in our next number.—Ed. W. L.

EXSTINCTÆ SOCIETATI MEÆ [1]

Carmen Elegiacum

P. MICHAELIS DENIS

Præfecti bibliothecæ imperiali Vindobonensi.

The author of the subjoined poem "Exstinctæ Societati meæ," Father Michael Denis, was born in Bavaria and entered the Society in Vienna in the year 1747. After the suppression of the Society he continued to live in the Austrian capital, where he was known, respected and admired as one of the foremost literary men, and as a distinguished poet. Such men as the celebrated poet Klopstock corresponded with him and were proud of his friendship. In his autobiography he describes in tender and touching words his life in the Society, showing that during the years immediately preceding the suppression, the Society had in no wise degenerated from its early spirit. His heart remained true to his beloved Society to his dying day, in the year 1800. His epitaph composed by himself, reads as follows: "Michael Denis, Exstinctæ S. J. Sacerdos."

It is not surprising that the Freemasons attempted to claim so celebrated a man as one of their own. This gross calumny must have had some currency even during his life-time, for in his testament occurs the following paragraph: "I solemnly declare, in the presence of the all-seeing, that during my whole life I have never been a member of any order, or of any society of whatsoever name, the Society of Jesus alone excepted, in which for twenty-six years I learned and experienced nothing but what was good." Cfr. Duhr, Jesuitenfabeln p. 342, et alibi.—*Editor W. L.*

Pauca sodalitii superant jam membra beati,
    Cujus ego quondam pars quotacumque fui;
Cujus in excidium solers armavit Avernus
    Quidquid ei toto militat orbe mali.
Venales pretio linguæ, mordacia scripta,
    Confictique metus, livor opumque sitis
Agmine nos facto circum fremuere; nec usquam
    Cura laborantes ulla levare fuit.
Nil juvat ingenuis teneram formasse juventam
    Artibus et mores edocuisse bonos;
Tot claros genuisse viros, quos nescia mortis
    Innumeris loquitur fama voluminibus;
Semina divinæ legis sparsisse per urbes,
    Oppida et agrestis fumida tecta casæ;
Pulvillis regum morientum, inopumque grabatis
    Advigilasse pari nocte dieque fide;
Tinxisse extremas sudore et sanguine terras,
    Quas oriens Phœbus lustrat et occiduus:
Ut regio nusquam nostri non plena laboris
    Pro Christo et sancta religione foret.

[1] We are indebted for this beautiful poem—which has been printed before, but is rare—to Father A. M. Gentile of the New Mexico Mission.—*Ed. W. L.*

Nil juvat. Exigimur laribus, disjungimur atque
Fraterno inviti solvimur officio.
Proh ! tantum potuit vis conjurata malorum !
Tantum hominum cœcæ pectora noctis habent !
Scilicet aurea sæcla tibi reditura putabas,
Europa, a nostri clade sodalitii.
Credula ! tolle oculos, partem circumfer in omnem,
Et quæ sit facies rerum hodierna vide !
Adspicis infestos populos, agitataque regna
Alterum in alterius proruere exitium ;
Templa profanata, et pollutas cædibus aras,
Undique et horrenti diruta tecta situ ;
Cive domos vacuas, desertaque rura colono,
Perfugium miseris vix super exulibus.
Insultat cœlo impietas ; reverentia legum
Nulla ; fides cessit, fasque, pudorque procul.
Omne ruit temere frenum indignata juventus,
Et florem ætatis deterit ante diem.
Non ego sum Nemesin qui cælo devocet, aut qui
Cuncta hæc de nostro funere nata velit.
Sunt tamen, averti aut minui potuisse ruinam
Qui nostro incolumi corpore stante putent.
Signassemus enim præclaram sanguine causam
Aut populis nostra mens rediisset ope.
Hæc alii. Mihi non tanta est fiducia nostri ;
Supremi veneror Numinis arbitrium.
Quodque licet, tumulos obeo, sparsasque per orbem
Complector fratrum pectore relliquias.
Queis ubi summa dies jam fessum junxerit ævo,
Hæc erit ad tumulum spes mihi fida comes :
Posteritas, quæ non odio nec amore feretur
Pensabitque mei gesta sodalitii :
"Cœtum hominum talem, dicet, nec prisca tulere,
Nec, conata licet, sæcla futura ferent."

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS.

St. Joseph's Anthology.—Poems in praise of the Foster-Father gathered from many sources, by the REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J. Dublin, M. H. Gill & Son, 155 pages.

In sending a copy of the "Anthology" to the editor of the LETTERS, Father Russell says: "Long as I took to put it together, I wish I had taken another month to it. I have not discovered any similar collection in any language copious as my American selections are, probably some bad omissions will be detected." No "bad omissions" have yet been detected by those who have read these poems at Woodstock. As to the Anthology itself we are confident that we will not find a better review of this beautiful tribute to St. Joseph than the one written for "St. Joseph's Sheaf" by Father Russell himself. The review from the "Sheaf" is as follows:—

It is not the regular custom of this periodical to review new books; and it is not the custom of any periodical to entrust the duty of reviewing books to the authors thereof. Yet the editor of *St. Joseph's Sheaf* has asked me to give in these pages some account of the above work, though it bears my name on the title page.

The second title of "St. Joseph's Anthology" describes it as consisting of "Poems in praise of the Foster-father, gathered from many sources." It is the first book in the English language, or (as far as I am aware) in any other language, composed exclusively of poetical tributes to the Foster-father of our Divine Redeemer. For many years, assisted by many friends, I have collected all the poems I could find written in St. Joseph's honor. This collection has been increased by many original pieces written expressly for this purpose. These have been put first, to give the work an air of originality. But these original poems will for most readers be hardly more unknown than the very fresh and beautiful poetry of American writers like the Rev. Clarence Walworth, Miss Eleanor Donnelly, and Father Edmund Hill, C. P. Some of the poems have never before appeared in print, such as the exquisite verses of the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, author of "Geoffrey Austin," and those of Lady Gilbert, who retains here her more familiar name of Rosa Mulholland. Even Aubrey de Vere and Mr. T. W. Allies, will in this context be discoveries for those who are well acquainted with Father Faber's affectionate hymns. The translations of the other Oratorian poet, Father Edward Caswall, have, of course, been laid under contribution, and many other translated pieces have been added to them, ending with a Coptic hymn and an Armenian hymn to St. Joseph, admirably translated by the Rev. W. H. Kent, Oblate of St. Charles.

St. Joseph's Sheaf has had its share in this filial tribute to our glorious Patriarch; and indeed it will be found that very few of his poetical tributes have escaped the pious diligence of his clients who have helped the editor of "St. Joseph's Anthology." The publishers have brought it out with such excellent paper, printing, and binding, that the book, from this material point of view, is pleasant to look at and pleasant to read. May it inspire in many a heart loving and reverent thoughts towards the *Vir Mariæ de quâ natus est Jesus.*

The *Scripturæ Sacræ Cursus* by the fathers of the German Province, under the editorship of Fathers Cornely, Knabenbauer, and De Hummelauer, has reached its 19th part and consists of twenty-three volumes. The next volume to appear, is the "Commentarius in Exodum et Leviticum;" it is already in press. The "Commentarius in S. Joannis Evang.," and the "Commentarius in Librum Sapientiæ" are in preparation, as well as an "Introduc. Spec. in Veteris Test. Libros" by Father Cornely, and a "Lexicon Antiquitatum Biblicorum" by Father M. Hagen. His Holiness has sent a laudatory brief to the authors, giving them his blessing and offering them his congratulations.

FATHER SOMMERVOGEL'S *Bibliothèque* is nearing its end. The author writes us, "I am now at the end of the alphabet; the article 'Wurzburg, Collège de' has been corrected. There will be an entire supplementary volume of appendices, and corrections; indeed these additions will probably be commenced in the eighth volume which is at present in press."

Manual of the Sodality. Apostleship of Prayer, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York City, pp. 315. Price 25 cents. The Manual is beautifully gotten out in blue and silver, and will prove superior, we believe, to many of the larger manuals, in the choice of the prayers, and in the omission of much useless matter.

The Monumenta Publications. PADRE CERVÓS who is connected with the "Monumenta" at Madrid, says that the letters of St. Ignatius recently found are so numerous that they will fill ten to twelve new volumes. These will be published as soon as possible. There are also ready for publication the continuation of the documents about St. Francis Borgia, some writings of Father Nadal, a collection of letters from India, and a complete edition of the letters of St. Francis Xavier.

LITERARY NOTES.—1. Father Tepe is far too well known as a theologian and professor, for our doing anything more than draw attention to the appearance of the fourth volume

of his *Institutiones Theologicæ in usum Scholarum*. His work covers the whole ground of Catholic dogmatic theology, with the exception of the treatises *De Actibus Humanis*.

2. Another important book announced as already published, is Father Humphrey's treatise *De Deo*, entitled "His Divine Majesty," or The Living God. He has treated his subject with a detailed and, if we may say so, an exhaustive completeness. This book forms a valuable addition to the series which Father Humphrey has already produced of treatises on important dogmatic questions.

3. Father Tyrrell has most aptly called his volume of informal meditations, *Nova et Vetera*, although at the same time their general form and character are decidedly new and original. They will not recommend themselves to all states of mind, but to others they will be most acceptable and helpful giving without any effort new point and meaning to old familiar subjects of meditation, and fresh life to well known truths, by drawing new yet simple and effective lessons from them. The writer has aimed at variety, lightness of handling and informality of sequence in the matters which he offers for thought, at the same time that he has ranged his subjects very methodically in an index, which it would be well to consult. The book appears in an attractive form, in clear type, and with wide margin.

4. The opening volume of the new series of *Scripture Manuals for Catholics*, edited by Father Sydney Smith, containing a commentary on the second half of the Acts of the Apostles, has been followed by one on the Gospel of St. Luke.

5. Father Bernard Vaughan's collected edition of his controversial lectures delivered in Manchester, has found two rivals in similar collections of lectures as given by Father Coupe in Preston, and Father Donnelly in Liverpool. He who secures a copy of each, will find his spiritual armory well supplied, as they are written from three quite different points of view, and are directed against three different lines of attack.

6. Father Hamy is preparing for publication a series of twelve engravings, illustrative of the life of St. Ignatius.—From "Letters and Notices."

Des Vocations Sacerdotales et Religieuses dans les Collèges Ecclésiastiques, by FATHER J. DELBREL, S. J. — xiv.–122 pages. Paris, Ch. Poussielgue, 1897.

Father Delbrel dedicates his little book to the teachers and educators of our Catholic youth, in colleges and high schools under the direction of ecclesiastics. He addresses himself therefore in a particular manner to those of Ours who are engaged in college work, setting before them clear and correct ideas of how to deal with the important question of vocation. Though writing primarily for the special circumstances and actual needs of France, the author's principles

and many of their applications are equally well suited to all other countries, ours not excepted. Sacerdotal and religious vocations are not too plentiful among us, especially in some sections of the country, and practical suggestions for multiplying them among our students, cannot but be welcome to those who are told to teach the sciences of earth, only as stepping-stones to the science of the saints.

Father Delbrel tells us in the preface of his work in what sense he understands the term "vocation" of which he treats. It is not God's decree calling a person to a particular state of life; not the presence of divers conditions which render a person fit, for such and such a profession. It is the attraction, the taste, the inclination which cause our preferences to lean towards a given state. This it is that we can and ought to instil with God's grace into as many as possible of the young souls committed to our care.

The author then divides his book into four chapters, the outlines of his plan being as follows :—

I. We should be desirous to have in our colleges a great number of vocations to the religious life and to the priesthood. The reasons for this are many; for instance, the esteem we should have for our own vocation, the pressing needs of the church and of souls, the interests of our Society, the special qualifications of our students.

II. We should prepare the way and clear the ground for vocations; develop those qualities in our students which vocations to the priesthood ordinarily presuppose, such as purity, high-mindedness, devotedness and supernatural motives.

III. We should cast the seed of vocations, and be the instruments which God will use to call to his service. This we can do by our direction in public and in private, by our own virtues and good qualities, and by our prayers.

IV. We must foster the vocations when they have taken root; keep the boy's desire for the priesthood or the religious life alive by helping him to defend it against the evil influences of fickleness of mind, dangerous surroundings, etc.; change the desire into a resolution and finally into execution, by directing and guiding the young man in the choice of a state of life.

As may be seen from this brief summary, Father Delbrel's work is a practical one. His hints and suggestions are based on personal experience and the study of the best authors; they admirably combine discretion and prudence with zeal and charity. May this little book be instrumental in multiplying in our colleges the fragrant flower of sacerdotal and religious vocations!

Ontologia, Metaphysica Generalis. Auctore P. CAROLO DELMAS, S. J. Parisiis, Victor Retaux, Via Bonaparte, 82, 1896, pp. xxxvi.–882.

Father Delmas's book is not superfluous, and we think this high praise. In a short Preface he mentions his subject, explains his method of dealing with it, has a few words to say about Scholastic Philosophy, quotes the Bull "Æterni Patris" in praise of St. Thomas, and proclaims his loyalty to the Angelic Doctor and Suarez. Father Delmas also makes a characteristically Jesuit promise of another volume in which, with God's favor, he will deal more fully than was advisable in the present work with the modern theories of Metaphysics. The Introduction (pp. 1–30) is "On the notion and reality of Metaphysics." The author explains the materialistic, critical and agnostic denial of this reality, gives the true definition of Metaphysics and a refutation of the modern acceptance of the term, demonstrates the reality of Metaphysics and exposes the most dangerous errors of Kant and the Positivists. Finally, the scientific character of his subject is developed, before Chapter I. opens "On Being in General" (p. 31). The notion, nature and reality of Being, non-entity, and "Ens rationis" form the subject-matter of the first article; article 2 has a very thorough explanation of the concept of Being, of the unity and precision of this concept. Being is neither physically nor metaphysically univocal; it is analogous. At this point the author confutes the fundamental doctrine of Pantheism. The three principles springing from the idea of Being are next evolved. It must be remarked that Father Delmas allows no adversary to escape: Kant, Hegel, Spencer and others who have completely perverted the concept of Being, are called up in turn for criticism. St. Thomas, Suarez, De Rhodes, Franzelin, Kleutgen, Urraburu, Pesch, Arriaga, Lossada, Balmes, Mastrius, Joannes a S. Thoma, Complutenses, are names constantly meeting our eye. Art. 3 contains the notion, division, properties and knowableness of essence. Art. 4 treats of Act and Potency. In this connection the following theses may be of interest: Formal possibility consists in the sociability of the notes. Internal possibility depends upon the divine essence: the divine essence alone does not, but in union with the divine intellect does, determine the form of the Possibles. Under Art. 4 we have the famous question of the distinction between Essence and Existence in created objects. The author first defines his terms, tells us what the controversy is about—a very important step, by the way—gives us the Thomistic, Scotistic, and Suarezian opinions, and then sets down his theses. [a] At least a virtual distinction must be admitted. [b] The real distinction does not appear to be solidly proved: the seven arguments in favor of the real distinction are all discussed and answered. [c] In the third proposition, Father Delmas says that the reality of the essence is

identical with its existence—though two formalities may be conceived, one of which presents essence taken absolutely, while the other represents essence as actual.

Chapter II. is on the unity, truth, and goodness of Being. Art. 1 covers the questions on the nature, division and reality of unity, on the principle of individuation (pp. 247–298), on the concepts of multitude (p. 301) and identity (p. 303), on the nature and division of distinction (which must be admitted, which rejected), and on metaphysical grades. Art. 2 treats of ontological and logical truth (pp. 331–380), Art. 3 of the goodness of Being.

Chapter III. is devoted to the discussion of Substance and Accidents (p. 410), Chapter IV. to the Causes of Being (p. 596) and Chapter V. to the Perfection of Being (791–868). A general and analytical index at the beginning, and an alphabetically arranged index of persons, opinions, and subjects at the end add much to the merit of the volume.

From the foregoing inadequate summary, it will be clear that the author omits nothing that falls under the heading of Ontology. His method is admirable. A general view of the question he is about to treat, with a clear exposition of the principal opinions and the difficulties, forms a proper introduction to the answer he gives in a thesis which is always clearly worded and usually made up of several distinct parts. The thesis is then defined, each part explained, the adversaries named, and authorities mentioned. Each part is again repeated and a few words of further explanation added before the proof, in form and generally short, demonstrates the proposition. Difficulties are solved according to the scholastic method. On page 85, n. 63 sqq, Father Delmas sums up briefly and precisely all he has taught on the matter in question. It is a fact that a few truths alone underlie, like seed-truths, every treatise: what these truths are we learn only after very dogged study. They solve all difficulties, are generally luminous in themselves, and throw light on all side questions. Repetition is an essential, especially for philosophers of the first year, and we only wish that Father Delmas had repeated, after each important question was finished, these few seed-truths from which his whole doctrine grew.

This is a large volume, yet the author is not given to verbiage. In fact, he is rather sparing of words. The reader will be struck by the great order he will find in the thought as well as on the printed page. Father Delmas thinks as well as writes in paragraphs. The matter is his own and so has his individuality in its presentation. Ontology has no dead men's bones for this writer. It lives in his pages and its importance is brought home to us all the more vividly as modern philosophy is teeming with false notions on this head.

May-be there is too much dividing and subdividing. To

use a homely illustration, I think most men prefer their roast when served whole; when served otherwise, it is apt to lose some of its succulent richness.

Another excellence of this work is the choice, nice language in which the author exposes his thought. Great care has been given to the typography. The theses are printed in italics, the parts, when repeated, the headings of the chapters, paragraphs, etc., in special type so that the eye finds variety on almost every page.

We think too Father Delmas does a good thing when he permits the Angelic Doctor and Suarez and the other great philosophers to speak their own speech; the scholastics become accustomed thus to the form of thought and to the method of expression of these giants, and this is itself, to use a modern catch-word, a liberal education. To sum up,—this work is evidently a labor of love, done well by a man who has spent many years in the class room, who knows the difficulties that arise from the matter to be treated and from the new condition of things in the mind of a scholastic who has just come from the green fields and pleasant lanes of literature to the Alpine region of philosophy with its aspect cold and forbidding to beginners, but with flowers and a glow of its own for all its constant devotees.

Note.—The author has informed us that the houses of the Society can obtain this work for five francs, instead of eight, if they address their demands to R. P. Bosc, rue des Fleurs 16, Toulouse, France.—*Ed.* W. LETTERS.

Theological Books. There has been for some years a rich and varied output of theological works. New editions have lately appeared of works of Cardinals Franzelin and Mazzella, of Fathers Billot, Bucceroni, Hurter and Palmieri. Father Tepe's theology is now complete, Father Pesch's is progressing apace; we hear that Father S. Schiffini is about to publish what he modestly calls his "Adversaria Theologica;" the first volume of Father Ottiger's posthumous work "De Ecclesia" is just out; Father Wilmers has begun to publish his theology in Latin; also Father Sasse "De Sacramentis."

In the "Cursus Scripturæ" two new names have made their appearance: the Bible-Lexicon of Father Martin Hagen (brother of Father John G. Hagen) and the Commentary on the Book of Wisdom by Father Felchlin are in the press. Father Charles Antoine's "Cours d'Economie Sociale" has been received with unusual encomiums.

The authorship of the Exercises of St. Ignatius. This question of literary history which caused a good deal of commotion and some bitter feeling in the 17th century, has lately been revived and treated again by two learned Benedictine Monks, in the January number of the "Revue des Questions Historiques" and in the "Revue Bénédictine" of November

1896. Let us hope that these two learned essays have set the question definitively at rest for outsiders ; for us Jesuits it has never existed. What the Society has never denied is that St. Ignatius in the beginning of his conversion made use of Garcia de Cisneros' Exercitatorium. Very probably he also read the Life of Christ by Ludolph of Saxony.[1] Dom Jean Martial Besse in the "Revue des Questions historiques," treats the subject very thoroughly in approved modern fashion. He places under his readers' eyes in parallel columns the passages from Garcia de Cisneros and from the Spiritual Exercises of our holy Father, in which there seems to be identity or similarity of thought or expression. In summing up, this writer, as well as the distinguished writer in the "Revue Bénédictine," reaches the conclusion which already in 1607 Father Ribadeneira, after a thorough examination, had arrived at, viz., that in the beginning of his conversion St. Ignatius derived great profit from the reading of Cisneros' Exercitatorium, but that our Spiritual Exercises are an original work of our holy Father *entirely his own.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. — 1. From Rev. Eugene Portalié, Ucles, "La Fin d'une Mystification."

2. From Mr. William H. Hornsby, Zi-ka-wei, China, "Histoire du Royaume de Ou" (Variétés Sinologiques, No. 10).

3. From the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., Dublin, Ireland, "St. Joseph's Anthology."

Province Catalogues of "Castile" ('96 and '97), "Champagne," "Toledo," "Naples," "Galicia," and "Mission of Mangalore."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

XLV. "Is there any authority for Ours adding the name of St. Ignatius at the letter N, in the prayer 'A Cunctis?'" Having examined this question I come to the conclusion that there is no reliable authority for doing so. Here are the reasons :—

I. P. José Mach, S. J., "Tesoro del Sacerdote, Barcelona," 1872—page 272, says : "Celebrando en Oratorios o Iglesias que no tiene Patron, . . . se nombrará el Patron del lugar si le hubiese, confirmado por la Santa Sede, 12 Set. 1840—*Pero nunca el fundador del Orden.* 16 Abr. 1853."

II. De Carpo T. M. O. "Kalendarium Perpetuum" Ferrariæ 1862, p. 187—"Ad litteram vero *N* nominandus est *tantum* S. Titularis Ecclesiæ in qua celebratur."

III. "Compendiosa Bibliotheca liturgica," pag. 357 : "Ad

[1] A series of articles on this subject has been begun by Father Watrigant in the "Etudes" for May 20, 1897.

litteram *N*, nomen *dumtaxat* apponendum est S. Titularis Ecclesiæ in qua fit Sacrum."

IV. De Herdt "Sacræ Liturgiæ Praxis"—Lovanii, 1863 t. I. p. 109—n. 84. 1°—"Ad litteram *N*, exprimendum est nomen Sancti titularis . . . non autem patroni loci, . . . neque ecclesiæ celebrantis, *neque patroni ordinis.*

V. Maurel, S. J. Guide pratique de Liturgie Romaine: "Au Titulaire de l'Eglise où ils célèbrent, les religieux peuvent ajouter le nom de leur S. Fondateur, *s'ils y sont autorisés par un Indult.*"

VI. Dictionnaire . . . des décrets des diverses Congrégations Romaines, Migne, 1852 p. 844 n. 15, "A l'Oraison A Cunctis, les religieux peuvent ajouter le nom de leur Saint Fondateur ou un autre, *pourvu qu'il y ait une concession constateé.*"

I have examined the "Compendium Privilegiorum Societatis," and I have been unable to find any Indult, authorizing us to do so.—It is true that, on the other hand, *Schneider, S. J.*, "Manuale Sacerdotum;" *Hausher, S. J.*, "Compendium Cæremoniarum," the "Compendium præcip. Cærem. ad usum PP. Soc. Jes.," Anicii 1873. *Wappelhorst*, and others, assert that Regulars are allowed to add the name of their founder, at the letter N, in the oration "A Cunctis." But the only authority they cite is a Decree of the Congregation of Rites, June 17, 1843.

Now, the Decree is the following: In una Ordinis Excalceat. S. Trinitatis ad 3. n. 4964. 3° "Inoltre, quando nella Messa si deve dire l'orazione A Cunctis, si nominano in essa i detti Sancti Patriarchi in tutti le Chiesi dell' ordine, essendo stampata la detta orazione con la Secreta et Postcommunio coi nomi di detti Sancti invece del *N*, 'atque beatis Patribus nostris Joanne et Felice.'"

Resp. ad 3^m^. Permitti posse; dummodo non omittatur Titularis Ecclesiæ nomen . . . Atque ita rescripserunt ac servari mandaverunt in *supradicto ordine.*

This decree, which the above mentioned authors invoke, is proper to the Trinitarians; there was question of an ancient custom, a custom consecrated in the very redaction of the Missal of the order, a custom which the Trinitarians asked to keep through Indult. The decree thus applies only to the Trinitarians, and hence the author of the "Compendium præc. Rubric. ad usum PP. Soc. Jes. Namurci, 1877, says: "Hoc responsum est pro petentibus Trinitariis, non pro Regularibus in communi, de quibus ne verbum quidem dicitur."

Nor can we invoke the "Communicatio Privilegiorum." For there is a decree of the Congregation of Rites to the contrary. This decree is of March 20, 1706, and may be found at the beginning of the Breviary. "An Regulares absque speciali privilegio, sed sola communicatione privilegiorum aliorum Religionum, possint addere nomen S. Fundatoris in Litaniis et Confiteor, itemque recitare officia et Missas, con-

cessas aliis Religionibus? Respondit S. Congr.:" *Negative* in omnibus.

This is further confirmed by a decree issued for the Franciscans, who in 1853 asked for the same privilege and were refused. Decretum n. 5183, Ordinis S. Francisci de observantia. Dubium XIX.—"In Ecclesiis in quibus S. Titularis in oratione A Cunctis jam nominatus est, vel nominari non debet, nempe si sit SS. Trinitas, Spiritus S. etc., potestne ad litteram *N*, nominari S. P. Franciscus, de quo fit commemoratio in suffragiis, ut nobis concedunt peculiares nostræ Rubricæ?" Ad XIX. — *Negative*, et datur decretum in una Marsorum.

This same question is discussed at length in the "Nouvelle Revue Théologique, vol. 13, 1881 page 512, and is also solved in the *negative*. Many of the preceding arguments have been taken from that article.

Jas. De Potter, S. J.,
Grand Coteau, May 29, 1897.

XLIV. Enclosed I send you an answer to Query XLIV. Our librarian, Father Braun found the items in the archives of this residence.—*F. J. Valazza, S. J., St. Joseph's Church, St. Louis, Mo., April 5, 1897.*

I. Father William Francis Morand. Born Aug. 25, 1701. Entered Society March 14, 1720 in the Province of Lyons. Arrived in Canada 1735. Died in Louisiana 1761 (Catalog. Rom.).—II. Father Max. Le Roy. Born April 18, 1716. Entered Dec. 14, 1733 in the Province Gallo-Belg. Arrived in Canada 1750. Went to Mexico 1763.—III. Father Nicholas Le Fevre. Born August 15, 1705. Entered Sept. 29, 1733 in the Province Gallo-Belg. Arrived in Canada 1743. Returned or died before 1764.

QUERIES.

XLVI. When was the custom introduced into the Society of praying for the "Northern Nations?" Which were these Northern Nations?

XLVII. In the suffrages for the dead, the Institute requires those who are not priests to say their beads only. Some provinces, however, require the indulgence of two or three Communions. What is the origin and force of commanding these Communions?

OBITUARY.

Father Michael Nash.

An account of the early years of Father Nash and of his life in the Society up to 1863, the time he returned with his Zouaves from the war, will be found in his Reminiscences, p. 257 of this number. It only remains for us to give here some account of his life from 1863 and an estimate of his character. On his return from the war he was appointed Vice-President of St. John's College during the scholastic year 1863–'64. In August 1864, he was sent to Guelph, Canada, where he attended an out-lying mission of Germans, and taught a grammar class which the superior of the mission hoped would develop into a college. The tuition was free and a lunch was served gratis to some of the students. Even with this encouragement the "collegium inchoatum" was not a success, so it was closed in December 1864, and Father Nash was sent to St. Mary's College, Montreal, where he taught the commercial class and some English branches in the Latin course for the rest of the scholastic year. In August 1865, he was sent as "operarius" to Troy, but he remained here but one year, for in August 1866, he was again in Montreal teaching the commercial class and giving instructions in English in our church. He remained in Canada till 1869, teaching in St. Mary's College and a part of the time giving missions in the diocese of Kingston among the "chantiers," or lumber men, the Metis, and Catholic Indians, and in the Autumn of 1867 giving retreats to communities in Bardstown and Louisville, Kentucky. The year 1869–'70 Father Nash spent in missionary work, being one of a band of missionaries having their headquarters at St. Francis Xavier's, New York. During this time he gave a mission to the soldiers and civilians at West Point and remained in charge of this military post, as Catholic chaplain, during a month while the pastor was absent. He was remembered for a long time afterwards by those at West Point for his apostolic labors during that time. The following scholastic year he was at the new Canisius College, Buffalo, which had been opened by the fathers of the German Province, teaching English. Here he remained for only one year, for the next year he is again at St. Mary's College, Montreal, teaching and preaching. This yearly change came to an end in the Autumn of 1874, when Father Nash was sent to Troy, where he remained for fourteen consecutive years. During the

first three years of his sojourn at Troy he taught an evening school for boys wishing to become priests. It was hoped that this school would develop into a college, and in the catalogue of 1878 Father Nash is marked as "Præf. Stud." of the "coll. inchoat." The college for want of encouragement on the part of the diocesan authorities was abandoned, but seven of the boys whom Father Nash taught in his evening school afterwards entered the Society. In August 1888, Father Nash was sent as "operarius" to St. Laurence's Church, New York. Here he remained for three years, when he was sent back to Troy for another year. In August 1872 he was appointed Spiritual Father for Holy Cross, Worcester, and after two years spent at Worcester he returned to Troy, where he died on September 6, 1895. The last year of his life he was assigned to teach a Latin evening class to the poor boys whom it was thought might have a vocation for the priesthood.

For the following appreciation of Father Nash's character we are indebted to one who lived many years with him and knew him intimately.

Father Nash was a brave man and naturally pugnacious. He was not afraid of danger and was always ready for a daring expedition. He was thus eminently suited as chaplain for the Wilson Zouaves, who were composed of the roughest element of New York. He was much loved and respected by both the men and officers, and in turn he would never allow anyone to say a word against them. His fiery disposition, which he fought against all his life, led him often to express his likes and his dislikes too freely and even, with what seemed to many, bitterness. He had a sharp tongue and he punished with severe lashes those with whom he disagreed. Naturally enough he was an ardent supporter of the cause of the North, and his temper led him at times into saying and doing things which scandalized those who did not know him, nor how much he had to fight against in himself. His ardor and fearlessness showed itself advantageously when the small-pox was decimating the city of Troy. Father Nash at the risk of catching the plague, willingly stayed at the pest house some months to attend the sick and say Mass for the three Sisters of Charity who were nursing the sick. On another occasion whilst at Fordham, he was sent to the Ursuline Convent for some ministerial work. One of the lay sisters had forgotten to give water to their horse. The animal became wild and jumped upon the sister and was trampling her to death when word was brought to Father Nash that a sister had been killed by the horse. He ran at once to the stable and succeeded in rescuing the sister, bruised and bleeding but still alive, from under the feet of the horse, though he himself was injured and laid up with a broken wrist and severe bruises for some time.

Though Father Nash was not a preacher, his retreats to

sodalities of men and women and to religious communities were most successful. His hearers liked his military style and the use he made of his military knowledge to encourage and urge on souls in the fight against themselves and our great enemy. He was a worker and used the time left him from teaching and the ministry to translate a number of books from the German or French. Thus while teaching in Montreal he translated from the German of Father Stöger, S. J., "The Crown of Heaven," which was published by O'Shea of New York in 1877, in 1869 he translated from the French "The History and Origin of the Agnus Dei," and in 1861 "The Pilgrim" from the German.

Father Nash was a capital story teller and could amuse and interest his hearers for hours and hours. He carried the same talent into his writings and what he wrote was always interesting. Unfortunately his active imagination, which served him to advantage in story telling, caused him to exaggerate when writing of the past, so his historical statements cannot always be relied on. The notes in his diary were undoubtedly trustworthy, but what he wrote in his later years from these notes had to be carefully revised and much matter expunged before it could be published.

Father Nash was exact in his religious duties. It is said that during the time he was with his Zouaves he never once missed saying his breviary. When not overcome by his fiery temper, he was amiable and made a number of warm friends. He was much loved by the poor wherever he went and he did not spare himself in laboring for them. He did much to make Ours esteemed by the people of St. Joseph's, Troy, by whom he will long be remembered.—R. I. P.

Father Archibald J. Tisdall.

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 25, 1841.
Died in Denver, Colorado, October 11, 1896.

Forty one years ago dear old Father Charles Stonestreet was Provincial of the Maryland Province and was entering the third year of his honored career in that office. Few men leave memories so endearing and so enduring as those that cluster around the recollection of this venerated priest.

Early in June 1856, he left Georgetown College to make the annual visitation at St. Joseph's, Willing's Alley, Philadelphia. During his stay at this ancient little Mecca, hemmed in by towering structures, he was particularly interested in the welfare of the boys attending the then nascent St. Joseph's College, and repeatedly inquired concerning the advantages offered them. One day, as he was returning from a walk, he was met by a pale delicate looking boy of about fifteen years, who, reverently lifting his hat, shyly passed on. There was something in the boy's expressive face—a some-

thing that he wanted to say—that fixed Father Stonestreet's attention, and turning round he spoke to the little fellow. What passed between them was never known till after many years, when Father Tisdall recounting his first meeting with the provincial, said that he spoke then of becoming a priest.

"Well, to be a priest you'll have to leave your father and your mother, and everything you have in the world, and go away and never see again the dear ones of your home. What do you say to that?"

"Well, a good many other boys have done it, and I guess I can do it too."

The good old father was pleased at this guileless and determined answer, and said,—

"Come, see me to-morrow morning after breakfast. That to-morrow morning was June 15, 1856. Little Archie, as he was called, for he was of low stature and inclined to be stocky, was on time and found Father Stonestreet awaiting him. The outcome of this visit was little Tisdall's appearance at the novitiate on the 7th of August following. On that auspicious day he began his probation, and until the day of his demise—upwards of forty years—he was tried and found true to his holy vocation as a son of Saint Ignatius.

His two years noviceship were marked with unwavering fidelity and compliance with the duties assigned to those of novice grade. At the close of his first year, however, his health, never good, was so uncertain that superiors exempted him from the ordinary physical tasks assigned novices and allotted him a room in the infirmary, where, freed from the usual novice chores and exacting routine, he seemed to recuperate rapidly. A few months prior to taking the simple vows, he was sent to the old villa on the heights above Georgetown, D. C. A six weeks stay in that healthful retreat so invigorated him that on returning to Frederick he was permitted to take the vows on the 15th of August, 1858. Falling in line with the other juniors, he studied hard and plodded on manfully, but at the end of two years he asked for a third year of juniorate. His request was granted and he had already begun the extended term, when a call came from Loyola College for an extra teacher. Thither Mr. Tisdall was sent in October, 1860. He was given a class of rudiments and for six years was occupied alternately as teacher and prefect of discipline. During all these years he was an exemplary young religious. Among the many college duties that he so conscientiously performed was that of prefect of health. Although he suffered almost constantly from the ravages of a long incurable illness, still he never seemed to tire in his maternal ministrations to the sick. They who dwelt with him and knew him best were often surprised to find him kneeling in the chapel at his morning visit, after having spent much of the preceding night at the bedside of some sick brother, father or scholastic. He seemed

to make self and its ceaseless cravings subservient to the convenience and comfort of his brethren. With him there was no choice between friend and friend. To all, his kindness was devoid of preference; and condition, birthplace, age or office formed no part of the zeal that animated his good offices in behalf of his suffering brethren. He saw in each of them the image of Him who said, "As long as you minister unto the least of these, you minister unto me."

The time was rapidly approaching when his ardent longing to be numbered among the priests of the Most High urged him to ask from the then Provincial, Father Joseph Keller, permission to make the proximate studies of the priesthood. His petition was granted. This was in July 1866. Immediately after the summer vacation of that year he began his philosophy, which having finished, he took up a course of two years theology, studying privately at Loyola College under the direction of one of the fathers. At the termination of these four years of study he was ordained priest at Woodstock College in July, 1870. A few days after his ordination, he spent ten days of restful vacation at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. At that time the lamented Father Peter Blenkinsop was superior. He received the young priest with open arms and with such paternal greeting that its memory was often recalled by Father Tisdall, when the name of the saintly old man was breathed by any one of the multitude of Ours who had shared his hospitality and felt the warmth of his more than fatherly welcome.

After this brief visit to his native city he was sent to Frederick, where he was appointed minister. It was whilst still holding this office, 1875, that he was made master of novices. He continued in this strange combination of offices until 1877 when he was proclaimed rector at Frederick. It may be said that during his term of office as minister and rector, covering a period of upwards of sixteen years, he remodelled the entire aggregation of ramshackle buildings known as the novitiate. Besides making the rooms and dormitories cheerful and more habitable, he renovated the community chapel and transformed it into a devotional miniature temple. A spacious new refectory and a fine study hall for the novices arose on the site of the dingy old structures that had been in use for these purposes for more than half a century. Within and without the walls of St. John's Church, opposite the novitiate, the talent and skill of the artist were displayed under the guiding hand of Father Tisdall.

Sixteen years of unremitting care and solicitude for those committed to his charge brought about a crisis of failing powers and health that demanded immediate attention. Kind superiors suggested a temporary rest from the arduous duties of his office, and in May, 1886, we find him rusticating at our mission, Conewago, Adams Co., Pa., where he sojourned for nearly six months. About the beginning of October fol-

lowing, he was transferred from that solitude to surroundings more cheerful, and to a climate that promised a partial relief, at least, to the patient sufferer. His new home at Denver, Colorado, was reached by easy stages, inside of two weeks. Here passed the closing, peaceful years of his life.

Broken in health as he was, his buoyancy of spirit never deserted him. His brethren, ever lavish in kindness, found in him the true marks of a son of the Society. Prayerful, patient, and resigned, he awaited the summons to a better life. When the final hour came it found him ready. No sigh of regret at parting from life escaped his lips. Strengthened with the last rites of our holy faith, and comforted with the record of his good works, known in heaven, his anointed hands crossed on his manly breast, he breathed out his chastened soul into the keeping of the Immortal King, whom he had loved and served so long and so well.

He lies in the little churchyard of the college, where western winds wave the willows over the mossy mound that hides his form from view. There, his faithful brethren will often stop to breathe a *De profundis* for the gentle, merciful soul of Archibald Tisdall, priest of the Society of Jesus.—R. I. P.

JOHN B. NAGLE, S. J.

FATHER JOSEPH KREUSCH.

Father Joseph Kreusch was born March 22, 1829, at Eupen, a town in the archdiocese of Cologne, Germany, and was brought up in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere. During his student life and as a secular priest he came in close contact with such eminent men as Dieringer, Westhoff, Martin, afterwards bishop of Paderborn, and with Archbishop, later on Cardinal, von Geissel, of Cologne. He was ordained priest September 4, 1854. From the very beginning of his career he devoted his special attention and chief energy to the education of the young both in school and church. Before he entered the novitiate, November 3, 1862, he had been inspector of parish schools in two different districts. In the Society he was, after three years of study, employed for one year in the sacred ministry and then sent to this country. He came to Buffalo in September 1868, where Father Durthaller, superior of St. Michael's residence, was then building the spacious and massive stone structure of St. Michael's for the Germans. About that time, at the request of the superiors of the New York Mission, Buffalo and Toledo were handed over by Father General Beckx to the German Province as a mission to which in the course of time some other places were added. When Canisius College was opened in 1870, Father Kreusch was employed as teacher. Already as a student at the gymnasium he had a great liking for languages; when studying at the university of Bonn, he belonged

to an English speaking club, read the English classics, and used to listen to English lectures whenever an occasion offered. As soon as a sufficient number of regular professors for the new college had been obtained, Father Kreusch was exclusively employed in the parish of St. Michael's, of which he remained pastor until 1886. In that year he was sent as superior to Burlington, Ia. ; in 1894 he returned to Buffalo as superior of St. Ann's, which position he held at his death. His death came quite unexpectedly. In the afternoon of the 10th of December last, after the usual visit of the school, he suddenly felt very unwell ; there appears to have been an affection of the heart. Eight days later, Dec. 18, he said his last Mass in the church and on the following day, after dinner, he was found lying on the floor of his room dead.

Nature and grace had combined to produce in Father Kreusch a thoroughly harmonious character, the ideal christian gentleman, at peace with God and men. He was ever calm, self-possessed, gentle and amiable, a model of regular observance, living entirely and unobtrusively for the work entrusted to him. His chief work, as has been mentioned, was the education of the young. The instruction of the 1800 children of St. Ann's school in catechism was, of course, divided among several fathers ; Father Kreusch had his share like the rest and attended to it most conscientiously. Besides this he visited every one of the twenty-six school rooms regularly once a week, to see that the class work was diligently attended to. Nothing, however, equalled his zeal in preparing the children for their first Communion and for confirmation, which was regularly administered to them eight days after the first Communion. From the time when the special preparation began, the children had to go to confession every month ; for three or four months he would instruct them every day in school and on Saturdays he would spend a special hour with them in the church for "the preparation of the heart," as he called it ; a regular retreat of three days preceded the day of the first Communion itself on which day the good father himself was the happiest of men. Afterwards they were obliged for two years to attend every Sunday afternoon an instruction of half an hour, the attendance at which was strictly enforced.—R. I. P.

Father Henry Knappmeyer.

Father Henry Knappmeyer was born June 9, 1835, at Münster, Westphalia, Germany. On April 14, 1857, he entered the novitiate at Friedrichsburg near the same city, where he had in his second year Father Lessmann as socius of the master of novices. After a period of four years of teaching in our college of Feldkirch, Austria, he made his philosophical and theological studies at Maria Laach, from

1864–69. Soon after his ordination he left with other fathers for the United States and was sent together with Father F. X. Delhez and Father G. Friderici to Fredcrick, to make the third year of probation, 1869–70. After the tertianship Father Knappmeycr went to Buffalo, where the German fathers were about to open Canisius College. He had the honor of being the first prefect and one of the first professors of the new institution. In a small brick building on Ellicott Street two classes were arranged, one for classical, the other for commercial students, containing in all thirty-five boys. At the end of the first year the number of students had reached fifty and the second was opened with sixty. In 1872 the central portion of the present college building on Washington Street was erected. When the father left Buffalo in 1882, hc saw the imposing college structure completed and the number of students increased to above 200. During his stay at Canisius College Father Knappmeyer filled with great ability the posts of professor, prefect of day scholars, prefect general of discipline, and prefect of studies. In 1882 he was transferred to the boarding college of the Sacred Heart at Prairie du Chien, Wis., to be professor and prefect of studies and afterwards prefect general of discipline. When this college was closed and changed into a novitiate and juniorate, Father Knappmeyer was sent to St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, O., where he was rector from Nov. 4, 1888, till June 22, 1893. During his rectorship the beautiful college building, an ornament to the "Forest City," was erected. The remaining years of his life he spent as minister and operarius at St. Mary's, Toledo, O. For sevcral years his health had been declining and after a long and painful disease, which he bore with grcat patience, he breathed his last on January 4, 1897.

Father Knappmeyer was a great lover of literature and a kcen and sound critic. Had he devoted his great abilities to literary production, there is no doubt that he would have become a distinguished writer. But he spent twenty-seven years of his life in our colleges as teacher, superior, director of studies and disciplinarian. He had a remarkable gift of managing boys and dealing with all sorts of people. At times one would think that he was able to read the hearts of men. His caustic wit tempered by great kindness of hcart and his rare conversational powers won him friends cverywhere. In this connection it ought to be recorded that when Bishop Horstmann first came to Cleveland, Father Knappmeyer, then rector of our college, at once won the confidence and friendship of the new bishop. Many secular priests held him in high esteem and oftcn sought his counsel and advice. The early students of Canisius College have always remembered him with affection and have regarded him, not without good reason, as the founder of their Alma Mater.—R. I. P.

Father Basil Haefely.

By the death of Father Basil Haefely the number of the survivors of those who entered the Society in Switzerland before the expulsion, has been reduced to seventeen, the members of the "Provincia Germaniæ Superioris" at the end of 1847 being 264. Father Haefely was born February 4, 1822, at Maria-Stein, diocese of Basel, and entered the novitiate at Brieg, October 3, 1843. During his noviceship the socius of the novice master was Father Lucas Caveng, who ten years later became superior of the residence at Buffalo. He was studying philosophy at Freiburg, when this city fell into the hands of the revolutionists and the college had to be closed, November 14, 1847. In the following year he came to this country, with the band of exiles whom the late Father Behrens conducted to America. He spent three years at Holy Cross College, Worcester, engaged in teaching. He was one of the inmates of the building when it was destroyed by fire in 1852. The story was often related in his presence —with what foundation of fact he would not tell—that in order to save his valuables he flung his trunk out of the window and afterwards on opening it found nothing but a shirt. In the same year he was recalled to Europe. He began his theology at Utrecht in Holland, and continued it in the newly-erected scholasticate at Cologne, where Father Anderledy was "vice-rector, præf. tonorum et operarius." In 1855 he made his tertianship at Gorheim near Sigmaringen, Father Nopper being at the time a novice in the same house. Afterwards he studied one year rhetoric at Paderborn and in 1856 was sent to Bombay.

In the East Indies Father Haefely spent twenty-three years. He was pastor of Catholic congregations and military chaplain, professor, and superior. From 1868–79 he also filled the position of vicar general of Bishop Meurin, S. J., vicar apostolic of Bombay. When Father Lessmann was visitor of the mission (1872–73), Father Haefely was superior of the house where ten fathers made their third year of probation under the visitor as their instructor. After toiling twenty-three years in the torrid climate of India his health was shattered and the physicians decided that he must return to Europe. The order to sail came so suddenly that, as he smilingly used to relate, he was hurried off to the steamer in his slippers, not having time to exchange them for his shoes. After his return to Europe in 1879 he continued for some time to draw the salary which was paid to him as military chaplain by the British government. After a stay of two years at Feldkirch, Austria, he was sent to the Buffalo Mission. He was stationed at Canisius College and later on at Toledo, in both places being minister and operarius. In the summer of 1893, shortly before the feast of St. Ignatius, he had a stroke of

apoplexy, from which, however, he recovered so far as to be able to celebrate with special dispensation the holy sacrifice. His physician warned him that the stroke would probably be repeated and the third time it would be fatal. So it came to pass. Well prepared by his saintly life and his sufferings and comforted with the last sacraments of holy Church he died peacefully January 16, 1897.

Father Haefely's was a beautiful, child-like soul, upright, devout, conscientious. When he was quite an old man, his face retained something indescribably child-like. A little girl who did not know his name described him as "the old priest with the baby-face." Those who knew him in his studies, admired his great energy; for he was rather slow in learning. His talents were more in the practical line. He was a man of great common sense; he was skilful in drawing and painting; he was a musician and an excellent stage manager. Of all these practical talents he made, especially in the East Indies, the most extensive use for the greater glory of God. As superior Father Haefely governed in the true spirit of the Society; he insisted everywhere on order and exactness, but he himself did much more than he demanded of others. There was none who did not admire his zeal and his charity. There was only one thing which really afflicted him and this was to see himself reduced to a condition in which he was unable to do any work. Yet even in this condition he did much by his resignation, patience and cheerfulness, for the honor of God and the edification of his brethren.—R. I. P.

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN NORTH AMERICA
From Mar. 9, 1897 to June 15, 1897.

	Age	Time	Place
Fr. Anthony Maraschi.....	77	Mar. 18	San Francisco, Cal.
Fr. Benedict Piccardo.....	77	Mar.	California.
Mr. James J. Kelley.....	35	Mar. 21	Milwaukee, Wis.
Br. Bartholomew Lynch	47	Mar.	Spokane, Washington
Mr. Ambrose J. O'Connell	31	Apr. 3	Georgetown College, D. C.
Fr. Adrian Hoecken.....	82	Apr. 19	Milwaukee, Wis.
Br. Joseph Kain	74	May 6	St. Laurence's, N. Y.
Fr. Paul Nadeau	64	May 6	Sault-au-Récollet, Can.
Fr. Nicholas Congiato.....	81	May 10	Los Gatos, California.
Br. Blasius Walch	80	Jun. 2	Frederick, Md.
Br. Charles Jogeman.....	23	Jun. 8	Grand Coteau, La.
Br. Matthew McNerney.....	56	Jun. 12	Frederick, Md.

Requiescant in Pace.

VARIA.

Alaska, A new Prefect-Apostolic.—Father John B. René, superior of the residence at Juneau, by a decree dated March 16, has been appointed Prefect-Apostolic of Alaska, in place of Father Tosi. This decree reached Father René on May 20, and he is at present (June 15) on his way to the Youkon. After the promulgation of the decree by Father Tosi, Father René will visit the different missions along the Youkon, and the white settlements in the mining region. His intention is to return to Juneau by the middle of September, and make his headquarters there. Father General has also decided that the Prefect-Apostolic be the "Superior Regularium" for upper Alaska —i. e., the Youkon—but lower Alaska, comprising Juneau, Sitka, etc., is to remain as before under the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission. Father Cataldo, who went to the Yukon last year as Visitor, is expected to return this summer.

Belgium.—The "Société Scientifique de Bruxelless," founded by Father Carbonelle for the purpose of proving that there is and can be no real contradiction between faith and true science, is in a most flourishing state. At the annual Easter congress, held at Brussells during the latter part of April, several of our fathers read valuable papers, giving the result of their personal researches in geology, geography, ethnology, natural history, etc. Father Lucas professor of physics at our college at Namur, gave an illustrated lecture on the most recent application of the Roëntgen, or X rays, while the well known Assyriologist, Father Delattre, professor at the Louvain scholasticate, gave a valuable lecture before the different sections united. The work of the "Société" is of the highest scientific order, and it is no little honor to the Province of Belgium that so many of Ours are found to take a leading part in these meetings.

Canada, The Scholasticate. — Father Hamel, formerly Superior of the Mission and recently Director of the House of Retreats at Quebec, has been transferred to the scholasticate at Montreal where he replaces the late Father Henry Hudon as Spiritual Father of the theologians.

Loyola College, Montreal.—Ever since its opening in September last, the new English college has gone on prospering. The number of pupils has now increased to 130; it would be still larger, were it not that many applications for admission have had to be refused for want of the necessary accommodations. There are at present four classes in the college: preparatory, Latin

rudiments, third grammar and rhetoric. Next year, the remaining classes will come over from St. Mary's which will thus become again an exclusively French college. In order to provide accommodations for the increased numbers, a large dwelling house has already been secured on Bleury Street, adjoining Loyola. The present quarters are, of course temporary, and as such are not without their inconveniences. However, superiors are carefully studying ways and means, and as soon as circumstances shall permit, a site will be secured in some convenient part of the city and suitable buildings erected.

The Novitiate.—A very gratifying fact in connection with the opening of Loyola, is the simultaneous increase in the number of English-speaking novices at the Sault-au-Récollet. Several have already entered, and the current bids fair to continue.

Fort William.—Father Paul Nadeau, Superior at Fort William on Lake Superior, was relieved of his office in March last, on account of failing health, and transferred to the Sault-au-Récollet where he has since died of cancer of the stomach. His place at Fort William is being filled temporarily by Father Specht. Father Nadeau has spent all his life since his ordination, among the Indian missions about Lake Huron, undergoing at times great hardships and sufferings. Some account of his labors may be found in the early numbers of the LETTERS in his own words, as he was a frequent contributor from 1874–'78. He was a zealous and devoted missioner.—R. I. P.

Blessed Peter Canisius, His name.—Father Otto Braunsberger, in his monumental work: "Beati Petri Canisii Epistulæ et Acta," discusses this interesting question pp. 70–71. In the first letter here printed, which is the earliest extant, addressed to his sister Wendelina, he signs Petr Kanys. In contemporary documents the family name is written in many ways: Kanys, Kanisius, Canis, Canisius, Kanis, Kaniss, Kannees. Polanco in an official letter writes Chanisius.

Father Braunsberger discusses on this occasion the widely prevalent opinion that the real name was De Hondt or De Hond, and declares it to be an assertion that has never been proved. He avers that in all the original documents of the 15th and 16th centuries pertaining to his family, he has never met with the name Hondt. He concludes, however, that in earlier times the family name may perhaps have been Hundt or rather Hondt.

Copley, Father Thomas—The date of his death, which was formerly unknown, is furnished by these late publications: "Maryland Archives," Vol. X., p. 185, also from the "Calvert Papers," published by the Maryland Historical Society. He died 14 July, 1652.

France.—The transformation of the "Etudes" into a fortnightly has proved a real success. The number of our subscribers, instead of diminishing as was feared by our editor and many others, has notably increased over last year. It was to provide against a possible depression, that I have looked for a less expensive printer outside of Paris, and have found him at Amiens. This will go far towards the equilibrium of our budget, notwithstanding the fact, that for eighteen folia per month the subscription is now two francs less than it was for sixteen folia before the change.—The novitiate at Beauregard near Nancy, especially for coadjutor brothers, numbering too few candidates, has been suppressed for the time being; at St. Acheul there are twenty-four scholastic novices. The work of our fathers is everywhere successful. The missions given at Reims, Lille, Dunkerque, etc., have been very well attended. The sum total of students in our colleges is notably superior to the figures of the years before 1880. Nearly all the residences are reopened; however, everything is not entirely reassuring, as lately our chapel at Donai was closed, on account of some denunciations against the work of Father Trannin among soldiers. In Metz (Lorraine) also, Father Paul Mury has been expelled by the Prussian government, for a too patriotic preface which he wrote for the "History of our Collège, St. Clément" by one of our alumni. —*From Father Joseph Brucker, Paris.*

Galicia.—Father John Badeni on April 4, 1897, was appointed Provincial of Galicia. The Provincial's residence has been changed from "Rue Kopernik 26" to "Rue Grodzka 43, Galicia, Austria."

India, Madura Mission (*Province of Toulouse*).—Towards the close of last year, the superiors of the four Indian Missions were summoned to a conference by Very Rev. Father General, who was anxious to settle a variety of things concerning the missions, and, in particular, the studies of our scholastics in this part of the world. His Paternity has, therefore decided that there should be one house of studies in the North at Kurseong for theology, and another in the South at Shambaganore for philosophy. The two houses are located in the mountains, which are the resort of Europeans during the sultry months of the year. The weather and the surroundings leave nothing to be desired. However, considering that the missions of India are served by various provinces, Father General has left a margin for any change that may, in course of time, be rendered necessary. Though the two houses are now in working order, the new programme as laid down by Father General is to come into force only at the beginning of 1898. The new year will see all the philosophers assembled here at Shambaganore, and all the theologians at Kurseong.

Shambaganore.—This house has been a few years in existence, and for want of better accommodation shelters under one roof three fathers, twelve philos-

ophers, thirteen juniors and fifteen novices. The building, which has been hastily put together to meet the exigencies of the moment, is barely sufficient for the large number of scholastics who will be coming up year after year. We are therefore putting up a three-storied edifice which will be the "Collegium SS. Cordis Jesu." The main part of it will contain chapels, halls, and rooms for professors, while the two wings will contain twenty-seven rooms on either side for the scholastics. Our grounds cover an area of 100 acres. It is a most picturesque plateau where a sort of perennial spring seems to reign throughout the year, while down in the plains, the heat is intense and the thermometer registers an average of 100° f. in the dry season. Two miles from here, the pleasure-seeking English residents of Southern India have erected a flourishing town, charmingly laid out with a view to comfort and beauty. Within our own grounds, we are left to ourselves and can get on without any uncomfortable contact with the outside world. We have here fruit and vegetable gardens, woods and streams, dairy and poultry yard. A beneficent government has allowed us the enviable privilege of having our own post office, in which the duly installed postmaster is a lay brother, who is paid by the state for looking after our letters. When he is off duty, he is the brother cook of the community.

Our Colleges.—The annual inspection of our colleges by government officials has always been a source of great inconvenience to us. In spite of our best efforts, their reports are not always what we should like them to be. One of the duties of the inspector is to inquire minutely into the qualifications of the teachers, and to insist upon their being university men with degrees and special training. This it was that induced the superiors up till now to send up a certain number of scholastics for these degrees, and make them go through a bewildering course of studies much at variance with the Ratio Studiorum. To remedy this state of affairs, Father Maffei, Principal of St. Aloysius' College, drew up a memorial of forty pages in which, after reviewing the educational history of the Society, he put forth its claims to an exemption from the requirements of the university. The memorial went to the Director of Public Instruction and to the Secretaries of Government, and was approved of by one and all. Sir Arthur Havelock in granting the much-desired exemption, stated that it gave him great pleasure to do justice to a body of learned men that have had a glorious history of three centuries and have been the educators of the world. The only qualification that is demanded of us is a note from the superior certifying that the teacher is a member of the Society of Jesus and has gone through the usual course of studies of the Society.—*D. Fernandes, S. J.*

Bombay Mission (Province of Germany). Our Colleges at Bombay during the Plague.—Of the dozen or two of native high schools only two have so far withstood the shock of the plague, and they are the Government high school and our own St. Francis Xavier's. But it must be noted that the former, two divisions of which numbered last year over 1200 pupils, has now not more

than seventy boys, all told, on the rolls, and Government refuses to close it out of policy, lest thereby they would increase the scare. Our own high school numbers at present 230 out of the 1264 of last year. Among the closed native high schools there are at least three or four that usually had each from 1000 to 1500 pupils, and this year they could not get 100 of them to return. Of the European high schools, the cathedral—Anglican—has dissolved its boarding establishment, and has at present 110 day scholars instead of its former 200. St. Peter's—Protestant—has been transferred to Nasik on the Deccan. The Byculla (Anglican) Protestant Orphanage, has a few cases of the plague among its pupils, and was ordered by the municipality to disband the day school, keeping only its boarders. The Scotch Orphanage boarding school is the only one remaining unaffected, as it is situated in an isolated position outside the city limits and receives only orphans. Our own St. Mary's high school—for European boarders and Christian day scholars of all classes—has been divided into two establishments, continuing its day school in Bombay, and transferring the boarding department to Khandalla, in the Ghant Mountains, with 135 attendants in the former, 115 in the latter, numbering together 250 out of the former total of 550 pupils. Of the three university colleges of the city, the Government college has only sixty students and is forced to continue its lectures for the same reason as the Government high school. The Wilson College (Presbyterian Missionary) was dissolved in January, and began work on the second of March with only forty students. St. Xavier's College has maintained from the beginning of the term in January, a steady number of 110 with slight fluctuations, its last year's total having been 262. The present attendance at St. Xavier's—both school and college—amounts to 340 as against the grand total of 1526 of last year. On the whole, therefore, we consider that we have much to thank Almighty God for, as by his favor we are passing through the ordeal with the least losses.—*From a Letter of Father Stanislaus Boswin dated March* 28, 1897.

Italy, Province of Venice. A New Foundation. — At the beginning of the current year we opened at Beyamo an apostolic school which goes under the name of the "Scuola Apostolico di S. Antonio." It is hoped that in the near future this school will become a nursery for our novitiate, which for several years past has been very meagre and consequently the Province has increased very little, though our field of operation is very large. In the programme of the above apostolic school it is stated that its chief object is to supply missionaries to the mission of Mangalore in the East Indies; on this account only those are admitted who show inclination to a missionary life. At their entrance the candidates have six months of probation after which, if they have given satisfactory proofs of their vocation and are found to have all the prerogatives required by the programme, they are admitted to make the so-called "apostolic promise" in the presence of the director and of their companions, by which they declare it to be their sincere and firm will to spend

all their life in the service of God and the salvation of souls as missionaries. The house for the apostolic school has been bought with the money left to the Society by Canon Foresti, who died at Bergamo several years ago; it is large enough to accommodate a good community, but up to the present only a few have been admitted.—*Father Paul Perini.*

Lecce, May 31, 1897.—*Our College at Lecce* is undoubtedly the finest in the province of Naples. It is a magnificent structure, occupying one of the healthiest spots of this city. Though only two stories high, it rises about forty-two feet from the ground, giving each story an elevation of nearly twenty feet. It covers a large area, and is surrounded by a garden where orange and lemon trees abound. Father Argento, the rector, began its erection over ten years ago, and he is still working at it, though the decoration is the only thing that remains to be done. To the energy, patience and self-denial of the Rev. Father this college will stand as a perennial monument. He alone, with no assistance or encouragement from the Province, undertook a work that would have discouraged any body of men in this country and these times, and he has completed it with hardly any debt. The building forms a square measuring about 200 feet on each side, and accommodates boarding and day school.

Blessed Realino.—The chapel of our college at Lecce contains the body of our latest glorified confessor—Blessed Bernardino Realino, the Apostle and Patron of this city. Father Argento had to encounter great difficulties in obtaining this sacred deposit. The relics had been buried in the old church of the Society, built by the Blessed himself, and the present occupants of that church were unwilling to part with its most precious monument. Rome was appealed to, and the decision came in favor of the living brethren of the new saint.—*Father Marra.*

Jamaica, The Education Question.—The "Battle of the Schools" is still raging in Jamaica, but the outlook for our Catholic schools is more hopeful. A leading daily newspaper, "The Newsletter," in its issue of April 5, 1897, says: "After all, the primary right of determining what should be the best education for their children, belongs to parents. The right is indefeasible and everlasting, while the right of the State is merely secondary. Religious instruction should form a distinct and definite branch in the educational curriculum of elementary schools. The Battle of the Schools—secular or voluntary—has been waged in most Colonies, and has, at least in the Australian Colonies, been won along the whole line by the secularists. We have always been opposed to a purely secular system of education, inasmuch as it directly repudiates or ignores the moral, in addition to the intellectual department of the human constitution.

"Whatever be the defects of the present system of elementary education in Jamaica, it is perhaps the only educational system in operation throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire which, without design or effort,

has solved the religio-educational problem. It is a system of what may be described as State-aided denominationalism. In other words, the schools which, prior to the period of Government grants, were managed and maintained by the different religious bodies, are now placed on a footing of perfect equality, and receive from the Government grants in aid, based on the results obtained for proficiency in the several subjects in which the Schools are examined. In this way every school, whether it be under the management of the Church of England, Roman Catholic Church, Presbyterian Church, Wesleyan Church, Baptist Church, or any other denomination, is paid according to its secular results, while it has the benefit of continuous religious instruction in its own particular tenets. A uniform efficiency is thus maintained, and we fail to see how the Voluntary Schools, either here or in the Mother Country should not receive government aid, provided that they keep the secular education up to the standard reached by the Board Schools and demanded by imperial requirements."

The Queen's Jubilee.—The "Daily News" of April 14, says: "It is satisfactory to know that the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee in Jamaica will be associated with a philanthropic purpose, with a work of pure benevolence and public utility. The Committee unanimously approved of Bishop Gordon's resolution, to the effect that a wing for Incurables be added to the Public Hospital. It was also agreed to concentrate the benevolent efforts of all the parishes, and to apply the funds to the erection and maintenance of the proposed extension of the Hospital with the object of making provision for the admission of incurables.

Mexico.—During Lent in the city of Mexico the spiritual exercises were given by Ours to 1500 men and 2000 women in our new church of St. Francis Borgia, and to 400 girls in the convent of the Sacred Heart.

Missouri Province, St. Louis University.—Scholasticate.—The following were the participants in the disputations, held on April 30; *The Existence of God*, Mr. R. Johnston, defender, Messrs. J. Husslein and W. Lyons, objectors; *Psychology*, Mr. A. Muntsch, defender, Messrs. J. McGeary and T. Smith, objectors; *Ontology*, Mr. A. Forster, defender, Messrs. J. McClorey and J. Fayolle, objectors. Mr. J. McCormick lectured in the afternoon on "The Transformation of Electrical Currents," being assisted in the experimental part by Mr. I. Kircher.

New Orleans Mission.—Father William Power was installed Superior of this Mission on June 17, in place of Father John Clayton who returns to England, and will be stationed at Wimbledon.

College of the Immaculate Conception, A Brother's Golden Jubilee.—On June 19, Brother Ignatius Boemecke happily completed the fiftieth year of his religious life. The golden jubilee celebration was surrounded with peeul-

iar interest owing to the fact that Brother Ignatius has lived and labored in the college for no less than forty-six out of these fifty years, having ever since 1851 faithfully shared its fortunes. Many externs called to join their congratulations and kind wishes to those of the community in honor of the golden anniversary; for Brother Ignatius is well known throughout New Orleans. During forty-six years he has filled the responsible office of porter at the college, and has by his tact and kindness won the affection and esteem of every one.

A House of Retreats.—A new chapel and additional accommodations are in course of construction at the college villa near Covington, La. The property, which was bequeathed to the mission by a charitable lady a few years ago, has been used hitherto exclusively as a place of vacation. The improvements now made have for their object to make it serve at the same time as a house of retreat for externs. With its beautiful scenery, and secluded situation on the shady banks of the Tchefuncta River, Manresa ought to make a popular resort from the cares of the busy world, and an ideal spot for recollection and meditation.

St. Charles College, Grand Coteau.—The public disputations of May 1, were participated in as follows: *Ex Ethica*, Mr. M. Cronin, defender; Messrs. L. White and J. McCreary, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. P. Ryan, defender; Messrs. E. Baehr and O. Semmes, objectors. In Astronomy, lecturer, Mr. P. Cronin; *The Moon—Eclipses and Calendar.* In Physics, lecturer, Mr. J. McGee; *The Electric Telephone.*—A storm somewhat similar in its effects to the cyclone that swept over Woodstock last September, has lately visited the scholasticate and its neighborhood, leaving many a sad ruin in its track. Scores of panes of glass were broken and scattered in minute fragments over lawn and garden. Giant oaks that had withstood the blasts of fifty winters, were laid low side by side with the more delicate umbrella-trees, that once lined the path from the church to the graveyard. The windmill itself, though of strong steel and guaranteed cyclone-proof, was found wanting, and yielded before the hurricane. In ten short minutes the whole work of destruction had been accomplished.

Spring Hill College.—The most memorable event of the present school-year was the reception given to His Lordship Bishop Allen on the occasion of his first visit to Spring Hill. It took place on Monday May 31, the day after the bishop's solemn installation at the cathedral of Mobile. Elaborate preparations had been made to welcome in a worthy manner the new head of the diocese; but what assured even more the success of the reception, was the spontaneous and whole-souled enthusiasm that reigned supreme. On alighting at the college gate, the bishop was greeted with a cheer which must have seemed a faithful echo of the farewell cheer of the students of Mount St. Mary's. Then the brass-band rendered a spirited selection, while the distinguished guest was accompanied by the faculty and students to the exhibition hall adjoining the college. The hall presented a scene of beauty, with its

festoons of cedar, its artistic arrangement of flowers, tropical plants, and flags bearing the papal and national colors, and the colors of the college, purple and white. The program of exercises consisted of English and Latin addresses in prose and verse, of music and song happily intermingled, all breathing gladness, congratulation and loyalty. In his reply Bishop Allen particularly dwelt upon the title of College Bishop, which had been given him in one of the addresses. He had indeed been obliged to leave a much loved college, but only, as he was already convinced, to find another near his episcopal city where he would meet with congenial welcome at all times. He pledged it at the very outset of his rule, his liveliest interest and sincerest affection.

Philippine Islands.—During the late revolt in the Philippine Islands, our fathers offered the house of Santa Ana and the Escuela Normal for the use of the Spanish soldiers; they also contributed $200 towards raising an army of volunteers.—The labors of the Society in the spiritual conquest of Mindanao has lasted 106 years: from 1635 to 1663, 28 years; from 1719 to the suppression in 1767, 48 years; from 1865 to 1895, 30 years. The work done by our missionaries in these 106 years may be summed up as follows: Missions 37; Villages and reductions visited 380; Souls under the spiritual guidance of the Society 214,296; Baptisms in 1895, 15,705; Marriages 2,874; Burials 6,613; Infidels baptized 6,264; Religious in Mindanao 103; Religious in Manila 59.

Portugal, A triple Centenary.—The centenaries of three famous Jesuits, the Venerable Joseph Anchieta, Fathers Suarez and Vieira, will be publicly celebrated in the course of the present year. Brazil is preparing to honor the memory of her illustrious apostle and wonder worker, the Venerable Anchieta. Pombal in his hatred for the Society, had sworn that the servant of God should never be raised to the altars, and committed to the flames the documents which were to be used in his beatification. All hope however is not lost. One of the Brazilian fathers has been sent to Portugal with the special mission of making a new and thorough investigation, which, it is hoped, will be rewarded by the discovery of fresh documents concerning the holy missionary.

In May 1597, Suarez went to occupy the chair of theology at the University of Coimbra. At the request of its rector, the university has decreed to commemorate the happy event with all the pomp and solemnity possible. A committee has been appointed to search the university archives for the purpose of collecting whatever may exist of unpublished documents relating to the great theologian. The records thus found will be published at the expense of the state.

Still greater splendor and display will surround the centennial celebrations in honor of Father Vieira. Antony Vieira is indeed one of Portugal's brightest ornaments. In literature he is the prince of Portuguese prose, just as

Camoens is the prince of its national poetry. As an orator he eclipsed all his predecessors, nor has he been equalled by any one since his time. His broadness of views and his marvellous knowledge of the human heart were such as the most eminent statesmen might envy. He was employed by King John IV. in important and delicate missions to various courts of Europe. Popes Innocent X. and X., held him in high veneration and sought to retain him at Rome. The General of the Society, Father John Paul Oliva, wrote that the Society owed eternal gratitude to God for the happiness of possessing such a man. Vieira cared little for the esteem and applause of men. He asked and obtained permission to labor and end his days among the savage tribes of Brazil. He died at the college of Bahia, in July 1697, at the age of 90.

But the glory which he shed upon his native country by his immense labors and especially by his writings, has not been forgotten, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails for the celebration of his second centenary. The King himself has accepted the title of honorary president of the festivities, which are to be of a national character, and participated in by the most influential men of all parties.—*From the Lettres d' Uclés.*

Rome.—Cardinal Mazzella, who was in June 1896, raised to the dignity of Cardinal Priest, has been still further honored by being made Cardinal Bishop. In the secret convention of April 19, he was appointed by his Holiness and assigned to the suburban see of Palestrina. On Sunday May 8, in the chapel of St. John Berchmans, adjoining the German-Hungarian College, he was consecrated bishop by the Cardinal Vicar, Mgr. Genuari, Archbishop of Lepanto, and Mgr. Orazio Mazzella, titular Bishop of Cusna and Auxiliary of Bari. Mgr. Orazio Mazzella is a nephew of the cardinal. Mgr. Mazzella, Archbishop of Bari and brother of the cardinal was also present. There are but six Cardinal Bishops, and Cardinal Mazzella takes the place and the see of the late Cardinal Bianchi.

Sacred Heart.—Innsbruck has sent us a copy of its latest Letters.[1] These pages are dedicated especially to news about the devotion to the Sacred Heart in our scholasticates, colleges and churches. So we have here a private record of family events. This is a new departure, and one that promises to be very acceptable to Ours in general. We give only a few extracts to show the nature of the communications.

St. Andrä.—Some time ago, an attempt was made to introduce a new practice into the exercises of the devotion to the Sacred Heart by means of continuous adoration in the church. The adoration is so arranged that the whole night preceding the first Friday is spent by the men before the Blessed Sacrament. They come in relays of two every hour. In the morning the women take the men's place and continue the adoration until, in the evening, a full

[1] Mittheilungen der Schol. d. Ost. Ungar. Provinz über d. Verehrung d. hhl. Herzens Jesu (Erscheint jährlic). *Lithog.* pp. 24.

day is consecrated to the public veneration of the Sacred Heart. The unmarried women are not to be outdone. They pass their Sundays and holydays praying in turn before the tabernacle.

Jersey.—In this scholasticate a statue of the Sacred Heart is placed on the ground floor, where the fathers, scholastics and brothers may be seen every morning after breakfast, offering up the labors of the day. Here, too, when one dies, the body is laid out. The following incident is surely worth recording. Theodore Vibeaux was instrumental in having the statue brought to this spot. He was the first to rest in death within its sacred shadow. One little practice in honor of the Sacred Heart is perhaps peculiar to St. Hélier. For some years past it has been the custom for the scholastics to make a short pilgrimage on villa days to one of the two Catholic Churches—St. Martin's and St. Matthew's—in the interior of the Island. On the evening before, a piece of bread and a bottle of coffee are stowed away in the habit pockets. Between four and five o'clock the next morning, in rain or shine, in darkness, gloom or gray, the pilgrims are on the road making their meditations. When they reach their destination, they hear Mass, receive holy Communion and ask our Blessed Lord to reveal His Sacred Heart to the inhabitants of this Island, many of whom have become the prey of different sects. On the way back, they take their breakfast, content that they have exercised the only external apostolate, possible to them, to lead once more to the true fold a people who of old knew only the teachings of the Spouse of Christ.

Mold.—From this scholasticate a notice is sent that reads like a monthly record of our own Woodstock manner of honoring the Sacred Heart. The printed leaflets of monthly intentions, the good works, etc., the card with the various offices marked, the communion of reparation, etc., all show that the Apostleship of Prayer has a true home in Mold.

Tyrnau.—The last feast of the Sacred Heart showed how firm a hold this devotion has on the people hereabouts. A large white flag with a picture of the Sacred Heart on it floated from the tower of the Jesuit church. Crowds flocked from far and near; eight villages sent their representations—some upward of 400 or more who came on foot bringing their banners and crowns, others arrived on the train—in all about 10,000 souls gathered to do public honor to our Blessed Lord.

Our little church could hold only a few; the rest had to remain outside in the immediate neighborhood to assist at the 8 o'clock Mass. Signals however were given from the church door, warning the people of the gospel, offertory, consecration and the other parts of the holy sacrifice. Immediately after, the procession started. Sermons were preached, one in the morning, in Hungarian, another in the afternoon, in Slovak and then a third in German. It was impossible to find confessors for all who wished to confess. One father broke his fast at four o'clock in the afternoon, and later still just before five o'clock a woman received holy Communion.

Travnik.—During carnival time the devotion of reparation to the Sacred

Heart was made by bands of four boys, each band kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament for a quarter of an hour.

Thanks to the hearty recommendation of the South Slavic bishops, new life has been infused into the Apostleship of Prayer. The three degrees are practiced even in the Staatsgymnasium of Sarajevo, and some of the older boys have already gone through the exercises for three days in our seminary. The procession in honor of the Sacred Heart draws crowds to Sarajevo not merely from all the corners of Bosnia, but from the neighboring countries; and from far Ragusa, Bishop Marcelü came to see and learn the method of making the feast of the Sacred Heart the one, great heart-feast of his people.

History of the Society.—Father Astrain is finishing the first volume of the Assistancy of Spain; it will be published in a few months.—Father Hughes, after making a tour through Spain to consult the different archives, spent some time with the Bollandists at Brussells, and is now with the German fathers at Exaeten, Holland.—Father Pollen has finished his work with the Roman archives.

Spain, Silver Jubilee of our College at Valencia.—This college founded Dec. 8, 1870, has recently celebrated by a three days' feast its silver jubilee. The alumni came from all parts of Spain, and amongst them were a number of Ours whom their provincials allowed to be present on this occasion. It may interest our readers to know how they celebrate such feasts in Spain. The first day opened with a general Communion at the early Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Provincial himself; later in the morning there was solemn high Mass with sermon; a little after 1 P. M. dinner was served at which there were 207 guests present. We need not delay over the enthusiastic eulogiums of our fathers and the fervent protestations of loyalty to their Alma Mater on the part of the alumni; numerous letters and telegrams were read expressing the good wishes of the absentees; telegrams were also sent to the Holy Father and to our Very Reverend Father General announcing the celebration. After dinner a marble slab containing a commemorative Latin inscription was unveiled, and then the alumni rushed to the play ground where many outdid the present pupils in frolic and fun. About 5.30 P. M. all were invited to a play; here again the alumni helped the actors in keeping up the interest of the audience. On the second day all assisted at a solemn requiem Mass for the souls of the departed alumni, dined in the Hotel Paris, made up a purse for the wounded in Cuba and the Philippine Islands, and spent the rest of the day in speaking of old times, toasting the Society, and condemning freemasonry. It was only on the third day that they began to think of returning home. They assembled therefore at the altar of our Blessed Lady and having heard Mass, left our college just as we received the answers of the Holy Father and our Very Reverend Father General to the telegrams sent two days before.

While the jubilee revived in many the memory of their youthful innocence, it also confirmed or won back their love for our Society.

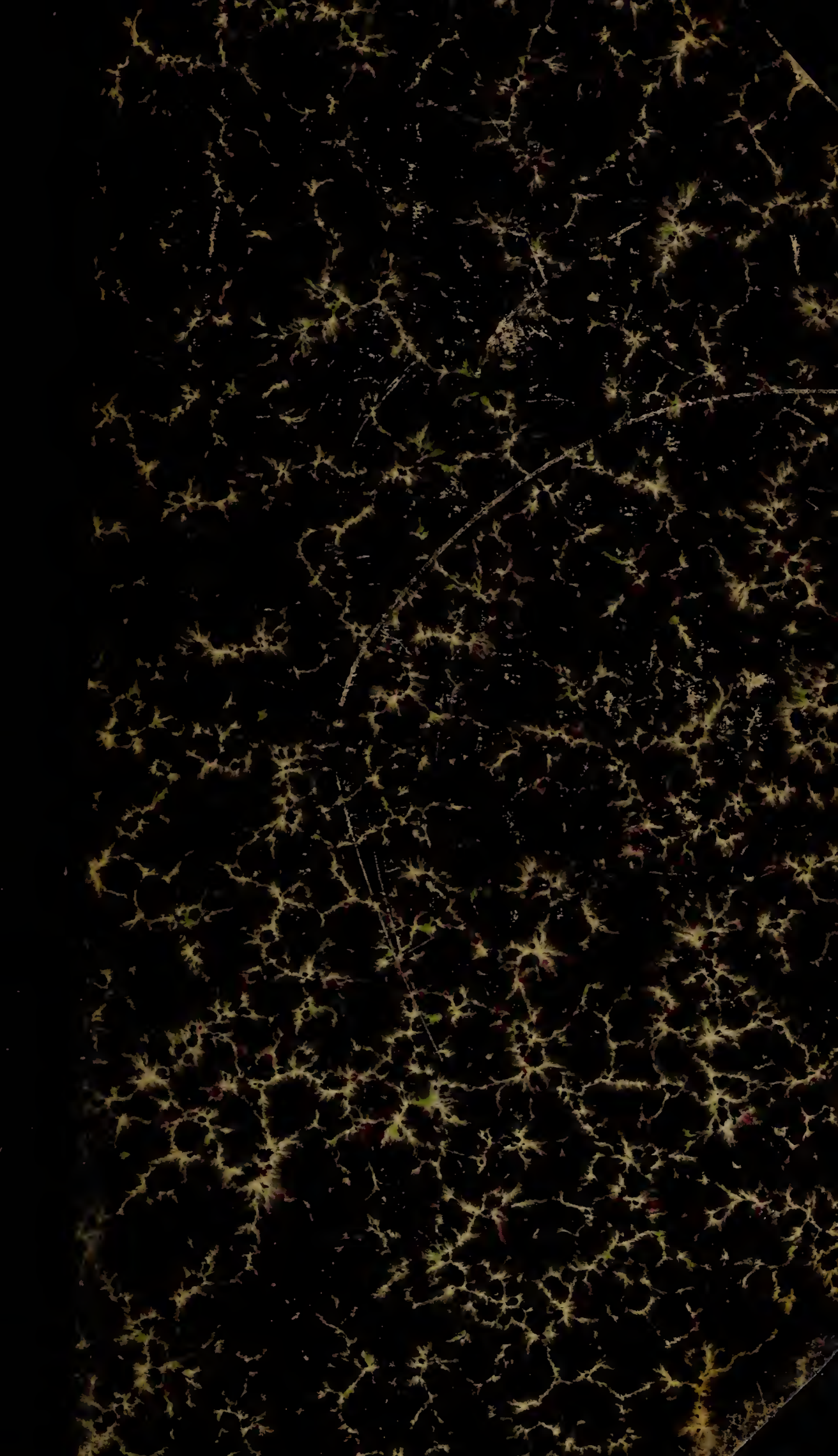
The Sodality of Barcelona, probably the largest and most active sodality of college students in the world, is more flourishing than ever. At the annual retreat during Lent the attendance at the morning exercises was 550, and at night 650 and sometimes 700 were present. The influence of the sodality is becoming more and more evident in Barcelona and its suburbs and the members are called upon whenever any work of charity is to be done.

Troy.—A new Gymnasium Hall for the young men and boys of our parish of St. Joseph's, under the care of Father George Quin, is in process of erection. Ground was broken towards the close of May for the new building which will resemble the schools built by Father Loyzance.

There will be two stories above basement. The dimensions are: 42 feet from sidewalk to cornice, 120 feet front on Fourth street, 70 feet at the north side and 47 feet at the south side.

The basement will contain the gymnasium. It will occupy the entire length and breadth of the building and be 20 feet high. It will have also an elevated running track, and when finished will rank with the largest and best equipped gymnasiums of the country. In the plan of construction, arrangements are made for an extension from the basement to the south, which, it is hoped, will one day contain a swimming pool of unusually large proportions.

On the first floor there will be commodious rooms for reading and amusement. These advantages of course will be chiefly for young men. The parish at large, however, will be benefited by the use of the room in which the library will be kept. There will be rooms for choir rehearsals and other matters relating to parish work.

The second floor will contain the hall only. It will be one of the largest in the city. The building is the gift of an unknown benefactor, who has contributed enough for its erection; it will be for the congregation to complete the work. This will be easily accomplished, since the new hall will always be available as a base of operations.

Home News, Spring Disputations.—April 30 and May 1, 1897. *Ex Tractatu de Deo Creante*, Mr. Goller, defender; Messrs. Heitkamp and Matthews, objectors. *De Christo Redemptore*, Mr. O'Gorman, defender; Messrs. McMahon and Caldi, objectors. *Ex Scriptura Sacra*, "Harmony between early Hebrew and Egyptian Chronology," essayist, Mr. M. J. Kane. *Ex Ethica*, Mr. O'Hare, defender; Messrs. Mullen and Butler, defenders. *Ex Theologia Naturali*, Mr. Barrett, defender; Messrs. C. Lyons and Donovan, objectors. *Ex Ontologia*, Mr. Tierney, defender; Messrs. O'Reilly and Reynolds, objectors. *Geology*, "The Makers of Scenery and Soil," Mr. J. Mulry. *Chemistry*, "Hydrogen," Mr. J. Moakley.